CHASTITY;

OR,

OUR SECRET SINS.

BY

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"CHATS WITH YOUNG WOMEN," "WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE
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CHILDREN," ETC., AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF "TO-DAY,"
THE PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

"*A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation.*"
JEREMY TAYLOR.

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PREFACE.

Works upon the origin of man; works upon the history of the race, describing how this general outwitted that general and left a hundred thousand mangled corpses on the field; works describing the curious habits and customs of outlandish tribes and peoples; works telling us where we shall be and what we shall do a million years hence,—such works fill our libraries and our thoughts. I ask a small corner for this little book, which tries to describe a deep, swift river on which half the race is being borne away into the darkness. It likewise points out the straight, simple path, lighted of heaven, on which the race may march away from all danger up into the happy regions where love links soul to soul, and never again loses itself in the depths of animalism.

I DEDICATE THIS WORK

TO THE

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA,

WITH THE HOPE

THAT IT MAY CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING TO THAT

PURITY WHICH IS THE VERY BREATH OF ALL TRUE NOBILITY,

WITH SINCERE LOVE.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

FOR more than twenty years I have been intending to publish a work on CHASTITY, and twice have announced it: once under the title of "*Chastity and Health*," and again as "*Manhood and Womanhood.*" But most of the books extant upon this subject have been so utterly vile and mercenary that I have been frightened off. Now I venture, but with many misgivings and fears lest that public which has honored me with its kind recognition may regret this attempt to discuss a doubtful subject. But, dear friends, what shall be done? The

People Perish for Lack of Knowledge.

A countless host of young men exhaust themselves and fail in life because they do not understand; the great mass of the married turn their love into indifference, through sheer ignorance; and a nameless poison creeps into the veins of the nation, which knows not of the evil spirit that possesses it.

Guide-posts are Needed.

The leaders in health must set up a warning everywhere; they must make it impossible for a single youth to walk into the pit with his eyes blindfolded, for a single husband to waste in ignorance his vitality and love, or for one man to enter the open door to shame and incurable disease without a full knowledge that he is taking the express train to ruin.

Some writers on this topic have erred in their extreme reserve. Mystery and delicate allusion have awakened curiosity, without imparting distinct and corrective information. The managers of low theatres have learned that if they would "draw" by an appeal to the passions of the crowd, they must cover the girls' legs with gauze, so that they shall be seen in outline, and thus stimulate the fancy. Those authors of the "yellow-covered," who contract with the devil to pollute the young, paint sensuality in such exquisite colors that the imagination is excited beyond all bounds. Those who would teach the ways of truth and right should learn to be direct and explicit.

Plain Teaching Approved by the Good.

At one time, about twenty years ago, I lectured to women alone, in nearly all the considerable towns in the Northern States. The matters were such as are not usually discussed before mixed audiences. During the two years devoted to this work, I was encouraged and supported by the warm interest and co-operation of educated and refined mothers. Marital excess was one of my subjects. In nearly all conversations with leading women, I noticed that the feature of my lectures which had attracted their particular attention, and won their special approbation, was the one named above. I was constantly surprised at the calm, simple, quiet way in which they spoke of such things. They generally assured me that that part of my lectures was the most important. Scores of ladies emphasized their approval of my *plain speech*, and the more intelligent of them took pains to say that it was this which had so favorably impressed them; it left no opportunity for a prurient curiosity.

Once, and only once, in perhaps three hundred meetings, a woman left the house displeased. A beautiful mother told me after the lecture, when I wondered why that lady left, that she presumed she had taken offence at the indelicacy of my remarks. Then she added, that the same person had just sued a man in the neighborhood for seduction, but had failed to make out her case, because there were suspicions of her character.

Every physician will assure you that he has found the most intelligent and refined women the most unreserved in conversation upon subjects of a delicate nature.

Such facts (which I might multiply indefinitely) encourage one to write very plainly upon these vital topics. Pure women earnestly assure us that not only is there crying need of lectures, pamphlets and books on subjects of this class, but that *plain speech* alone gives the needed help, and that it can lead to no possible harm.

But Frowned on by the Bad.

On the other hand, I have never conversed with a libertine who did not think it highly improper to mention this subject.

One day, since I began the preparation of this book, I was detained by a storm at a way-side inn, and for two hours listened to stories, from the dozen men present, which would have made a mule blush. About once in three or four minutes, or at the close of each filthy yarn, a great coarse laugh or roar pronounced the momentary interval between indescribable vulgarities. Before leaving, I ventured to ask what they thought of my proposed work upon chastity. They disapproved it. One man, who had told the larger part of the nasty stories (among them two or three adventures of his own with newly-arrived young German girls who could not speak a word of English), said, with a double fist and a big oath, that "if ever he should catch anybody giving such a book to his girls, he'd draw on 'em quicker'n lightnin'."

When I urged that thousands of boys ruined themselves, that the great mass of married men compromised their health and love, and that no other species of knowledge would contribute so much to the welfare and purity of women, etc., etc., they all agreed "'twas no use talking," that it was a subject unfit for the *young*, and in fact entirely unfit for *women* of any age.

Plain teaching about these matters, then, is particularly needed, and the people are waiting to give it welcome.

A Striking Illustration.

At the close of a course of lectures upon health, in the city of Providence, I ventured upon a novelty. Notice was given that a week later a lecture would be delivered upon the "Anatomy, Physiology, Use and Abuse of the Reproductive Organs," and that persons of both sexes and all ages would be admitted. I forewarned them that I should speak without the least reserve—should present the subject just as if there were none but grown men in the audience. After giving this notice, I added that whoever thought the Creator had given us organs which might not, with a good purpose and in a proper spirit, be discussed, were cordially invited to stay at home, but that those who thought otherwise were urged to be present.

A beautiful young woman, whose eager face I had noticed in my audiences from the beginning, came to me before leaving the hall, with the question, "Do you really think we girls might come?" "I should be most happy to see a thousand girls," was my reply. She came, and brought a dozen others; but they sat away back in the shadow under the gallery. I noticed they were very still, and at first looked down on the floor. Perhaps they would have continued to do so, had I not opened the subject at once in such a perfectly unreserved way that they soon became interested.

At the close of the lecture, after I had given notice that I should continue the discussion another night, several of them came forward and asked if I thought there was any objection to their bringing on the next evening some girls who were only twelve or fourteen years old. There were nearly thirty of them, from twelve to twenty years of age, present the next time, and they sat all about the hall, as if the subject had been the kidneys or the liver.

Were such themes presented in the right spirit, I believe that not only should girls attend the lectures, but that they would thus learn more in an hour of their vital relations and duties as women, wives and mothers, than they are likely to learn during a lifetime in any other way. The most ignorant might be unwilling to avail themselves of such advantages, for to *them* the mention of sexual organs will appear terribly vulgar; but girls of the intelligent class—girls belonging to educated, independent families—will listen, and rejoice at the opportunity to study. You may shut your eyes tightly, plug up your ears and refuse all instruction about your sexual nature; but it will not alter the fact that the sexual passion is pivotal, that upon a proper comprehension of our sexual relations and duties depends, to a great extent, our physical, intellectual, social, moral and religious welfare.

I have been deeply impressed with the straightforward, earnest way in which women the highest and purest speak of all such matters.

After the lectures referred to, a young lady called in her carriage at the hotel where I stayed, and wished to see me professionally. She talked about a very delicate matter in a way which made my cheeks tingle. We men can hardly understand the childlike innocence in which the pure woman considers this whole class of subjects. I look forward to the time when she shall teach the world the true meaning of sex-morality.

The Moral Education Association.

A society has recently been organized in Boston known as the "MORAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION." Many of our most wealthy and cultivated ladies, married and single, are among its officers and active members. My own wife has been deeply interested in its labors. I have constantly heard, through her, of its sayings and doings, and not unfrequently have attended the meetings, for both sexes are invited to take part in its work. The principal objects of this society are the discussion of sexual abuses and the inauguration of more effective measures for the cure of the "social evil."

Within a few days of this writing I have attended a public meeting of the association, and heard several of the prominent ladies speak. The particular point under consideration was the right of a wife to her own person—her sacred right to deny her husband, if need be; and to decide how often, and when, she should become a mother. There were several gentlemen present, and all of both sexes who chose, participated in the discussion. Several ladies, old and young, spoke with great earnestness, and with that utter simplicity and candor with which refined women always consider such subjects.

Of course animal men and libertines, who believe that wives have no rights that husbands are bound to respect, will be horrified that they should pretend to any sexual rights, and think it most dreadful that they should speak of those rights in the presence of men.

It can be borne that women are obliged to beg from their husbands the money needed for their own and their children's clothes, and not unfrequently for that with which to buy bread; and that in general they should be helpless and utterly dependent: but that a woman to whom a sexual intimacy means a possible pregnancy with all its deprivations and discomforts, a parturition with all its sufferings and dangers, a long period of lactation—in brief, motherhood, with all its weighty responsibilities and incessant labors—that a woman should have no right to her own person, is a tyranny and outrage so brutal, that she rebels as soon as she begins to think.

The point which I wish to emphasize in this notice of the "Moral Education Association" is the beautiful, pure spirit which characterized the discussions throughout. The peculiar smile and manner generally seen in mixed company when marriage is being canvassed, which is *not* the smile and manner observed among brothers and sisters in a family, was entirely absent from our meeting. We men all felt that we were standing in the presence of our equals, and in virtue our superiors; and if we had, before the discussions commenced, indulged the thoughts which so frequently occupy the minds of males in the presence of young and handsome females, they were quickly dissipated when these ladies began to plead in their sweet, pure, womanly way for the most sacred rights of the sex. My old belief, that the best protection against sexual abuses of every species is to be found in an abundant literature, giving universal familiarity with sexual subjects, was deepened on this occasion. The long skirts, and that constant 'sh! 'sh! 'sh! are fruitful sources of the prurient, itching curiosity which gives rise to the greater part of such disorders. A free and unreserved discussion of the rights of women in their sexual relations would lift the life of the people into a higher and purer atmosphere. Let any man of strong animal instincts observe the change which comes over his feelings toward a woman when, after a conversation about music or the last new novel, the talk is turned into the above channel—the sexual rights of women. The enchantment which distance lends, the mystery and curiosity which grow out of studied reserve and silence, will quickly disappear; and he will now sit by the side of that woman through a journey of a thousand miles, without another libidinous thought toward her visiting his imagination. I greatly long for the time when between men and women there shall be a full, frank discussion and comprehension of the subject of sex. Nothing will contribute so much to the dissipation of all that is morbid, feverish and unnatural.

The Aim of the Present Volume

is to give such information to all classes as will help them to comprehend their sexual relations, and this I strive to do in such manner and spirit as will contribute something to our stock of useful knowledge, and somewhat, I humbly trust, to the purity and sweetness of our lives.

CHASTITY.

REASON vs. PASSION.

A WELL-KNOWN physician in this city said to a young gentleman who went to consult him about spermatorrhœa the other day: "Pooh! nonsense! That's nothing! Why, if a man has any vitality, he will have these emissions, unless he visits his mistress often."

"But, doctor, I don't keep a mistress."

"There's where you're wrong again. Every healthy man has sexual desires, and he might as well refuse to satisfy his hunger as deny them. The Creator has given us various appetites, intended they should be indulged, and has provided the means. These cold-blooded anchorites who are always at issue with nature had better transport themselves to another world, where there is no such thing as passions."

"But, doctor," said the young gentleman, "I have no desires, except with reference to a young woman who used to be a sweetheart of mine, but who is now the wife of another man. You would hardly say, would you, that I should be justified in seeking an indulgence with *her?* If I ever had a *natural* sexual impulse toward any woman, it is toward this one. Do you think it would be right to yield to it? It would seem, if the impulse must or may be followed because it exists and is *natural*, that it must certainly be right for the preference as to the person to be gratified likewise. Doctor, is it not true that my desire for sexual intercourse, my desire to possess the fine horses of my neighbor, and, in fact, nine-tenths of my desires, coming up before the court of reason and moral sentiment, would be rightfully and wisely denied and suppressed? If the indulgence of my fleshly appetite is permitted because it is natural, and its claims are therefore independent of my reason, then, I take it, I may attack any woman whom I meet in the street, if I have an impulse toward her. If that is not right, then we are agreed that every such impulse is to be considered wrong, and even its most importunate demands refused, unless our reason shall decide that the gratification is wise and good."

The doctor replied that of course a great deal could be said on both sides of the question, but, for his part, he thought nature a pretty safe guide. If a man chose to live on bran-bread and moonshine, it was all very well, but, for his part, he preferred a good steak and a bottle of champagne. If a man chose to become a Catholic priest, it was all right enough, but, for his part, he thought women were made for a purpose.

Careless and Shallow Practitioners.

There is a vast deal of loose and most reprehensible gabble among doctors of a certain class about the "dictates of nature." They are ready enough, if it is a question of medicine or no medicine, to deny all responsibility to nature, not to trust her wisdom an inch or a moment; but in the case under consideration they will shake their wise heads, and draw down their *honest* faces, and talk solemnly of following *nature*—that *nature* knows what she is about. I know one of this fraternity, doing a large and very profitable business (to himself), who constantly advises young men to keep a mistress, and gravely warns them against the danger of an accumulation of semen, which may attack the brain. Is there no law by which such miscreants may be suppressed?

The Athlete's Greater Wisdom.

The trainer of a pugilist denies his man all sexual indulgences whatever; the trainer of a boat's crew would abandon all hope of victory if he knew that his men visited women even once a week. Indeed, so jealous is he that he will not permit his wards even to talk much with the other sex, lest some erotic fancy should affect the condition of their nerves.

A Lesson from the Prize-fighter.

All this talk about "*sexual needs*," "*imperious instincts*," "*uncontrollable passion*," etc., etc., is weak and contemptible truckling to appetite. My father gave me a strong craving for spirits and narcotics. My longing for tobacco seemed at one time irresistible, and I gave way to it constantly, with highly injurious results, honestly thinking that the only thing left was to "regulate the indulgence." But being in New York, and visiting Ottignon's gymnasium in Crosby street, I was, fortunately for me, introduced to a famous pugilist, who was just then training for a fight which has become historic. While we were chatting, a friend of the champion came in, and after a hearty greeting said:

"Here, Jack; I've got a good one for ye."

John replied: "No; I can't smoke now, you know."

I had heard that pugilists denied themselves spirits, tobacco and sexual commerce while training, but had never before had an opportunity to converse with one of them about it. So I said:

"John, isn't it hard to break off from your quids and cigars and other indulgences?"

"Not a bit, when I am in training."

"Have you no desire for tobacco now?"

"Well, I have a longing for two or three days at first, but then it all passes away, and I don't care a fig for it."

This man, like most of his class, was the very incarnation of brutal passions: yet three days of high physical life overthrew the dynasty of appetite even in him.

Not twelve hours ago a fat, red-faced lawyer, whom I had warned that he would never get rid of his throat and stomach affection until he abandoned his pipe, said to me, in a tone of sad resignation:

"I suppose so, sir. I have tried, but I can't give it up; it's no use."

I began with telling you of my own experiences in regard to tobacco. After my interview with the pugilist, I went home resolved. I did not engage in the regular prize-ring training, but I adopted enough of it to lift myself entirely above the tobacco-craving; and although I have occasionally allowed myself to eat so much stimulating food and neglect exercise to such an extent that the desire has come back and troubled me, yet by a day or two of vigorous exercise and bold reduction of food, I have never failed to squelch the craving.

I am convinced that there is not an unruly passion or morbid fancy which may not be controlled by the same regimen.

The Quintessence of the Blood.

All eminent physiologists who have written on this point agree that the most precious atoms of the blood enter into the composition of the semen. A healthy man may occasionally discharge his seed with impunity, but if he chooses —with reference to great physical strength and endurance, as in the pedestrian, boat-racer, prize-fighter or explorer, or with reference to great intellectual and moral work, as in the apostle Paul, Sir Isaac Newton and a thousand other instances—to refrain entirely from sexual pleasure, nature well knows what to do with those precious atoms. She finds use for them all in building up a keener brain and more vital and enduring nerves and muscles.

LASCIVIOUS DAY-DREAMS A RANK POISON.

WHERE one person is injured by sexual commerce, many are made feverish and nervous by harboring lewd thoughts. Rioting in visions of nude women may exhaust one as much as an excess in actual intercourse. There are multitudes who would never spend the night with an abandoned female, but who rarely meet a young girl that their imaginations are not busy with her person. This species of indulgence is well-nigh universal; and as it is the source of all the other forms—the fountain from which the external vices spring, the nursery of masturbation and excessive coitus—I am surprised to find how little has been said about it. I have looked over many volumes upon sexual abuses, but do not recall a single earnest discussion of this point. Believing that this incontinence of the imagination works more mischief than all other forms of the evil—that, indeed, it gives rise to all the rest—I am astounded that it has received so little attention.

The Venom works Unsuspected.

A young man, of fine culture and morals, who for four years had filled a prominent pulpit, came to me with a derangement in his nervous system. I immediately suspected that his peculiar symptoms had their origin in some abuse of the generative function; but knowing that a person of his character was not likely to be thus guilty, I inquired, somewhat reluctantly, if he had not suffered from nocturnal emissions. He answered, "No, thank God, I have been preserved from all those wicked follies." I still sought for the clue, and said to him at length, "You will pardon me, but I cannot help suspecting that your difficulties are due to some sexual exhaustion."

He replied, "You are mistaken; I never practiced masturbation in my life; I have never had intercourse with a woman, and never but once had a nocturnal emission."

I asked, "Are you engaged?"

"Yes."

"How often do you see the object of your passion?"

"I spend every Thursday evening with her."

"You caress her?"

"Perhaps so."

"Is your mind occupied with sexual fancies?"

"It is, very much."

"Do you not feel worse on Friday than on any other day?"

"I do, and I have wondered at it. I have wondered that my visit to my friend, which is the happiest event of the week, should be followed by such a wretched day."

Adulteries Committed in the Heart.

All overt sins and crimes begin, we know, in the thoughts or imagination. A young man allows himself to conjure up visions of naked females. These become habitual and haunt him, until at last the sexual passion absorbs not only his waking thoughts, but his very dreams. Now, if his education and surroundings make actual intercourse impracticable, he will probably fall into masturbation, or, if forewarned in regard to that destructive practice, he may restrain himself from all outward indulgences while he still riots in lascivious fancies.

Ah, I wish I could say what ought to be said in this connection. Here is one of the great fountains of our woes. Although we may outwardly present a blameless life, how many of us could wear a window in our breasts without covering our faces for shame? (A gentleman who sits near while I am writing says, "I should prefer one with ground glass.")

How to Administer the Antidote.

So far as the record is preserved, unchastity has contributed above all other causes to the exhaustion and demoralization of the race. And we shall not be likely to vanquish this monster, even in ourselves, unless we make *the thoughts* our point of attack. So long as *they* are libidinous, we are indulging in sexual abuse, and are almost sure, when temptation is presented, to commit the overt acts of sin. If we cannot succeed within, we may pray in vain for help to resist the tempter outwardly. But if we ask for assistance to cleanse the inner man, and supplement our prayers by hearty effort, we are sure to win. A sincere, earnest determination in this direction will never fail.

A Case in Point.

A gentleman of some intelligence had lived a continent life to the age of thirty-nine. A successful manufacturer, he had acquired wealth and kept up a hospitable home, but had never married. In point of personal purity, he was regarded as a very Joseph by his friends, among whom I had the honor to enjoy a place. What was my surprise when he consulted me with reference to seminal weakness! I made careful inquiries about his habits. Had he practiced masturbation? "Never!" Had he indulged in familiarities with some woman? "Never!" And yet here was a case of frequent nocturnal emissions, with all the usual symptoms of exhaustion.

The Enemy's Position Unmasked.

I said, "There is but one explanation, and that is, that your imagination has been filled with pictures of nude women and sexual intercourse."

He owned it: "If this is important, I am free to confess that I am rarely alone a moment without being occupied with such visions. And my dreams, too, are full of them."

I explained the mischief, and warned him that unless he could break up the habit altogether, he was a ruined man.

"But," said he, "I can't prevent my thoughts. I can't decide what shall come into my mind!"

"Yes, you can," I answered; "you can decide precisely what shall occupy your mind. It is just herein that a man is superior to a horse."

"Oh," he replied, "I am sure that is impossible; the thoughts will come unbidden."

The Order of Battle.

"Now," said I, "you must try the following plan, and report to me. Fix it in your mind that a sensual idea is dangerous and harmful; then the instant one comes it will startle you. By an effort you change the subject immediately. You can, if you are in earnest, set such an alarm in your mind, that if a lascivious thought occurs to you when asleep, it will waken you. (A number of persons have testified to this.) If when you are awake the enemy enters your mind, you will be aroused, and expel it at once without a very serious effort. If there is a moment's doubt, spring up and engage in some active exercise of the body. Each effort will be easier, until after a week or two you will have, in this particular, complete control of your thoughts; and that will soon make you feel a good deal more like a man.

"The fever and excitement of voluptuous revery wears out the nervous system, emasculates manhood, and shuts out all the noblest visions in this and the upper world.

"Besides this, there must be an observance of health-laws. It is idle, over-fed people who suffer most from all animal excitements. Work hard, or by brisk walking and gymnastics give yourself two or three good sweats every day, and eat plain, nourishing, unstimulating food.

Go without supper. Retire early, and rise early. Drink freely of cold water both on rising and going to bed, and sleep in pure air."

Victory!

After two months' faithful observance of this regimen, the patient sent me a note, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Sir:—I cannot refrain from writing you of the result of your prescription. And that you may comprehend the happy change which has come over me, I will describe my condition when I sought your advice. I could not look upon a woman without my imagination being busy with her person, and when alone, I was constantly occupied with thoughts of women; and it was never with their moral qualities. Sometimes these thoughts would haunt me not only during my waking hours, but in my sleep. Three or four times a week, and sometimes every night in the week, these dreams would provoke nocturnal emissions. I must confess that during the month before I sought your advice I was in a constant fever. I loathed myself. About a week before I consulted you, I went to New York, desperately resolved that I would seek with some abandoned woman a complete relief from my burning lust. I went so far as to order such a companion through the clerk of the hotel where I stopped, and retired to my room to await her coming. Then my mother's angel face came to me, and the sweet, loving face of that other woman—that dear girl whose untimely death has been the one great sorrow of my life—her face came and looked into mine with an unearthly love. I hurried to the office, made an excuse, hastened to another hotel, and came back to my home the next morning. All this now seems like a horrid dream.

"My dear friend, I do not know in what terms to express my gratitude that all this is past. I found it difficult to control my thoughts at first, but as you advised, I soon fixed the thought of danger in my mind, so that when a lascivious fancy appeared, it startled me, and immediately I took out of my pocket the card you suggested, on which I had written ten words, each suggestive of a subject in which I am interested. Looking over this card, I had no difficulty in changing the subject at once. This policy, with daily exercise and plain food, has given me a complete victory. I can now meet my lady friends and converse with them with real pleasure. My thoughts are not more lecherous and unclean than they would be in the presence of sisters.

"The sense of manliness which I now feel in conversation with ladies, the real profit and social delight which their conversation affords me, these, added to cooler, better nerve, render the change a very happy one. I now believe what, you will remember, I began with doubting, namely, that the great sexual waste is in lecherous thought. And I do not see how men are to become chaste unless they can learn to control their thinking. If their brains are hot with lust, if within they throb and burn as I did, I do not see how they are to keep themselves pure without.

"You will ask me about the nocturnal emissions. I can report an improvement, but I did not expect to get rid of that difficulty at once. I have no doubt, from my present condition, that I shall soon recover from this weakness and become a man again.

"With grateful respect, I am your friend,

"G. W."

Another Case.

A young man who had visited the East Indies twice, as supercargo of a vessel sailing out of Boston, consulted me two years ago in regard to a "sexual nervousness," as he called it. He told me that while he had kept a native mistress in the East Indies, he had never indulged himself excessively, and yet he felt that he was losing his virility. He had become engaged to a beautiful woman, but feared he should prove unequal to marital duties.

The symptoms, as I thought, indicated a masturbator's exhaustion, and I told him it was best to speak freely, concealing nothing; that I was not in the habit of compromising any one who consulted me confidentially, etc.

He said, "I never practiced masturbation more than five times in my life, when my mother began to suspect something, and talked to me in such a way that I never was guilty again."

I then proposed to examine his urine, and to that end brought in five long test tubes, directing him to fill them in my presence. I saw nothing unusual with my naked eye, and after a time proceeded to scrutinize the sediment with a microscope. Discovering nothing of interest, I finally asked him if there was anything in his sexual life which he had concealed from me. "Nothing that I know of," said he, "except that I indulge in thoughts about women. During my long voyages I have given myself a good deal to such things. I have taken with me a score of French novels, in which sex has been treated in a very fascinating way. Certain passages in these books I have read over and over, and then I have indulged for hours and days in thoughts to which such reading naturally gives rise."

"Have you observed after several hours' abandonment to such fancies that your nervous system was greatly exhausted?"

"I have constantly observed it. I have noticed that intercourse with my Indian girl did not exhaust me half so much. But, sir, it is impossible to control my thoughts. Such fancies will haunt me, and it is impossible to get rid of them."

I then said, "Come to see me again in two days, and I will prepare in writing the course you are to pursue."

I advised him to eat very plain, unstimulating food, dispensing with supper altogether, and to work himself to fatigue every day. I gave, in brief, such advice as this book will suggest to the thoughtful reader. But I urged, above all other duties, the importance of keeping the mind free from impure thoughts.

Brought to Successful Issue.

Upon his return from another voyage, a few months ago, he called to see me. His face told of improved health, and as soon as we were alone, he began about "My great victory." "Cleaned out, sir. I wouldn't go back again to wallow in the mire for my life. And now I am going to marry, and I shall marry the woman's soul. If I had married two years ago, it would have been her body. What an animal I was! You must give us a book on controlling the imagination."

I have the impression that the service I rendered that gentleman was really more precious to him than to have saved his body from the jaws of death.

Another Good Fight.

"An Italian gentleman, of very high station and character, consulted me for a quite different affection; but in order to put me in possession of all the facts in reference to his state of health, he related his history. He had been inconvenienced five years before with frequent emissions, which totally unnerved him. He determined resolutely that the first instant the image of a woman, or any other libidinous idea, presented itself to his imagination, he would awake, and to ensure his doing so, dwelt in his thoughts on his resolution for a long time before going to sleep. The remedy, applied with a vigorous will, had the most happy results. The idea, the remembrance of its being a danger, and the determination to wake, closely united the evening before, were never dissociated even in sleep, and he awoke in time. This precaution, repeated, finally cured him."

Quite recently I have been made acquainted with another

Interesting Case of Self-Cure.

A young man of particularly bright faculties and good family asked my advice about spermatorrhœa. His seminal losses had been so frequent that he would probably have become insane but for his exceptionally rich endowments. I urged him to attempt what may be called moral self-treatment. He had long thought that if by some means he could awake before the emission occurred, he should soon recover his health. He had slept with a towel tied about his loins with a big knot upon his spine, so that he could not turn on his back (the position in which he generally found himself when awakened by an emission), and had tried several other expedients, but all without avail.

I charged him to fix in his mind the idea that a lascivious image was dangerous—to think of it some minutes before going to sleep, and resolve firmly that if such a fancy entered his brain he would start up instantly. He has had but two emissions within the past year; and, what is scarcely less important, has learned the art of controlling his thoughts, so that the libidinous imagination which was the source of all his troubles is completely subordinated to his will.

ROOTING OUT CONCUPISCENCE.

The Card Plan.

WHILE striving to help young men into the habit of clean thinking, I have tried many expedients. With intelligent persons, what I call the "card plan" has often proved useful. That is, to write on a card a number of words, each suggesting a subject of interest or a familiar train of thought. When an impure notion obtrudes itself, the idea of danger which has been associated with it will arrest the attention, the card is taken out, and a glance at it will help to shift the switch at once. One who came to me for advice about two years ago, sent in his "card" the other day, at my request, together with the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—The words on this card have helped me out of the habit of impure thought. I am sure they will seem queer to you, but here they are:

'HURRY—NONSENSE—DARLING—RIPSTICKS.'

"I take genuine pleasure in telling you something of the trains of thought which these words suggest to me. I was in the battle of the 'Wilderness.' In a slight skirmish which occurred on the evening previous to the opening of that awful conflict, I was standing behind a large tree reloading, when my companion, who was doing the same thing behind another tree ten feet from me, cried out to me, 'John, they've got a bead on you; a bullet just struck right over your head in the tree. Come, hurry up, and run to that big maple. Hurry! Hurry!' I ran to the other tree, but was not two feet from the first one, when a minie ball struck exactly where I had stood. If I had been the tenth part of a second later, I should have been a dead man. The word 'hurry' on my card brings that scene before me again.

"Afterward I was sick of typhoid fever in a hospital in Washington. I suffered more than I thought it was possible to suffer. One night I gave up, but determined, with what remained to me of strength and consciousness, to dictate a letter to my mother, and one to the dear girl who was more precious to me than all the world beside. I had scarcely finished the one to Mary when the darkness came. The last words I remember to have repeated were: 'Farewell, my precious one! May you and my dear mother try to comfort each other.' Twelve days after, when I began to stagger back into the light again, the first thing that I can distinctly remember is, saying, 'Farewell, Mary!' when the voice of our brave, warm-hearted surgeon cried out, 'Nonsense, man, nonsense! Nonsense!' Somehow he pronounced that word in a way which gave me new hope. When I began to get stronger, I thought I would not write home, but would, if possible, get a furlough, and give them a surprise. My second word, 'nonsense,' brings all this, and much more, back to me in a flood.

"In five weeks I was able to travel, and the furlough was easily obtained. I came home to find that my widowed mother had been taken down at once upon receiving my letter, and that my Mary had come to nurse her. Mother died two weeks before I reached home, and I found Mary in a deep decline. Five days after my return, she joined mother in the better land. Just before she breathed her last, she whispered to me, 'Oh, my darling! if I could have known that you were living, I should not have fallen sick.' I need hardly say that my third word, 'darling,' suggests a train of most painfully-interesting thoughts."

"My fourth word, 'Ripsticks,' was the name by which an old man, with whom I used to go fishing and hunting when I was a boy, always called me. The word brings back many adventures of my early boyhood, and rarely fails to set me thinking.

"Whenever an impure thought entered my mind, I remembered my card at once, and taking it out, never failed to change the subject. It was not a complete victory at once, but now I have no need of the card at all. I have cleaned my soul of nasty thoughts, and can talk with any of my lady friends for an hour without a single sexual impulse. I cannot tell you how clean and manly I feel. I would not go back again for a mine of gold. This 'card trick,' as I call it, is worth infinitely more than any of those with which they win money. I believe that this expedient might help the worst victim of sexual filth into purity and manliness, if he would only try it with a good, strong will."

Every person's memory abounds with thrilling incidents which may be recalled by suggestive words. I have before me at this moment a card which an intelligent young clergyman used with satisfactory results. It contains

AMANDA—NEVER—MOTHER—MINUTE—MERCY.

All but one of these words were explained to me. In regard to the second, he said, in a tremulous voice, that no one but himself and God could ever know of the scene which that word recalled, unless the friend who participated in the tragic event remembered it in another world.

Another card bears six words:

QUICK—MY GOD—PUSH—FATHER—MARY—PRECISELY.

I asked the bright young fellow who had used this card to give me the facts or incidents which his six words recalled. He declined, because of two great wrongs in his life which the second and fifth referred to.

I have asked to see these cards a great many times, and have been struck with the frequency of such words as Mother, Sister, Mary, Katie. Women fill the larger part in

The Deepest Experiences of Civilized Men.

Does it not seem curious that when a young man would rid himself of libidinous fancies, he should select from his own experiences some event in which a woman was his companion? And yet it is not strange. Thoughts of mother or sister lift him heavenward more than thoughts of father or brother, just as social contact with mother and sister helps him into pure thoughts more than social contact with father and brother. But, strangely enough, all those who have deeply loved, and lost by death the object of their affections, instinctively recall the lost one in their attempts to shake off the tyranny of lust. And I have been struck, in listening to their recitals, with the reverent, almost prayerful, spirit in which they allude to those loved ones in the other world.

How sweet and comforting the thought, that while among the lowest men, and in the lowest moments of good men, it is the sex of body which attracts, in the higher moments it is the sex of soul! This is not only the high and holy, but the permanent, passion. It survives death and time. I know a noble old man of nearly eighty, who has remained alone, living for sixty years on the memory of his Mary. For one short month she was his earthly wife; for more than half a century she has been his heavenly wife.

Uplifting Influences.

When an intelligent young man comes to me for advice about sexual weakness, if his health and age be proper, I am in the habit of advising him to cultivate the intimate acquaintance of a pure woman, with reference to marriage. Nothing ennobles manhood more surely than such associations. And if for any good reason matrimony is out of the question, I still advise him to form a friendship with some true lady. It is best that she should be older than himself, a wife and a mother. The wife of a manufacturer of my acquaintance has taken into pleasant intimacy a dozen or more of the young men employed by her husband, and one of them told me that a half-hour spent with her has driven out of his mind for days impure thoughts which were wont to harbor there. One of the most potent safeguards against lust is an intimate association with pure women.

A gentleman of position among us gave me an interesting account of his own experiences. He was consumed with lustful longings, awake and asleep, and in his calmer moments loathed himself. He noticed that the company of young and pretty girls inflamed his passion, and that exclusive association with men did not help him; but he did not fail to observe that the society of his mother, sister and other dignified, intelligent, middle-aged women did help him. He found the companionship of a certain lady of his own age (which was about thirty) to be particularly helpful. She was full of zeal and interest in the woman's rights movement, and talked much of woman's duties, dignity, mission and opportunities. He was glad to find that an evening spent with her discussing such subjects left him free from lewd imaginings. He gladly read such books and papers as she gave him, and at length found that thoughts of this lady did not excite his sexual passion. In other words, this man was for the first time introduced to a woman's soul, and found so much there to interest him that he forgot her person. He experienced such a sense of decency and manliness when in her company, that he was with her almost constantly, and after two months' intimacy asked her to become his wife. He instinctively sought in her companionship the completion of the cure which she had so unconsciously but happily begun.

Dressing Meretriciously.—Frivolous Manners.

In a conversation the other day, he remarked that "if women knew how much mischief they do us men, they would change some of their habits. The dress of their busts, the padding in different parts, are so contrived as to call away attention from the soul, and fix it on the bosom and hips. And then, many even educated women are careful to avoid serious subjects in our presence. One minute before a gentleman enters the room they may be engaged in thoughtful discussion, but the moment he appears their whole style changes; they assume light, fascinating ways, laugh sweet little bits of laughs, and turn their heads this way and that, all which forbids serious thinking and gives men over to imagination."

A Noble Woman Shames Base Desire.

An able young female advocate of social reforms happened to be in my office, when a gentleman dropped in to see me about some matter of business. He is what is called "a good fellow," but a *gallant;* an honorable man with men, he believes women to be fair game, and never looks upon a fair young girl but to lust after her. While

I was writing he began a conversation about a bouquet which happened to be standing on the table. I looked up, and saw by his face and manner what passion her sweet face had awakened in him. I was curious to see how it would come out, and kept an eye on them. After a pleasant remark or two about the exquisite beauty and important function of flowers, she directed the conversation into quite another channel. As she went on discussing the helplessness of the crowd of young women in our city, and the urgent necessity of opening other avenues of honorable escape from the temptations which beset them on every hand—as she painted, in a few pathetic, womanly words, the career of a girl who comes to the city in pursuit of work—the changes that came over his face made one of the most curious studies imaginable. At first it was the expression of a libertine on the scent of fine game. From this it gradually passed into puzzled curiosity, and then into genuine, manly sympathy. The conversation began on his part in the sphere of animal passion, and ended in that of moral sentiment. I wrote very slowly, that the victory might be complete. When I handed him the paper, he still lingered to listen, and then shaking her hand very warmly, he hoped she would send him anything she wished him to read, and he should certainly be present at a meeting which she had named.

Insults Offered by the Lustful Eye.

When the gentleman had left, the young lady sat silent for a few moments, and then, in the saddest tones, said, as though speaking to herself: "How long must we women endure that lecherous stare? At first I felt as though I were naked and shut up in a cage with an animal. It required a painful effort to try and cover myself with thought and decent sentiment, but I trust he was in better mood when he left. Nothing humiliates me like that lustful gaze. I loathe the man; I almost loathe myself. What is the matter with men? When I meet a man, I listen to his conversation and become interested in his thoughts; and if he sympathizes with the ideas and aims which attract me, I like him in the same way that I like my brother. I never think of such things as occupied him at first. When I meet one whose whole manner is full of the lowest animal passion, I am perfectly discouraged and disgusted. Between married people certain physical relations are natural and proper; but when men meet us women, as they do by the thousand every day, why is it that their imagination always takes such liberties with our persons? Have we nothing else to attract them? Have we no thoughts, no ideas, no sentiments, nothing whatever to interest them but our bodies? Is that all the capital a young woman has? I sometimes almost resolve that I will never speak to a man again. I am so humiliated when I reflect that after trying for years to think high thoughts and live a noble life, after spending years in cultivating a clear understanding of my place in the world, of my responsibilities and duties, after striving to fill the measure of my Heavenly Father's purpose, then to meet a gentleman of wealth and social position, and to see by his face and manner that he finds nothing in me to interest him but my person,—it makes me wish that I was dead, and my soul among purer beings. I cannot tell you, sir, how decent women suffer in the treatment they receive from a certain class of men, many of them distinguished. A great part of this hat-lifting and obsequious bowing, and 'My dear madam,' and 'I beg ten thousand pardons,' and 'Gentlemen, give way! the lady wishes to pass,' and 'I am your most humble and obedient servant,' comes to us from men who would vote us less than half pay as teachers and seamstresses, who would deny us a chance to earn an honest living, but give us instead their smiles and favor."

The Sensualist Rebuked.

I was very curious to hear what the gentleman would say of the lady; and, as I expected, he came soon to talk of her. He frankly told me that he had never before met a woman who was too much for him. "Why," said he, "this lady won't respond to my touch at all. She just took me off my feet and carried me right into the midst of her hobbies. I was never so taken aback in my life. I believe she could make a pure man of me. And, doctor, to be frank with you, I must confess that I never before met a woman that I should be willing to marry. I believe she is destined to be my salvation."

Then I told him how she loathed him, and all that she had said about him, and I think I have never seen a strong, proud man so ashamed and humiliated. If she had been in the next room, I believe he would have thrown himself at her feet and begged forgiveness. He was in dead earnest, and I pleaded with her to allow him to call upon her, but she persistently refused. "I will send him books and papers," she said; "I will do all I can to convert him to purity, but I must be spared the pain and shame of coming near him again."

When I reported to him, he could not believe me. Our final conversation closed with his declaring:

"Well, she is only a woman, and in one year I will conquer all that nonsense; you see if I don't."

"Major," I said, "you don't understand this kind. The sort that you have met and quickly vanquished are those that have fine figures and big bustles, with no moral aspirations, and who are waiting and longing to be conquered. That is the kind you have met and overcome. But this one belongs to another class. She has ideas and grand aims, and you might as well try to fly as to meet her level. Her person is very plump and beautiful, as you saw, but no man will ever possess it without first winning her soul; and, Major, it is only fair and honest to assure you that all *your* struggles in such a race are sure to leave you an infinite distance behind."

Honorable Independence for Women.

If women only had occupations in which they could secure independence, we should soon observe a great change in their attitude toward men. Now they have, generally speaking, but one trade—getting a husband—and they are not long in discovering the open door to man's favor. Their "low necks and short sleeves," their padded busts, the dress of their hips, and, pre-eminently, their facial expression and bantering small talk,—all show, not the conscious purpose of the individual, perhaps, but nevertheless the adaptation of means to ends.

Whenever, in the providence of God, it comes to pass that young women fit themselves to earn, in countless trades and professions, an honorable living, so that they can marry for love, and not for clothes and bread, this sickening connivance will pass away, and woman's moral superiority will pronounce itself, to the infinite advantage of all concerned.

Vigorous Exercise an Aid to Mental Purity.

Many people find it easier to banish erotic fancies by some occupation in which the body actively participates. To rise at once and attack a task requiring attention and care, with vigorous bodily movements, will instantly drive away all unclean thoughts. Many have praised dumb-bells in this connection. I have known several to try bean-bags, practicing many games, throwing them up in a variety of ways, three, four, or five at a time. But brisk walking, sawing wood, gardening, or any other exercise requiring attention and strong will, answers just as well. Such efforts never fail.

And here it may be remarked, in a general way, that good hard work, physical or mental, or both, will never fail to relieve the victims of impure thought. Dr. Watts understood this whole matter, and gave the philosophy which I am trying to impress in these familiar words:—

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Hard work, with temperance, will cure seminal weakness three times out of four; and as a real cure involves a certain building up of the general health, which in these cases is always impaired, this method has an advantage over all others.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

THERE can be no doubt that premature marriages are bad for both parties, and that their offspring are sure to lack vitality. It is well known to cattle-breeders that if their animals breed too young their progeny are hardly worth raising.

I have recently read a very interesting work, published in England, in which it was shown that of the fifty most remarkable men in the history of that country, a great majority were born of mothers nearly or quite forty years old. When it is remembered that a very large proportion of the children born in England come of young mothers, this testimony is all the more significant.

The reason for this emphasis upon the age of the mother is not that the age of the father is unimportant, but that a tendency to premature marriage on the part of men has not been usual among us. Even where girls marry at sixteen, the husbands are likely to be twenty-five or more. This disparity between the ages of the man and woman has been common in all ages and among all peoples. The laws of Lycurgus enacted that men should not marry before the age of thirty-seven, and women not before the age of seventeen. Xenophon and Plutarch explain these laws on the ground that they were intended to secure the most vigorous offspring. Aristotle held that the husband ought to be twenty years older than the wife.

Character of the Offspring.

Children of good temper and fair physical proportions may be born of girls not yet sixteen years of age, but I have not read of a single *remarkable* man who came from so young a mother. How common it is that the youngest, or next to the youngest, of a large family of children becomes the distinguished member of the group! It would not be difficult to make up a very striking illustrative list from among the distinguished Americans now living, and another not less remarkable from among those great countrymen of ours who have passed on. In the few cases in our own country wherein mothers under thirty have given birth to those who have risen to distinction, the father was a man of exceptional vigor and matured manhood.

Aristotle says: "Precocious marriages oppose a good generation, for in the entire animal kingdom the fruits of the first signal of reproductive instinct are constantly imperfect and have not any well-established form. It is also the same with the human species, and the proof is evident, for precocious marriages procure small and contemptible men."

Montesquieu affirmed that the fear of military service induced á great number of young men—mere boys—to enter into matrimonial connections, and that the misery and diseases produced thereby greatly diminished the population of France.

Louis XI. cohabited with his queen before he was fourteen, while she was at the time but twelve. There can be no doubt, as M. Marc suggests, that his effeminate and cruel character, so like a eunuch's, was the effect of the exhaustion of his nascent powers.

Plato assigned the period for propagation to men from the age of thirty to fifty-five, and to women from twenty to forty years.

Says Dr. Ryan (of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London), "The ancient Germans did not marry until the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, previous to which they observed the most rigid chastity, and in consequence they acquired a size and strength that excited the astonishment of Europe." The present incomparable vigor of that race, both physically and mentally, is due in a great measure to their long-established aversion to marrying young.

I am quite aware of the preferences for early marriage entertained by a number of distinguished writers. And no doubt young men *are* thereby preserved from social vice; but it may safely be repeated that physiology takes no notice of such exigencies.

A Novel Matrimonial Plan.

A philosophical friend—whose views on the point in question are curious and interesting, yet, as I must believe, unsound—in a recent conversation expressed himself as follows:

"I am in favor of early marriages. They serve to protect against destructive vices, and to make the *two* more completely *one* than they are likely ever to become if brought together later in life. I think the common error is not in marrying too soon, but in a certain mismanagement after marriage. It is a sad mistake for the young people to leave home and go off by themselves. Keeping aloof from all others, devoting themselves exclusively to each other, constantly occupying the same bed, before the honeymoon is over they not unfrequently change respect and love into weariness and disgust. Now, the true plan is for the two parties to remain at their respective homes. Let the young woman stay with her mother for two or three years. Let her first child be born at her old home under the management of her mother. The husband may continue in college, or studying his profession, or establishing his business, or saving up his wages, meantime visiting his wife once a week, or perhaps once a fortnight.

It Works Well, Apparently.

"I have known, perhaps, a dozen young couples who managed in this way, and I have taken great interest in watching the progress of their mutual devotion. In every instance it was delightful. In one case they were both at school—she at a ladies' boarding-school and he in college. She remained at the school nearly two years after her marriage, and then went home to her mother to become a mother in her turn. The husband graduated nearly a year later, and then, after waiting a few months to settle down in business, established a home of his own. And yet these young people belonged to families in well-to-do circumstances, and were guided, not by necessity, but by common sense. Do you say they should have waited until they had finished their studies? Why so? They were of fit age, and during the two years after their marriage were much happier, more contented and settled, while they escaped the evil habits which injure or ruin so many. And after they were married, do you think it would have been better for them to have left their schools and spent three hundred and sixty-five nights a year together, draining their vitality by constant intercourse? The present management, in which everybody seems to say, 'Keep away, keep away, let them alone,' is animal and vulgar.

"I watched another couple, who adopted the course I am advocating, with peculiar interest, and I must give you some details which I am sure will interest you. I knew the young woman intimately, and she consulted me freely about her marriage. I advised that she should remain at her home for a year or two and allow John to establish himself in his business—that of dentistry—in a neighboring city. When Susan proposed this plan to John, he exclaimed, indignantly, 'Never! The idea! that I can't support my wife!' But Susan soon talked him into it; and when at last his foolish pride gave way, he said, 'Well, Susie, we might as well get married at once, instead of waiting two years.' We all approved, and the wedding came off in the quietest possible manner. The next morning John went back to his business, seventy miles away, and Susan remained with us, as usual. They had intended when they were married to go off for a month, but we coaxed them out of that likewise. Another custom we induced Susan to give up—that of devoting two months to manufacturing a cart-load of underclothes before the ceremony. It was agreed that John should come to spend every second Sunday with his wife. In the course of the two years which they had purposed waiting, John largely increased his money reserve, so that when he went to housekeeping he was not obliged to contract debts nor to curtail the professional outlays so important to great success. If this custom could be generally introduced, thousands would marry who now waste their lives in a vain struggle to accumulate the wealth necessary to support a fashionable establishment."

Opinions of Modern Authorities.

M. Joulin remarks: "When I am consulted as to the opportuneness of a marriage for subjects who are too young, I am accustomed to respond to the parents that they should not marry their daughter—that is to say, expose her to the chance of becoming a mother—until a year or more after she has attained her growth."

Matthew Duncan says: "Women generally are increasing in stature till at least their twenty-fifth year, and until this age are immature, inasmuch as they are not full grown in height."

Dr. John Wood declares: "According to Dupuytren, the female pelvis differs very little from that of the male till puberty, at which period it has a general triangular form in both sexes, but after that period it becomes rapidly developed, and soon assumes its distinctive sexual character."

As the result of the independent investigations of Drs. Burns and Litzman, we learn that "by slow degrees a great organic change takes place in the size and shape of the human female pelvis after puberty, and that this change is certainly not completed at nineteen."

Conclusions on the Subject of Marrying Young.

The results of too early marriages are, in brief, stunted growth and impaired strength on the part of the male; delicate if not utterly bad health in the female; the premature old age or death of one or both, and a puny, sickly offspring.

MARITAL EXCESSES.

"HOW often may I indulge myself?" is a question the physician who gives attention to sexual troubles hears every day. It is a point most difficult to settle by any general rule. Here is A, twenty-five years old, just married, a farmer, with an iron constitution and no nerves. *He* asks the question. Now comes B, fifty years old, with delicate constitution, the editor of a morning paper, dyspeptic and all nerves. And *he* asks the *same* question. A tri-daily indulgence would prove less disastrous to A than a tri-monthly indulgence to B. How is it possible to generalize? You may say that every man should exercise common sense, and not run to the doctor about all his private habits—that he should watch himself, and if his sexual indulgences are excessive, he must be more moderate. You don't believe in a man's running about after a doctor, crying like a child who whines, Ma, may I do this? and Ma, may I do that? You believe that men ought to be men and not babies, that they must think for themselves, and so on. That sounds brave and manly. I like it. But then I am a doctor, and have had a good deal to do with sick men, and have had occasion to know something of their habits. It is pleasant to hear their strong words, but their actions are often weak to a most pitiable degree. Let me show you a specimen or two. Take one of the host of drunkards. He has a noble presence, fine head, a full voice, he looks and talks like a man of large soul; but if you will watch him, you shall see him voluntarily and deliberately walk into the bottomless pit. His mother, wife and children cling to him in tears of agony, but on he goes till he sinks in darkness. The slaves of tobacco, gluttony and other evil habits are just as weak and unreasonable. Ignorance of the simple, primary laws of health makes life with most of us fragmentary and miserably unsatisfactory. The ring of a brave man's voice is the richest music. The actual achievements of that man's life in his efforts toward personal purity may be sadly discordant. And in nothing else do men need guidance more than in their sexual relations. Nine out of ten have no guide but animal impulse. They sleep with their wives every night, and they go on draining their very lives away. One of them exclaims, if another seeks to know what is best to secure health and the highest life, "Oh, don't be a child! Stand up like a man!"

Some of the Most Common Effects

of sexual excess are backache, lassitude, giddiness, dimness of sight, noises in the ears, numbness of the fingers and paralysis. The drain is universal, but the more sensitive organs and tissues suffer most. So the nervous system gives way, and continues the principal sufferer throughout. A very large part of the premature loss of sight and hearing, dizziness, numbness and pricking in the hands and feet, and other kindred developments, are justly chargeable to unbridled venery. Not unfrequently I see in a single hour more than one man whose head or back or nerve testifies of such reckless expenditure. Permit me to give some instances of

Exhaustion from Over-indulgence.

Henry T——, an old college chum, located near me, about twenty-five years ago, to practice the profession of an architect. As in college, so in the later days, we were bosom friends. I was happy in his friendship, and proud of him because of his perfect habits. He was the model man. But after a few months he asked my advice about a peculiar backache. Had it occurred in anybody else, I should have said, without a moment's hesitation, it was the effect of sexual excess, but in Henry this could not be, and I warned him against sitting so much over his drawings. After a week or so he repeated his complaints about the heavy pain across the small of his back, and spoke likewise of an aching in the back of the neck and a numbness in the little finger of his left hand. I was struck with these symptoms, and felt compelled to ask my friend if he had suffered from nocturnal emissions.

"No," was his unhesitating reply; "and, what is more, I never practiced masturbation in my life."

I begged his pardon, and tried to account for these indications in some other way.

When he came for the third time, he spoke of vertigo and dull head added to the other troubles, and I asked to examine his urine, with the view of determining whether there might not be a wasting of semen, for the symptoms left me no chance to think of any other cause. Finding nothing in his urine, I made bold to say to my friend:

"These symptoms indicate sexual exhaustion, and you must tell me frankly if you have formed an intimacy with a woman."

He then confessed, with many blushes, that he had formed such an intimacy with the daughter of his washerwoman; and when I asked some questions, I learned that he had been in the habit of indulging himself repeatedly with this girl every day. And now came the incredible part of the story. My friend was an intelligent gentleman, a graduate of college, and he knew that masturbation and nocturnal emissions were both exceedingly injurious, but he did not know that what he called the "natural thing" could harm anybody.

The gross injustice to the girl and the injury to his own health were urged upon him, and he broke off the wicked intimacy at once. To make sure, it was contrived, without his knowledge, that the girl should have an engagement in a distant town. My friend recovered in a few weeks, and I think never forgot the lesson.

Another Instructive Case

was that of a New York merchant whose acquaintance I made on board the old Cunarder "Africa," nearly twenty years ago. I believe there is always one couple of gentlemen who walk the deck pretty much all day. On this voyage it was Mr. B., the merchant, and myself. We ciphered it up, and did twenty miles whenever the steamer was steady enough to permit it. Of course we talked about everything, and it came out, just before we reached Liverpool, that he was on his way not only to purchase laces and things, but to get a wife. I was very sorry not to be able to be present at the ceremony in Manchester, but we did arrange to return together in December, on board the old "Baltic." His wife was a charming young Englishwoman, and contributed not a little to our social life.

The voyage was the longest that famous vessel ever made, and the worst it has ever been my fortune to experience. When a woman is not seasick, and she is young and pretty and bright and sympathetic, she seems, as she moves about among the prostrate sufferers, administering a little champagne here, a little lemonade there and a little ice everywhere, a very angel of mercy. Such an one was Mrs. B., the bride. If she had been a poor girl, and would have accepted it, a thousand dollars could have been raised for her among the passengers without an effort.

Just before we reached New York, B. and myself tried to crawl out on deck and resume our walking. We succeeded only in reaching a safe place near the mainmast, where we hung on, and indulged in our last talk. He said:

"You have observed that I have declined to join you in a walk on several occasions. It may seem to be very curious; but after being the greatest of walkers, I have become lame, or not exactly lame, but my right leg has become numb, and my right hip and the small of my back sore."

I put the question, and he frankly told me that he had intercourse with his wife at least twice every night. He was startled when I told him that he must abstain for a month at least, and that then, when he resumed his sexual relations, he must limit himself to two indulgences in the month. He said:

"Why? But my wife would never consent to that."

But after a while I met him in Broadway, and he told me that his wife thought the way they had been going on was very unpleasant, and that she would greatly prefer to sleep in his arms without ever engaging in the sexual act.

A year after, this gentleman told me that he really thought, but for the warning I had sounded, he should have gone on till he was paralyzed.

When I say that I have met thousands who were suffering from vertigo, backache and numbness in consequence of committing similar errors, I am guilty of no exaggeration.

A Grievous Lesson.

Permit me to cite another case: A fine-looking man, an old acquaintance, came to me in sore affliction. After making sure that no one was in the closet or listening at the door, he said, with the deepest emotion:

"I am a wretched man! I wish I had never been born! I wish I was dead!"

I urged him to be seated, tried to soothe him, and begged him to open his heart and tell me his troubles.

He sat with his face in his hands for some minutes, and then went on;

"I came to you once about a very important and delicate matter, and you seemed to feel for me. I now come about a much more important and much more delicate matter. The fact is, after being married seven weeks, I am disgusted with the whole thing, and would give my right arm to be back again where I was—a single man."

He stopped short and turned his face from me, as if ashamed and frightened at what he had said, but in a moment began again, with the manner of one who had fully made up his mind to go through with a bad business:

"I am disappointed with her every way. What I thought was a beautiful form turns out to be cotton and hair. Her breasts, which seemed so plump and beautiful, are nothing but bags of bird-seed. Her body is just skin and bones, and her skin is as dry and rough as a nutmeg-grater. Now, sir, I am not an animal, but I have been grossly deceived. Her face was so delicate and beautiful that I thought she was made of finer stuff than other human beings; but, sir, I should be ashamed if I had an inch on my body as coarse and rough as she is all over, except her face and neck; and she doctors them with some of these miserable complexion fluids. It's a downright swindle, and I won't stand it!"

"Have you told your wife how you feel toward her?"

"No, not exactly; but when I spoke of her scrawny form and rough skin, she got out of bed, and cried and groaned all night. She called herself all sorts of hard names for letting me marry her without telling me that she used padding. She should never forgive herself for not showing me her person before we were married. She begged that she might sleep in a bed by herself, and then she offered to let me have a divorce. How could I say anything when she went on that way?"

"Saying nothing of her person, does your wife disappoint you?"

"No; but ain't that enough?"

"Is she affectionate?"

"Mercy! she fairly eats me up!"

"Do you find her unselfish?"

"Well, to speak the truth—and I believe in giving even the devil his due—she is the most unselfish creature that I ever saw in my life. I believe she would die for me. She seems to think of nothing, day and night, but how to gratify me."

"Do you find her as intelligent as you thought?"

"Yes—more so. She knows ten times as much as I do, and she is so discreet and good that my mother and sister call her an angel. All I can say is, if a skeleton, covered all over with scales, can be an angel, then I have no doubt she comes as near being an angel as they make 'em. But I don't want an angel—I want a woman; and I want a woman with flesh and blood."

I then said to my visitor:

"I must take time to think. Be good enough to say nothing of this to any other person, and let me call upon full of content and satisfaction. But your shameful indulgences have spoiled everything. When you destroyed the delicacy of your sentiment by gross excess, you had no resource left. It is far easier to preserve than to restore, but it is now your duty to seek the restoration of a priceless treasure.

A little curtain which may be drawn aside at pleasure will serve to protect you from each other's observation when bathing and dressing. Two narrow beds, separated by the curtain, will make conversation as easy as though you occupied the same couch. With perfect continence for three months, with a constant study of your wife's convenience and happiness, bringing home to her daily some evidence (a bit of fruit or a flower, or some other trifle) that you have thought of her in your absence, reading to each other in the evening, the old joy will gradually come back again, and you will find, my dear friend, that married love is the fullest and richest source of happiness in this world.

To a Wealthy Gentleman Sixty-Six Years of Age about to Marry a Young Girl.

My dear Mr. H., I have no doubt you will think this letter impertinent, but I cannot refrain. You are sixty-six; your intended is eighteen. You are rich; she is young and pretty. You marry her for the same reason that an old Turk purchases a young and pretty Circassian girl; she marries you for your money. Am I not about right? Take away your fine house, carriages and bank account, and do you suppose the young lady would marry you? If you think so, you are deceived. She takes your grand wealth, subject to a mortgage, with a secret hope that the mortgage may be quickly cancelled. If you thought so, you would pronounce her mercenary and heartless. And such she undoubtedly is. But *you* are not the person to condemn her. Suppose she were fifty years old instead of eighteen, but possessed of ten times the intelligence, moral development, grace of manner and genuine love for *you* that this young girl has, but instead of a round, plump body was a little brown and wrinkled, would you marry her? No; it is not a companion, an adviser, an intelligent, appreciative, sympathizing friend, a real wife and mate, that you seek, but it is the case of the old Turk with a bag of gold visiting the market where the pretty Circassian girls are for sale.

Fortunately, you have no children. I have known several old men to marry young girls and bring them home to preside over families of daughters many years older than the new mother. In such cases a wretched estrangement and quarrel is inevitable. The bride is almost sure to be designing, with an eye on the treasury, or, what is common, a soft young thing without ideas. Think of a childish old man bringing a school-girl home to preside over a family of maiden ladies who know all about things and comprehend their father's weakness! It is difficult to imagine a more distressing situation. The marriage of an old man to a young woman is a violation of natural law, not to say of decency; and although it occasionally involves somewhat of the "old man's darling," the case is very rare in which there is not sooner or later a deep, sore disappointment and dissatisfaction all round, to say nothing of the secret sneers and contempt of outsiders.

UNJUST SUSPICIONS.

IT often happens that persons of either sex have a secretion resembling gonorrhœa, without having been guilty of criminal intimacy. A disease, susceptible of communication, may be developed by sexual excess, and its presence may excite suspicions of the existence of genuine gonorrhœa. In brief, the vagina may be free from disease, and mechanical violence produce a purulent secretion; or if there already exists a simple leucorrhœa, mechanical irritation may change it into a true and poisonous pus; or a purulent discharge may even occur quite independently of sexual intercourse. In either case a corresponding ailment may be communicated to the male. The severity of the affection in the man will depend upon two circumstances—one having reference to him, the other to the female. The character of the pus secreted by the woman depends upon her constitutional health and the degree of inflammation in the vagina. On the other hand, the degree of susceptibility in the man is important. The character of the vaginal secretion and the susceptibility of the male together determine whether the infection shall be communicated to him at all, and, if communicated, how grave its character shall prove.

Many a husband is never quite free from urethral irritation, contracted and kept alive by a vicious leucorrhœa in his wife. In this case there is generally a slight discharge from the male urethra.

Every wife with leucorrhœa, accompanied by urinary scalding, is liable to give her husband a species of gonorrhœa.

A Catastrophe barely Escaped.

One of the saddest domestic misunderstandings which ever fell under my observation was that of a young married couple, who, in ignorance of what I am teaching, came near falling from the highest social pinnacle into shame and ruin.

The husband I had met abroad, and we were intimate friends. I was honored with an invitation to the wedding. It was splendid. The beautiful young people had lived much in Europe, did not care to go there again, and, upon invitation, went to Washington for a fortnight, and then returned to this city to take up their residence.

They had scarcely arrived before the husband called upon me, and requesting a private interview, began, with deep emotion, by asking:

"What are the symptoms of gonorrhœa?"

"They are quite various. But why do you ask?"

"No matter, sir; but will you tell me what the symptoms of gonorrhœa are?"

"The common symptoms," I replied, "are a discharge from the urethra, with burning pain upon passing water."

"What is the color of the discharge?"

"It is generally yellow and thick."

Clasping his head in his hands, he cried out: "O my God! I've got it! I've got it!" Then, springing to his feet, he folded his arms, and exclaimed, in a hard, dry voice: "Yes, sir; I've got that cursed disease; and, what's more, I know *where* I got it."

"But," I replied, "it is possible that—"

"No, sir; it is not possible, sir. That's just where you're mistaken, sir."

"But oftentimes a discharge appears which—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I know very well where I caught the infernal malady. I will ask you to prescribe for me soon; but I have more important business now, sir—business with my lawyer."

"But, my dear friend, beware of a false step, for I assure you it is a very common circumstance to—"

"I beg your pardon. You need not attempt any defence of her. I know my rights, and, what's more, I dare maintain them!"

He bolted from the room, and I was left debating with myself whether it was not my duty to run after him, and compel him to listen to the probable explanation of his trouble; but as I never saw a man in a worse mood, I concluded to let him have it out, reserving my interference till I might be able to secure a patient hearing.

Within a few hours my wife tapped at my office door, and calling me out, said Mrs. —— (the wife in this exciting case) wished to see me up stairs.

I went up at once, and found her in the most painful state of mind. She began with saying:

"Doctor, I have come to you upon the most dreadful business of my life. I have had perfect confidence in my husband's integrity and purity, but I have contracted some form of private disease, and it is impossible that I should have taken it from any source but one." Then she described the symptoms.

This fixed my conviction, and I said to her at once, with absolute assurance:

"Madam, you are laboring under a fearful mistake. This dreadful disease, as you think it, is nothing but the effects of sexual excess. You were suffering from leucorrhœa when you were married. The lining membrane of the vagina in a person of your sensitive constitution is very delicate, and takes on, with but slight friction, an abnormal condition. A leucorrhœa is changed to a purulent discharge, accompanied by all the symptoms of which you complain."

"But," she asked, "do you mean to say that this is all my own fault?"

"No, madam; but you were troubled with a weakness when you were married, and the unusual friction upon the delicate lining membrane of the vagina has changed the more simple secretion of the leucorrhœa into a purulent one, with all the smarting, urinary scalding, and other symptoms under which you labor. Be assured, madam, this is often the case. I have seen scores like it. If you will permit me, I will bring from my library a dozen witnesses all testifying to the same effect."

I brought two such authorities, read a few paragraphs, and the proud young wife, with many blushes and apologies, left me. She had scarcely departed when the lawyer of the husband came in. An hour's conversation, the reading of some authorities, and my account of the wife's visit quite convinced him.

Two or three days afterward the young husband called again about his trouble, and then, pledging him not to reveal what I was about to tell him, I gave him an account of his wife's call, and succeeded in getting him to attend to my explanations.

This case terminated without serious rupture. I have known many that resulted in estrangement, and several in divorce.

A couple whose almost immediate separation created much discussion at the time (on account, perhaps, of the social distinction of the bride) would, doubtless, have gone on in peace but for their ignorance of what I have presented in this chapter. It was thought that satisfactory explanations might have been made, but for the vindictive hatred of "those horrid men" entertained by some maiden aunts of the bride. And although they were quite right in their charge against his character in the past, they were entirely wrong (as I happened to *know*) in their belief that his lax morality led to the unhappy developments which estranged the young people.

PREVENTING CONCEPTION.

MARRIED people are generally interested in this subject, although they may have been solemnly assured that the number of their offspring should be left to Providence. But when the health of the mother is doubtful, the family cash-box empty, or a predisposition to some grave malady inherited, they will ask how conception may be prevented or the next baby postponed.

The various devices of the French voluptuaries are familiar to the public. They are, without exception, unsatisfactory and mischievous.

Non-completed Intercourse Extremely Hurtful.

Withdrawal before the emission occurs is injurious to both parties.

The distinguished MAYER says: "The soiling of the conjugal bed by the shameful manœuvres to which we have made allusion is mentioned for the first time in Genesis xxxviii. 6 and following verses: 'And it came to pass when he (Onan) went in unto his brother's wife that he spilled it on the ground lest that he should give seed unto his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord, wherefore he slew him.'" Hence the name of *conjugal onanism.*

"One cannot tell to what extent this vice is practiced, except by observing its consequences, even among people who fear to commit the slightest sin, to such a degree is the public conscience perverted upon this point. Still, many husbands know that Nature often renders nugatory the most subtle calculations, and reconquers the rights which they have striven to frustrate. No matter; they persevere none the less, and by the force of habit they poison the most blissful moments of life, with no surety of averting the result that they fear. So who knows if the too often feeble and weazened infants are not the fruit of these in themselves incomplete procreations, and disturbed by preoccupations foreign to the genesaic act?

"In man the genesaic act accomplished normally and completely leaves at its close a condition of well-being comparable to that which results from the satisfaction of an imperious necessity. . . . On the contrary, when the function has been interrupted by a previous calculation, the erethism persists, accompanied by prostration and fatigue, and particularly a tinge of sadness, in which we are tempted to see a phenomenon of conscience akin to remorse—the first chastisement for a fault committed.

"We have many times had confidences confirmatory of the opinion that we have here advanced from individuals who have consulted us for nervous affections of all sorts. . . . Furthermore, the moral relations existing between the married couple undergo unfortunate changes; this affection, founded upon reciprocal esteem, is little by little effaced by the repetition of an act which pollutes the marriage bed. . . . If the good harmony of families and the reciprocal relations are seriously menaced by the invasion of these detestable practices, the health of women, as we have already intimated, is fearfully injured. A great number of neuralgias appear to us to have no other cause. Many women whom we have interrogated on this matter have fortified this opinion. But that which to us has passed to the condition of incontestable truth is the prevalence of uterine troubles of enervation among the married. . . . Still more, there is a graver affection which is daily increasing, and which, if nothing arrests its invasion, will soon have attained the proportions of a scourge: we speak of the degeneration of the womb. We do not hesitate to place in the foremost rank among the causes of this redoubtable disease the refinements of civilization, and especially the artifices introduced in our day in the genesaic act. When there is no procreation, although the procreative faculties are excited, we see these pseudomorphoses arise. Thus it is noted that polypi and scirrhus of the womb are common among prostitutes. And it is easy to account for the manner of action of this pathogenetic cause if we consider how probable it is that the ejaculation and contact of the sperm with the uterine neck constitutes for the woman the crisis of the genital function by appeasing the venereal orgasm and calming the voluptuous emotions under the action of which the entire economy is convulsed. And, finally, who can demonstrate that there does not exist in the fecundatory liquid some special property *sui generis* which makes its projection upon the mouth of the womb and its contact with this part an indispensable condition to the innocuousness of the coitus?

"This opinion, which we have not found stated in any work, one of our most distinguished practitioners (Prof. Villars of Besançon) entirely partakes in, and for many years has not ceased in his course of lectures to teach and to defend on every necessary occasion.

"But we have just said that it was easy to explain one of the modes of action of the pathogenetic cause now under consideration, and we will explain. The uterine neck, the same as the penis, is congested during copulation. But while, with the man, the congestion is dissipated with the stimulus that has provoked it, in the woman it persists for a greater or less degree *when the genital function is not physiologically completed;* and new congestions coming to be successively added to the preceding under the same circumstances, there result, first, inflammatory or atonic engorgements, then ulcerations, and finally, if there be some predisposition, encephaloid degenerations to which so many poor creatures owe a premature death."

Pernicious Effect of Injections.

Dr. Gardner adds:

"It is undeniable that all the methods employed to prevent pregnancy are physically injurious. Some of these have been characterized with sufficient explicitness, and the injury resulting from incomplete coitus to both parties has been made evident to all who are willing to be convinced. It should require but a momentary consideration to convince any one of the harmfulness of the common use of cold water ablutions and astringent infusions and variously medicated washes. Simple and often wonderfully salutary and grateful as is cold water to a diseased limb festering with inflammation, yet few are rash enough to cover a gouty toe, rheumatic knee or an erysipelatous head with cold water. . . . Yet, when in the general state of nervous and physical excitement attendant upon coitus, when the organs principally engaged in this act are congested and turgid with blood, do you think you can with impunity throw a flood of cold, or even lukewarm, water far into the vitals in a continual stream? Often women add strong medicinal agents, intended to destroy, by dissolution, the spermatic germs ere they have time to fulfil their natural destiny. These powerful astringents suddenly corrugate and close the glandular structure of the parts, and this is followed necessarily by a corresponding reaction, and the final result is debility and exhaustion, signalized by leucorrhœa, prolapsus and other diseases.

The Use of Barriers Detestable.

"Of the use of intermediate tegumentary coverings, made of thin rubber or goldbeaters' skin, and so often relied upon as absolute preventives, Madame de Staël is reputed to have said, 'They are cobwebs for protection, and bulwarks against love.' Their employment certainly must produce a feeling of shame and disgust, utterly destructive of the true delight of pure hearts and refined sensibilities. They are suggestive of licentiousness and the brothel, and their employment degrades to bestiality the true feelings of manhood and the holy state of mattrimony. Neither do they give, except in a very limited degree, the protection desired. Furthermore, they produce (as alleged by the best modern French writers, who are more familiar with the effects of their use than we in the United States) certain physical lesions, from their irritating presence as foreign bodies, and also from the chemicals employed in their fabrication, and other effects inseparable from their employment, ofttimes of a real serious nature.

"I will not further enlarge upon these instrumentalities. Sufficient has been said to convince any one that to trifle with the grand functions of our organism, to attempt to deceive and thwart Nature in her highly ordained prerogatives—no matter how simple seem to be the means employed—is to incur a heavy responsibility and run a fearful risk. It matters little whether a railroad train is thrown from the track by a frozen drop of rain or a huge boulder lying in the way: the result is the same, the injuries as great. Moral degradation, physical disability, premature exhaustion and decrepitude are the result of these physical frauds, and force upon our convictions the adage which the history of every day confirms, that 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

Seasons at which Conception is not likely to Occur.

There is a certain period related to the function of menstruation during which conception is improbable. On this point Mayer makes several distinct statements which embody the results of Prof. Pouchet's researches. To-day we accept the views of that eminent physiologist upon this subject:

"1st. That fecundation holds a permanent relationship to menstruation.

"2d. That in the human race it is easy to mark distinctly the intermenstrual period, when conception is physically impossible, as well as the period when it is possible."

The author proceeds to give the data on which this law rests, as follows:

"It is generally admitted that the ovules of mammals are emitted at fixed epochs in relationship with the super-excitation of the sexual apparatus, and that this super-excitation corresponds to the menstruation of women; consequently, we must also recognize that ovulation in the human species is subordinate to the catamenial function, and that it is possible to carefully mark the period.

"On the other hand it is incontestable—

"1st. That the Graafian vesicles in woman do not emit their eggs except at the cessation of the menstrual flow—say immediately after, or one, two, three or even four days later; and

"2d. That from two to six days are occupied in the passage through the Fallopian tubes from the ovary to the uterus. If this egg has met in its passage through these tubes with some molecules of seminal fluid, and if, in consequence, it is fecundated, it will remain in the womb and be there developed. In the contrary case, after having remained a certain time, it is finally expelled with the *decidua* (an ephemeral membrane exuded upon the internal surface of the uterus toward the decline of the irritation which follows the catamenial period). This carries it away in its escape, or it is again absorbed, which (imperceptibly) occurs ten or twelve days after the cessation of the menstrual flow.

"But as no eggs are produced at any other epoch, conception evidently cannot take place except during the first days following menstruation, and before the escape of the *decidua.* After this, fecundation is materially impossible: the egg has disappeared.

"This phenomenon has been recognized from the most remote period; and physiologists as well as accoucheurs agreed in considering the first days following the menstrual period as particularly favorable for conception. The father of medicine created it into a precept for sterile women to seek to have connection during the days immediately following these periods; but it was reserved for our age to determine a fact vaguely suspected, and to establish it upon scientific proofs.

"However, it may be objected that the impregnation of the ovule could be effected at some other moment than that of the union of the sexes—that it might suffice for this egg to meet, in its peregrinations through the organs, some portion of the seminal fluid to be fecundated; but let us inquire under what circumstances this could be effected, and under what conditions it would be impossible.

your wife during the day with reference to her condition, and I wish you would give me permission to speak to her with perfect freedom. I wish to tell her in part what has passed between us this morning, but I will do it without compromising you. To-morrow you may come to see me again."

He was good enough to express his confidence in my discretion, and I went straight to the lady and opened the whole subject without reserve. I took the liberty to conceal her husband's angry words, and only spoke of his solicitude on her account, and in a very gentle, delicate way of his possible disappointment at finding his wife less perfect than his imagination had painted her.

The plucky, honest little woman interrupted me with the question:

"Did my husband know that you were coming to me about this?"

"He did, madam."

"Then you come by his wish and direction?"

"It was arranged between us that I should converse with you on this subject, and your husband charged me to speak to you with perfect freedom."

She conducted me to her private room, and when we were seated, said:

"Now, doctor, you need not mince matters. I am in trouble—grievous trouble. It seems to me my heart must break. If I only could, I would hide myself in the grave. Oh, where can I go? What can I do? It is more than I can bear!"

There were no tears, no sobs, only a hard, dry, monotonous voice. She said:

"If you wish to examine any part of my person, tell me. I will try not to be sensitive."

I examined her skin in several places. Then she said:

"And now I wish you to examine my breasts. Two months ago I should not have thought it possible that I could ever consent to such a thing, but I know very well what my husband has said to you; and as he has submitted our troubles to you, I insist that you shall know everything which may help you to comprehend our griefs."

After a few minutes we fell into a more composed conversation, and she said:

"It was undoubtedly a grave error to have concealed any defect from my husband. I thought about it, and consulted my mother. I thought he ought to be told that my breasts were not as large as they seemed to be, and that the skin of my person was not as smooth as that of my face. My mother said that men knew all about such things, and that John would think it immodest if I talked to him about my breasts and the skin of my body. Hoping and believing that my mother knew what was right, I let it go. I did, however, warn him that his opinion of me was most extravagant, and that he would find me far less perfect, physically and every other way, than he thought me; and I went so far at one time, just before we were married, as to tell him that things were not just as they seemed in my form, and then, when he laughed at me for my 'conscientious nonsense,' as he chose to call it, I cried half the night lest he should think I had said something indelicate. Oh, I did not know what to do, and I suppose, in my ignorance and cowardice, I did everything wrong. But all that is past, and I can't go back. If I only *could* go back, I would never think of marriage again. I have offered to release him. He says there is no way. Don't you think these imperfections would give him a divorce? I will show them to anybody."

I have listened to the moanings, ejaculations and wild grief of many a wife with drunken or cruel or unfaithful husband, but never did I listen to anything so touching, so harrowing, as the dry, hard, husky words of this bride. I said nothing of the determination which filled my heart; but I then and there resolved that whatever could be honorably done to lift this woman from her present humiliation and sorrow *should be done.*

I asked her to tell me something of the beginning and growth of this dissatisfaction on the part of her husband. She replied:

"When we were married, and had retired to our bedchamber, I told him, with many tears, of my imperfections and what I meant by the warnings that I gave him before our marriage. He said that he understood me at the time, and that my breasts were really larger than he had expected, and as to the roughness of my skin, that was nothing, and he had no doubt that a visit to the springs would cure it. And then he was good enough to say that it was all right any way—that he didn't marry my body, but my soul. He was very tender and devoted for about two weeks, and then became irritable, and began to talk about my breasts and skin. Since that time it has been growing worse and worse, until now I tremble whenever he approaches me. I suppose you will think I have no modesty, but I will tell you all. During the first week he had repeated intercourse with me every night, and sometimes during the day. But for the last week he has not come near me at all, and refuses to let me touch him."

She told me a great deal more, which need not be repeated, and then I begged her not to speak to any one about this painful subject, and after I had had time to think I would take the liberty to call again.

I wrote her husband a note, telling him I had seen his wife, and asked him to call upon me early the next morning.

He came at the appointed time; and making ourselves secure in my private room, I said to him:

"I spent two hours with your wife yesterday, and she spoke very freely of your griefs. I was never more deeply moved. She impressed me as the purest woman I ever met. I believe you when you say that she would die for you. She would not speak a word about your unhappy affairs, so true is she to you, until I assured her that I came by your direction, and with a charge from you to speak with perfect freedom. Then she felt it to be her duty, and spoke without reserve."

"But, doctor, did you examine her skin?"

"I did, in several places."

"What do you think of it?"

"The best non-technical description which I can give of it is that there is a little salt-rheum humor in her system, which shows itself in this roughness of the skin. I am sure it can be entirely removed within three months. She insisted that I should examine her bosom, and I found it quite as large as the average. The present fashion of wearing large pads upon the breasts almost entirely destroys them. The pressure and heat produce absorption, and the plump, healthy glands of the young girl become, after five years of fashionable padding, empty and pendant. Nine brides in ten surprise and disappoint their husbands with the strange difference between their busts dressed and undressed. You are one of ten thousand young husbands who have suffered this disappointment. If your wife would discontinue the use of the pads, and wear the recent contrivances made of bent whalebones, which are of any desired size and shape, and set over and around the bosom without touching it, and if she would then wash her breasts with cold water, morning and evening, long and thoroughly, and follow the bath by fifteen minutes' hard rubbing, pressure and other manipulations, in three months the size would be doubled, and in less than a year the natural, full and plump gland would be developed. I have seen a female breast which had been thinned and weakened by padding more than doubled in size *in a single month* by a quarter of an hour, morning and evening, devoted to as vigorous rubbing and kneading as the glands could bear. The explanation is simple enough. The amount of blood flowing to the gland is increased, and of course the gland itself is enlarged.

"Padding the bosom is the source of most of the broken breasts and other sufferings common among nursing mothers. The two deficiencies of which you complain can be easily remedied. The essential qualities of a pure, noble, perfect womanhood your wife possesses in an eminent degree. You have assured me of this yourself. Now, what can stand in the way of a complete and satisfactory union?"

"The fact is I don't believe that she and I were ever designed for each other. We don't seem to harmonize in any way."

"I cannot refrain from reminding you that when you came to me before your marriage you had the contrary opinion. You raved about her then. I remember you declared her an angel."

"Oh yes; and she is more unselfish and loving and patient than I thought her then, even; but the truth is we don't harmonize."

"Now, my friend, I will tell you what your trouble is. When young people are just married, the principal attraction is the sexual contact. With little opportunity to know each other's moral qualities, they have, at first, scarcely any bond of union but the animal; and with our vicious system of spending eight or ten hours every night in each other's arms in a warm bed, they contrive to coax out such a constant and exhaustive drain that, at the end of two weeks, what seemed at first the most exquisite of all earthly delights is turned to loathing. Were the marriage ceremony preceded by such a fortnight's intimacy, unknown to any one but the two parties, and then they were entirely at liberty to marry or not, not more than one couple in ten would go to the altar. This is but another way of saying that nine couples in ten are more or less dissatisfied at the end of two weeks. This dissatisfaction is largely on the side of the husband. The wife, with far less sexual impetuosity, is far less liable to the reaction. And a very large part of this wretched and perilous excess is the natural result of our system of sleeping in the same bed. It is the most ingenious of all possible devices to stimulate and inflame the carnal passion. No bed is large enough for two persons. If brides only knew the great risk they run of losing the most precious of all earthly possessions—the love of their husbands—they would struggle as resolutely to secure extreme temperance after marriage as they do to maintain complete abstinence before the ceremony. The best means to this end is the separate bed. Now, let me advise you to contrive a visit for your wife of two or three months at a distance from you, and then, when she returns, change your large bed for two small ones, and let them be in adjoining rooms, so that you can converse, but not see each other while undressing or bathing and dressing. The mutual love and tenderness between ninety-nine in every hundred young married couples would be greatly enhanced by this arrangement. I could tell you of a number of remarkable cases of coldness and aversion happily cured by this expedient."

My listener sat silent and absorbed during these remarks and much more in the same tenor, which I do not care to repeat. But I was not done with him. I went on:

"You referred to a former call upon me about an important and delicate matter. As you have chosen to take me into your confidence in this domestic trouble, I feel myself called upon to speak of that former visit. You came to me a few weeks before you were to be married, with syphilis, and begged me to cure you before the day. I need not say that as the day approached we both concluded that there must be a postponement. Three weeks the ceremony was put off. You remember how long it took you to devise an adequate excuse. At length you were married, but the treatment was continued two weeks after the ceremony. I need not remind you that this loss of your hair is one of the effects of that disease. And I need not inform you that if your wife becomes the mother of ten children she will be obliged all her life to anxiously watch over the development of a scrofulous taint in more or less of the number. Under these circumstances you have married a beautiful, cultured and refined lady, who is so good and pure that even your sister and mother, who are generally jealous of the new-comer under such circumstances, pronounce her an angel; and for several weeks you have indulged yourself in such a beastly way that you have become disgusted with your bride, and now actually intend to cast her off because of some trifling physical defects. Why, sir, if your wife had a brother with the average ideas and pluck, and knew what I know about his sister's wrongs, he would kill you and take his sister away from all your belongings."

I asked him to excuse me at this point (for I feared I might say something which I should regret), promising to return shortly. I came back in ten minutes, and found my visitor sitting just where I left him.

He said in a tremulous, subdued voice:

"I am wrong, and regret this thing more than I can tell you. I will be guided by your suggestions. Nothing is easier than to send her away for two months or so. She has a sister in P., and they would all be glad to have her come."

Before the time had expired he came, in a very beautiful spirit, to ask me to look at his sleeping arrangements. One room, which they had used for a parlor, he had fitted up with exquisite taste, and had put into it the most beautiful single bedstead I ever saw. With a perceptible choking in his voice:

"This is to be hers," and then he added, in a firm, quiet way, "Her husband shall not come in here, after she has retired, oftener than once a month, nor as often as that, unless she wishes it."

A little protégée of mine attended the fifth anniversary of the birthday of my now happy friends' oldest daughter, and I went to fetch her home at the good old-fashioned hour of eight o'clock. The parents were in the midst of the happy, noisy group of little people. Their eyes followed the movements of their son and daughter with a oneness of interest and pleasure which would make it difficult to realize the truth of the story I have told you about them.

That little girl's eyeballs, gums and breath are a painful fulfillment of my prophecy. The father has insisted with tears that the mother must never know the source of the poison, though I have urged again and again that for many reasons he should tell her all. Dreadful as the revelation would be, wives are so grateful for the confidence, the unreserved, absolute confidence, of their husbands, that his wife would scarcely love him less, and she could then co-operate with us in forestalling the development of the horrid taint in future children. But he never would give his consent. He always declared that she was so pure that he could never look her in the face again if she knew of his shame. I have heard of one worshiping the very ground on which a woman walked, and this man comes as near it as anybody I have ever met.

A Wife tells the Truth.

In regard to the frequency of intercourse among married people, I have learned astounding facts. About twenty years ago a farmer in middle life came to see me, bringing his wife with him. He was in a sadly nervous and desponding condition. He began with telling me that for about eight years he had been out of health in his stomach and in his back and in his nerves. I listened to his story, and thought I could see the source of his troubles.

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Most nine years," he replied, and then he added: "I have sometimes thought that the married state did not agree with me."

"Have you been temperate in your sexual indulgencies?"

"Of course, doctor, you medical men have a right to ask all sorts of questions, and it is our duty to answer them; but you need give yourself no further thought about such things, for I am a Christian man, I hope, and I have never touched any woman except my wife. I am all right in those things. You are on the wrong tack this time, doctor."

"You misunderstood me. What I meant to ask was, whether with your own wife you had been temperate."

"Oh! Well, now, if it comes to that, I suppose there are *some* things a man has a right to keep to himself, and I think that is one of them."

"I think you are suffering from sexual exhaustion, and I asked about your habits in order to discover, if possible, what the source of your unhappy condition is."

The wife, evidently a superior woman, here interposed with—

"Do tell him all about your habits, and see if you can't get some help."

After a little hesitation, he told me that he usually indulged each night during three weeks of the month.

The wife then said:

"Why don't you tell him just as it is?" Then, turning to me, she said:

"I will tell you just how it is. My husband sometimes has intercourse three or four times during the twenty-four hours. I have thought for several years it was hurting him, but he has always insisted that it was right for married people to indulge themselves as much as they please—that the sin and wrong was in going out of one's family among strange women. I hope, if he is wrong, you will tell him so."

I astonished him with the opinion that he had well-nigh ruined himself, and that entire abstinence for half a year was absolutely indispensable to begin his restoration, and that even after that he must limit himself to a monthly indulgence at most. He looked at his wife bewildered, and exclaimed:

"Well, if that's the way I am to manage, I don't see any use of having a wife at all. A man might as well live a bachelor."

This man was a good citizen and a professing Christian. He had never had the slightest suspicion that a sexual indulgence which had been "sanctified" by the minister could be wrong.

If they were not too absurd, I could give from my own professional observation several instances much more remarkable than this.

Uxurious Ignorance.

I may perhaps mention the case of a young man who came to me some years ago and begged me in most piteous tones to give him something that would restore virility. He had been married but four months, and had already lost the power of sexual intercourse. He was distressed beyond measure; had rather die than be impotent; had lived on eggs, oysters and other similar food, but his virile power was dead. I fear the story he told me of his marital experiences would hardly be believed. He had observed that fowls were indulging themselves constantly, and he saw no reason why a man might not do the same. He said to me, in the most perplexed, anxious way:

"But, doctor, what does all this mean? You don't mean to say that sexual intercourse is not a natural and proper thing? I have been told that if a man stops he will soon lose the power. And then what is the appetite for if it is not to be gratified? Don't Nature know anything?"

I will not repeat what I said to him in this connection, but I convinced him, before the close of our conversation, that perfect abstinence for some months was the only cure for his threatened impotence.

Valuable Hint from Stock-Breeders.

That magnificent horse, FEARNAUGHT, who looked and moved as though nothing short of a three hundred pound solid shot could seriously hurt him, was not permitted to cover more than twenty mares in a season, and it became so well understood among the knowing ones that his last colts of the season were inferior to the first, that it was regarded as particularly desirable to secure a place among the earlier contacts.

Some of the wisest breeders of choice horses in England confine the most vital stallions to five mares, and believe they have then reached the limit of prudence.

An intelligent gentleman wrung his hands and wished he had never been born, when I convinced him that the small heads, dull faces, irritable nerves, bad teeth and breath and general poor condition of his three boys came of his two hundred indulgences each year of his married life.

The very men who are so keen and wise about the conditions of superiority in our animals often grossly violate those conditions in their families. They seem to think that in regard to human beings "the Lord will provide."

Why Sailors' Wives Keep Young.

The sea-captains whose homes dot our Atlantic coast not only manage with great courage and skill one of the most important interests of civilized life, but by their long absence and brief home visits they involuntarily contribute something infinitely better than their professional industry—even a better breed of human beings. Everybody has been struck with the number of successful men and women who trace their origin to these captains' settlements, but very few have attributed this superiority to its true source. And certainly no one can go to Martha's Vineyard, or any similar community of sailors' wives, without being struck with the singular and exceptional freshness of the women. They have not been drained to the dregs by conjugal debauchery.

To a Large, Vital Man with a Delicate Wife.

Your wife came to see me the other day. I wish you could have been outside the door and listened at the keyhole. I am sure you would have been astonished. In explaining the malady with which she has so long suffered, she mentioned certain symptoms which led me to suspect sexual excess. She confessed with painful emotion that she had long thought that was the cause of all her troubles. I advised abstinence for half a year. After a long and convulsive sobbing she told me that she had no choice. And so it came out that for several years she has endured not only great pain at the time of the contact, but a constant aggravation of her distressing malady, that, as she phrased it, "I might satisfy his wants and keep him from wandering." She is only one of thousands of wives who suffer themselves to be outraged nightly, in the hope—vain too often—that they may keep their husbands from illicit connections. Can anything be more touching and harrowing than the condition of a delicate, refined wife, without animal passion, and suffering from displacement and inflammation, submitting constantly to the embraces of her husband, because she thinks it her duty, and the only means by which she can prevent his violating his sacred vow?

My dear sir, I know that if you could have listened to your wife's statements you would never again be guilty of so brutal a wrong.

Letter to a Young Man who has been Married Five Months.

My dear sir: Your answers to my several inquiries verify my suspicions.

Now what is the case? You have no general culture—have simply been trained to the business of selling hardware. You have no resources in literature or art, and outside of the routine of business are dependent upon social contact with those about you. You married a fashionable girl who has been trained in the usual way. She knows a little music, a little French, a little worsted dog, and two kinds of cake. You know chisels and tack hammers. This is not the best foundation on which to build a satisfactory and enduring domestic happiness.

Your enjoyment of the courtship was intense. It grew out of the sexual instinct. And this was not beastly nor wrong. Subordinated to mind and soul, this passion is the great source, not only of the sweetest delights of our earthly life, but of the deepest and most enduring love. The happiness which you enjoyed during your courtship might have been made perpetual. Instead of writing me at the end of five months that love had given place to disgust, you might have assured me that your heart was

"We will recur to the manner in which this phenomenon is effected.

"The Graafian vesicle which should emit the egg is developed during the course of the menstrual epoch; then, either immediately, or in the course of from one to four days after its termination, this vesicle opens and allows the egg which it contains to escape; then the egg, seized by its fimbriated extremity, penetrates into the tube, through which it slowly passes until it arrives in the womb, which occupies from two to six days.

"Arrived in the womb, the egg is there retained from two to six days by the *decidua*, of which we have already spoken. If it is not then impregnated by the sperm, it does not become attached, and is carried away with the *decidua*, which falls from the tenth to the twelfth day from the cessation of the courses. Consequently, it is necessary that the impregnation of the ovule should result from molecules of sperm proceeding from a coitus one or two days anterior, for it is demonstrated that this liquid preserves its fecundating properties more than thirty hours, while a sexual relation effected after a simultaneous escape of the *decidua* and the egg, and during any of the time which separates this escape from the commencement of a new menstrual period, is absolutely and necessarily unfruitful.

"It might also be added that it is likewise impossible during the continuance of the sanguine flow, because the egg does not generally come into the uterus, as we have seen above, till some days after the cessation of the menstrual flow. There remain, therefore, eight days in the month—from the fourth to the twelfth—after the cessation of the flow, during which the sexual relations are liable to be fruitful.

"It therefore naturally follows that *moral restraint* may be limited to this period of time, which, moreover, will render it easier to observe."

The above paragraphs from the distinguished physiologist set forth the best known means for the prevention of conception. *If you would avoid pregnancy, refrain from sexual intercourse during fourteen days after the completion of the menstruation.*

This interesting and important subject cannot be dismissed without introducing

The Method of "The Oneida Community."

This is not the place to characterize, as I think it deserves, their social and sexual life; but as they advocate, and without doubt practice, a peculiar method of sexual intercourse which effectually prevents conception, I should think my task but imperfectly performed if, in discussing this subject, I should omit mention of that method. We will permit Mr. Noyes, the chief of that famous "*community*," to explain:

Letter of J. H. Noyes.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter addressed to the CIRCULAR, asking for information in regard to our method of controlling propagation, has been sent to me. I will endeavor to give it a faithful answer—such, at least, as will be sufficient for scientific purposes.

"The first question, or rather, perhaps, I should say, the *previous* question, in regard to male continence, is, whether it is desirable or proper that men and women should establish intelligent voluntary control over the propagative function. Is it not better (it may be asked) to leave 'nature' to take its course (subject to the general rules of legal chastity), and let children come as chance or the unknown powers may direct, without putting any restraint on sexual intercourse after it is once licensed by marriage, or on the freedom of all to take out such license? If you assent to this latter view, or have any inclinations toward it, I would recommend to you the study of *Malthus on Population*—not that I think he has pointed out anything like the true *method* of voluntary control over propagation, but because he has demonstrated beyond debate the absolute *necessity* of such control in some way, unless we consent and expect that the human race, like the lower animals, shall be for ever kept down to its necessary limits by the ghastly agencies of war, pestilence and famine.

"For my part, I have no doubt that it is perfectly proper that we should endeavor to rise above 'nature' and the destiny of the brutes in this matter. There is no reason why we should not seek and hope for discovery in this direction as freely as in the development of steam power or the art of printing; and we may rationally expect that He who has promised the 'good time' when vice and misery shall be abolished will at last give us sure light on this darkest of all problems—how to subject human propagation to the control of science.

"But whether study and invention in this direction are proper or not, they are actually at work in all quarters, reputable and disreputable. Let us see how many different ways have already been proposed for limiting human increase.

"In the first place, the practice of child-killing, either by exposure or violence, is almost as old as the world, and as extensive as barbarism. Even Plato recommended something of this kind as a waste-gate for vicious increase in his scheme of a model republic.

"Then we have the practice of abortion reduced in modern times to a science, and almost to a distinct profession. A large part of this business is carried on by means of medicines advertised in obscure but intelligible terms as embryo-destroyers or preventives of conception. Every large city has its professional abortionist. Many ordinary physicians destroy embryos to order, and the skill to do this terrible deed has even descended among the common people.

"Then what a variety of artificial tricks there are for frustrating the natural effects of the propagative act! You allude to several of these contrivances in terms of condemnation from which I should not dissent. The least objectionable of them (if there is any difference) seems to be that recommended many years ago by Robert Dale Owen, in a book entitled Moral Physiology;

viz., the simple device of withdrawing immediately before emission.

"Besides all these disreputable methods, we have several more respectable schemes for attaining the great object of limiting propagation. Malthus proposes and urges that all men, especially the poor, shall be taught their responsibilities in the light of science, and so be put under inducements not to marry. This prudential check on population—the discouragement of marriage—undoubtedly operates to a considerable extent in all civilized society, and to the greatest extent on the classes most enlightened. It seems to have been favored by Saint Paul (see 1 Cor. vii.), and probably would not be condemned generally by people who claim to be considerate. And yet its advocates have to confess that it increases the danger of licentiousness; and on the whole the teaching that is most popular, in spite of Malthus and Paul, is that marriage, with all its liabilities, is a moral and patriotic duty.

"Finally, Shakerism, which actually prohibits marriage on religious grounds, is only the most stringent and imposing of human contrivances for avoiding the woes of undesired propagation.

"All these experimenters in the art of controlling propagation may be reduced in principle to three classes, viz.:

"1. Those that seek to prevent the intercourse of the sexes, such as Malthus and the Shakers.

"2. Those that seek to prevent the natural effects of the propagative act, viz., the French inventors and Owen.

"3. Those that seek to destroy the living results of the propagative act, viz., the abortionists and child-killers.

"Now, it may seem to you that any new scheme of control over propagation must inevitably fall to one of these three classes, but I assure you that we have a method that does not fairly belong to any of them. I will try to show you our fourth way."

Their Doctrine of "Male Continence."

"We begin by analyzing the act of sexual intercourse. It has a beginning, a middle and an end. Its beginning and most elementary form is the simple presence of the male organ in the female. Then usually follows a series of reciprocal motions. Finally this exercise brings on a nervous action or ejaculatory crisis, which expels the seed. Now, we insist that this whole process, up to the very moment of emission, is voluntary, entirely under the control of the moral faculty, and can be stopped at any point. In other words, the presence and the motions can be continued or stopped at will, and it is only the final crisis of emission that is automatic or uncontrollable.

"Suppose, then, that a man in lawful intercourse with woman, choosing for good reasons not to beget a child or to disable himself, should stop at the primary stage and content himself with simple presence continued as long as agreeable. Would there be any harm? It cannot be injurious to restrain from voluntary excitement. Would there be no good? I appeal to the memory of every man who has had good sexual experience to say whether, on the whole, the sweetest and noblest period of intercourse with woman is not that first moment of simple presence and spiritual effusion, before the muscular exercise begins.

"But we may go farther. Suppose the man chooses for good reasons, as before, to enjoy not only the simple presence, but also the reciprocal motion, and yet to stop short of the final crisis. Again I ask, Would there be any harm? Or would it do no good? I suppose physiologists might say, and I would acknowledge, that the excitement by motion might be carried so far that a voluntary suppression of the commencing crisis would be injurious. But what if a man, knowing his own power and limits, should not even approach the crisis, and yet be able to enjoy the presence and the motion *ad libitum?* If you say that this is impossible, I answer that I know it is possible—nay, that it is easy.

"I will admit, however, that it may be impossible to some, while it is possible to others. Paul intimates that some cannot 'contain.' Men of certain temperaments and conditions are afflicted with involuntary emissions on very trivial excitement and in their sleep. But I insist that these are exceptional morbid cases that should be disciplined and improved, and that, in the normal condition, men are entirely competent to choose in sexual intercourse whether they will stop at any point in the voluntary stages of it, and so make it simply an act of communion, or go through to the involuntary stage, and make it an act of propagation.

"The situation may be compared to a stream in the three conditions of a fall, a course of rapids above the fall and still water above the rapids. The skilful boatman may choose whether he will remain in the still water, or venture more or less down the rapids, or run his boat over the fall. But there is a point on the verge of the fall where he has no control over his course; and just above that there is a point where he will have to struggle with the current in a way which will give his nerves a severe trial, even though he may escape the fall. If he is willing to learn, experience will teach him the wisdom of confining his excursions to the region of easy rowing, unless he has an object in view that is worth the cost of going over the falls.

"You have now our whole theory of 'male continence.' It consists in analyzing sexual intercourse, recognizing in it two distinct acts, the social and the propagative, which can be separated practically, and affirming that it is best, not only with reference to remote prudential considerations, but for immediate pleasure, that a man should content himself with the social act, except when he intends procreation.

"Let us see now if this scheme belongs to any of the three classes I mentioned. 1. It does not seek to prevent the intercourse of the sexes, but rather gives the more freedom by removing danger of undesired consequences.

2. It does not seek to prevent the natural effects of the propagative act, but to prevent the propagative act itself, except when it is intended to be effectual. 3. Of course it does not seek to destroy the living results of the propagative act, but provides that impregnation and child-bearing shall be voluntary, and of course desired.

"And now, to speak affirmatively, the exact thing that our theory does propose is to take that same power of moral restraint and self-control which Paul, Malthus, the Shakers, and all considerate men, use in one way or another to limit propagation, and instead of applying it, as they do, to the prevention of the intercourse of the sexes, to introduce it at another stage of the proceedings, viz., after the sexes have come together in social effusion, and before they have reached the propagative crisis, thus allowing them all, and more than all, the ordinary freedom of love (since the crisis always interrupts the romance), and at the same time avoiding undesired procreation and all the other evils incident to male incontinence. This is our fourth way, and we think it the better way.

"The wholesale and ever ready objection to this method is that it is unnatural, and unauthorized by the example of other animals. I may answer, in a wholesale way, that cooking, wearing clothes, living in houses, and almost everything else done by civilized man, is unnatural in the same sense, and that a close adherence to the example of the brutes would require us to forego speech and go on 'all fours.' But on the other hand, if it is natural in the best sense, as I believe it is, for rational beings to forsake the example of the brutes and improvement by invention and discovery in all directions, then truly the argument turns the other way, and we shall have to confess that until men and women find a way to elevate their sexual performances above those of the brutes, by introducing into them moral culture, they are living in unnatural degradation.

"But I will come closer to this objection. The real meaning of it is that male continence in sexual intercourse is a difficult and injurious interruption of a natural act. But every instance of self-denial is an interruption of some natural act. The man who virtuously contents himself with a look at a beautiful woman is conscious of such an interruption. The lover who stops at a kiss denies himself a natural progression. It is an easy, descending grade through all the approaches of sexual love, from the first touch of respectful friendship to the final complete amalgamation. Must there be no interruption of this natural slide? Brutes, animal or human, tolerate none. Shall their ideas of self-denial prevail? Nay, it is the glory of man to control himself, and the kingdom of heaven summons him to self-control in all things. If it is noble and beautiful for the betrothed lover to respect the law of marriage in the midst of the glories of courtship, it may be even more noble and beautiful for the wedded lover to respect the laws of health and propagation in the midst of the ecstasies of sexual union. The same moral culture that ennobles the antecedents and approaches of marriage will some time surely glorify the consummation.

"Of course you will think of many other objections and questions, and I have many answers ready for you, but I will content myself with this limited presentation.

"Yours respectfully, J. H. NOYES."

These "Perfectionists" Criticised.

In discussing the means of preventing conception, the peculiar method practiced by these people has been presented and much commended by many writers. There is no doubt that in this way the sensual pleasure may be almost indefinitely increased. It is true, as Mr. Noyes claims, that the "mere presence gives the more exquisite enjoyment, and that this pleasure may be greatly protracted." It is true "that the emission breaks the charm." It is true that this sexual indulgence is unaccompanied by liability to conception. It is true that this management of the physical contact is not likely to lead to coldness and indifference between husband and wife. Now, all these facts—and they are very important—are true; but I do not, therefore, infer that this peculiar practice of the communists is an improvement. On the contrary, I think it is the worst expedient ever devised. It has many signal advantages, but yet possesses one great disadvantage which overtops them all.

Every sexual excitement is exhaustive in proportion to its intensity and continuance. If a man sits by the side of a woman, fondles and kisses her three or four hours, and allows his imagination to run riot with sexual visions, he will be five times as much exhausted as he would be by the act culminating in emission. It is the sexual excitement more than the emission which exhausts. As shown in another part of this work, *thoughts* of sexual intimacies, long continued, lead to the worst effects. To a man whose imagination is filled with erotic fancies the emission comes as a merciful interruption to the burning, harassing and wearing excitement which so constantly goads him.

Their Practices Utterly Abominable.

Of all the devices ever conceived for inflaming the sexual passion and consigning the whole life, physical, intellectual, social, moral and religious, to its consuming fires, this peculiar practice of the Oneida community is the most ingenious and complete. During all the period between planting for their crops of children (a period of two or three years) a male member of that community is encouraged, as a means of "*spiritual effusion*," to keep up the sexual excitement to a point just within the natural culmination. Can anything be conceived of so perfectly contrived to turn the whole being into one channel?

How humiliating the thought that a single passion, the organ of which lies in the very bottom and back part of the brain, should absorb the whole man! The intellectual faculties, the moral and religious sentiments, become only attendants and slaves. The great interest of that community is not a business of *head*, *heart* and *soul*, but of ingenious, elaborate sensuality; to provide *principally* for the gratification of the sexual appetite and quite subordinately for the residue of the being. The indulgence of a single propensity, which the Creator designed should be brought into play in monogamous marriage as often as children may be born of one mother, is made the daily and constant aim and end of life.

It is hardly necessary to say, as Elder Evans, of Mount Lebanon, the leader of the Shakers, said to me, that Mr. Noyes, the head of the Oneida community, is a fallen man; that he knows the truth, but finds an opportunity in this communism to secure for himself a certain leadership and distinction by pandering to the lust of this lustful generation, etc., etc.—it is hardly necessary to say this; indeed, I am inclined to think that this view of the Oneida leader is false. The words *enthusiast* and *fanatic* seem to me more truly descriptive.

If Mr. Noyes, with his wonderful genius for leadership, had given himself to conducting a great institution for a Christian communism of *head*, *heart* and *soul* instead of one for promiscuous gratification of the animal passions, what might he not have accomplished? I find it hard to forgive this huge and wretched blunder. Such a blunder in a leader is wellnigh equivalent to a crime.

When I think of their nocturnal life, and then recall their constant references to God, the Holy Spirit and the spotless Nazarene, I am reminded that men have always tried to cover the lowest indulgences with the semblance of religion.

SHAKER TEACHINGS ABOUT MARRIAGE.

IT is refreshing to turn from the self-styled "Perfectionists," and their "unfruitful works of darkness," to a clean community. I mean the Shakers.

It was my good fortune, one day last summer (1873), to pass some hours at Mt. Lebanon, New York, where those singular and interesting people have one of their most thriving settlements.

I had supposed that they considered celibacy, as they maintain it, the only proper way to live, and was therefore surprised to learn that, on the contrary, they also hold and teach a law of marriage, binding upon all who choose to live, as they phrase it, *in the reproductive state.* Whatever one should conclude as to their interpretation of the Bible language, and the divine authority of the law founded thereon, it is plain that, were it heartily adopted by all professed Christians, the good resulting to both present and future generations would be incalculable. Their doctrine concerning this matter has been published by the venerable F. W. Evans, with whom I enjoyed a very pleasant interview. I give below an abstract of it.

Of Man it is said: "In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him; male and female created He them; and blessed them, and called *their* name Adam, in the day when He created them." So, then, neither man nor woman *alone* is in the image of

God, but the man and woman married are in the image of God.

Man, male and female, was brought forth as the highest production of the elements of this world. The order of his creation was that the body which joins him to the material world should be subject to the spirit, through which God was to live in him in divine union, guiding him in all his goings. All the faculties of man were originally good, and he was innocent in the exercise of every one of them, *not excepting that of procreation,* so long as he obeyed their law. The power to beget offspring is the highest faculty God ever conferred upon men, and that in which they are most like him as *Creator.*

Sexual Intercourse designed only for Propagation.

God gave a law to his creatures and made an "everlasting covenant" with them regarding this wonderful power: *That no animals should use their reproductive powers and organs for any other than the simple purpose of procreation.*

That this is the law of the lower animals, and that they generally keep it, is plain to all. It was under this law that God bade them "be fruitful and multiply." Man, by marriage, accepted this law, and the same command was given to him.

The desire of good for its own sake—this is Love. The desire of good for bodily pleasure—this is Lust. Man is a moral being, and as such should always act in the animal sphere according to the spiritual law. Hence, to break the law of the highest creative action for the mere gratification of animal instinct is to perform the act of sin and to produce the corruption of nature.

Of the soundness of what has been said the following facts appear to be sufficient proof:

The woman became the slave of the man, especially in all that pertains to sex. "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," was the curse inflicted on her. Except under Christian influences, woman has always been such a slave; and Christ came to take away the curse of the law—even this curse.

The Degradation of Sensuality.

The use of the reproductive organs for mere sensual gratification has undoubtedly been the besetting sin in all ages. It constituted the chief attraction of the ancient pagan worship which God forbade to the children of Israel.

Yet they were "drawn away by their own lusts and enticed." "The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play" (Heb., "to commit fornication"), when Aaron made the golden calf.

The degradation into which this sin has plunged mankind is thus vividly described by Isaiah: "The earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof, because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances and broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate." The "everlasting covenant" mentioned was that one made with Adam concerning the use of the reproductive organism.

Under the dispensation of the patriarchs, all who conformed to this law were blessed of God in their day and *generation*. Of Noah it is said: "Noah was a just man, and perfect in his *generations*," meaning thereby that in every use of the generative organs he obeyed the law which God gave in the beginning.

Jesus Christ said: "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Remember that Jesus was a Jew, and expressly declared that he came to fulfill—*i. e.*, to complete or express in perfect form—"the Law" (or five books of Moses), of which this law of reproduction was a part. To desire a woman for sexual pleasure, as we have learned from the Old Testament, is lust; and it is *a* woman—*any* woman, *even one's wife.*

So, then, Jesus taught that whatever man should look upon any woman, even his wife, to lust after her, was an adulterer in his heart, and in using her for his own pleasure had committed the actual sin.

This is the doctrine of the Shakers, and thus do they draw it from the Bible. If their teaching be true, *the law of God, binding upon all men, is, that man may know woman only for offspring;* and only as he obeys this law is he a consistent Christian.

WOMAN'S RULING PASSION.

WHEN attending Ricord's cliniques in Paris, many years ago, I was struck with a curious indifference of the female patients. Their exposure was complete, but they looked about with unmoved faces, and answered questions promptly and pleasantly. When the doctor had passed along with his crowd of students, if any of the young men wished to make a more particular inspection, and dropped behind for that purpose, the patients, without the slightest hesitation, gave every facility to examine the diseased parts. Among several hundred women, many of them quite young, whom I saw thus perfectly exposed to the gaze of five hundred young men, not one appeared to suffer on that account.

Now, if we go across to the male wards, you will witness what will surprise you. When a man's person is exposed, although the spectators are all of his own sex, he will shrink and show unmistakably that he is far from easy and comfortable; and when the doctor passes along, he will quickly replace his clothing and get out of the way, to avoid showing himself further to any curious student who might ask for another examination.

But now let us step across from the *Hôtel Dieu* to another hospital, where diseases of the female breast are treated, and you will observe the same shrinking and suffering among the women, when their breasts are uncovered to the gaze of students, that you saw among the men at the first hospital when their organs of generation were exposed. Every day I noticed these curious differences. The women in the second hospital looked troubled when their breasts were uncovered; and as soon as the professor passed along, they not only closed their dresses quickly, but stepped back to get out of the reach of the young men.

During my professional experiences I have constantly observed these peculiarities of the two sexes. I have rarely met a woman who was painfully embarrassed by any necessary examination of her reproductive organs, while she invariably shrinks and suffers whenever her breasts are seen or handled. On the other hand, men almost uniformly show embarrassment upon an exposure of their organs of generation.

The Maternal, Rather than the Sexual.

In other words, the pivotal passion of woman is the *maternal.* When you touch her breasts, you "hit her where she lives," and she winces. This peculiarity is brought into striking relief by a fact well known to every libertine—viz., that even with that terrible dread of pregnancy to restrain her, many a woman consents who will not permit her seducer to touch her breasts.

Man's pivotal passion is the sexual; and when you touch his genital organs, you "hit *him* where he lives," and he winces.

Another illustration is found in the well-known fact that, while men are full of vulgar stories about sexual intercourse, women very rarely joke about such things. *Their* jokes have reference to pregnancy and babies. Another striking illustrative fact impressed me in reading a recently published work giving the observations of a Christian gentleman who has devoted several years to investigating the Prostitution of London. He secured such relations with the managers of the prisons where prostitutes were confined as to see and read, first and last, four thousand letters from prostitutes to their lovers. About half of these letters were written by the girls, while they were themselves in prison, to their lovers outside, and the other half were written by the girls outside to their lovers in prison. He states positively that in all these letters there was not one immodest word or indelicate allusion. An almost exactly similar fact is stated by the author of that remarkable work, "The Seven Curses of London." The writer first quoted says that in one batch of letters he found the correspondence on both sides. His words are the following:

Evidence from Letters of Prostitutes.

"But nothing surprised me so much as the difference in the purity of these letters. The letters of the men were, in great part, hot with lust. They referred to certain good times they had had when together, and looked forward to still better times when they should meet again. And their letters were couched in such terms as left no doubt about what they meant by 'good times.' Many of them were filled with the brutal, mad passion of a bull. It will hardly be believed, when my readers know that the girls were public prostitutes, that in all their answers to these letters they wrote not one lascivious word."

Occasionally we meet a diseased female with excessive animal passion, but such a case is very rare. The average woman has so little sexual desire that if licentiousness depended upon her, uninfluenced by her desire to please man or secure his support, there would be very little sexual excess. Man is strong—he has all the money and all the facilities for business and pleasure; and woman is not long in learning the road to his favor. Many prostitutes who take no pleasure in their unclean intimacies not only endure a disgusting life for the favor and means thus gained, but affect intense passion in their sexual contacts because they have learned that such exhibitions gratify men.

I like to think that the strong passion of my mother was the maternal.

FŒTICIDE.

THIS monstrous crime emphasizes the degradation and shame of our civilization.

Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, in a paper read before the American Social Science Association, declares that in America the crime of abortion has become more common than it ever has been at any previous time or in any other country in the history of the world.

Dr. Reamy says: "From a very large verbal and written correspondence in this and other States, I am satisfied that we have become a *nation of murderers!*"

In his admirable work, "The Unwelcome Child," Henry C. Wright presents this subject in a clear, just and very striking light. The following paragraphs will be read with the deepest interest and, I cannot doubt, with tears by many husbands:

"The wife finds that she is pregnant. On discovering the fact, it becomes repulsive to her nature. She is not prepared to bear the cross and endure the crucifixion. Instantly her soul is filled with murderous intent. She resolves to nip and crush the opening bud of life—to procure abortion—that is, to commit the deed of ante-natal child-murder. She does not feel that it is *her* child. She may regard it as *yours*, but she cannot acknowledge it as her own; and though it must receive its gestational development in her organism, she cannot tenderly and lovingly cherish and guard it as bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh and soul of her soul. It is so *in fact*, but not in her *feelings*. She asked not for it; her soul repels it as an intruder, thrust upon her without her consent, and in contempt, it may be, of her earnest remonstrance—for thus it often is. The child, she feels, has no right to an existence at her expense. An uninvited and hated intruder is exhausting her vital energies and robbing her of that which no earthly treasures can ever restore or recompense. Through her physical suffering and mental anguish an unbidden and loathed guest is feeding and thriving on her heart's blood. Desperation and the bitterness of death are in her heart. *Murder* fills her soul toward your unconscious and innocent babe.

Where the Guilt Lies.

"Who is responsible? On whom rests the guilt? It is your work. You forced that heavy burden upon her, and compelled her to bear it. You thrust your child as an intruder into the sacred domain of her life, to derive existence through her organism and at her expense, knowing that she was not prepared to welcome it, and to bend the forces of her nature to its growth and support, and contrary, it may be, to her earnest entreaties that she might be spared this pain and anguish till she was ready joyfully to welcome them. But you heeded not her prayer; you assumed the right to decide for her when she was prepared to endure these trials, and under what circumstances she should be a mother. You must have your stated gratification; you have abused your manhood and your wife till this indulgence, as you think, has become as essential a want of your life as your daily food—as the drunkard feels that alcohol is as essential as air to his existence and happiness; and so you impose on her a maternity which her soul abhors. You horribly tax her vital energies '*without her consent.*' Murder is in her heart toward the uninvited and hated intruder you have introduced into the sanctuary of her life.

"What else do you do when you impose on your wife a maternity unasked and abhorred? You commit the development and education of your child, during the most important and susceptible period of its existence, to one who assures you she is not prepared for the charge, who entreats you to spare her, and who loathes the very thought of its existence. Every element of her womanly nature, for the time being, recoils from its presence in her system. She pleads that you would spare her this burden at this time, and until her nature calls for it and is prepared joyfully to meet the martyrdom maternity must bring to her. Heedless of her prayers, and it may be of threats of death to your child, you demand the surrender of her person to your passion. Maternity ensues. Murder enters her heart toward your child at the same time. She tries to 'get rid of it'—to murder it. She succeeds. The young life you had committed to her care is nipped in the bud, as you were assured it would be before you resigned it to her keeping. Where rests the responsibility? On you, primarily and mainly. You murdered your own child—not, indeed, with your own hands: you drove another to do the desperate deed, and that other your wife, who came to you with a loving and trusting heart to save and be saved; and you, to gratify your selfish passion, drove her to the commission of the crime of ante-natal child-murder—a crime that must for ever weigh upon her soul like a mountain of guilt and shame—a deed after the doing of which no true woman can ever in this life stand proud and stainless, in conscious innocence and dignity, before the tribunal of her womanhood. She has done a deed for which great Nature can find no excuse but ignorance, but which, even when done in ignorance, she regards as a violation of her just laws, and punishes as such with appropriate penalties—the loss of self-respect and the consciousness of degradation."

Letter from an Outraged Wife.

"Before we married I informed my husband of my dread of having children. I told him I was not prepared to meet the sufferings and responsibilities of maternity. He entered into an arrangement to prevent it for a specified time. This agreement was disregarded. After the legal form was over, and he felt that he could now indulge his passion without loss of reputation and under legal and religious sanctions, he insisted on the surrender of my person to his will. He violated his promise at the beginning of our united life. That fatal bridal night! It has left a cloud on my soul and on my home that can never pass away on earth. I can never forget it. It sealed the doom of our union, as it does of thousands.

"He was in feeble health; so was I; and both of us mentally depressed. But the sickly germ was implanted, and conception took place. We were poor and destitute, having made no preparations for a home, ourselves and child. I was a stricken woman. In September, 1838, we came to ——, and settled in a new country. In the March following my child, developed under a heart throbbing with dread and anguish at the thought of its existence, was born. After three months' struggle I became reconciled to my at first unwelcome child. But the impress of my impatience and hostility to its existence previous to its birth was on my child, never to be effaced, and to this hour that child is the victim of an undesired maternity.

"In one year I found I was to be again a mother. I was in a state of frightful despair. My first-born was sickly and very troublesome (how could it be otherwise?), needing constant care and nursing. My husband chopped wood for our support. Of the injustice of bringing children into the world to struggle with poverty and misery I was then as sensible as now. I was in despair. I felt that death would be preferable to maternity under such circumstances. A desire and a determination to get rid of my child entered into my heart. I consulted a lady friend, and by her persuasion and assistance killed it. Within less than a year maternity was again imposed upon me, with no better prospect of doing justice to my child. It was a most painful conviction to me; I felt that I could not have another child at that time. All seemed dark as death. I had begged and prayed to be spared this trial again until I was prepared to accept it joyfully; but my husband insisted upon his gratification, without regard to my wishes and condition.

"I consulted a physician, and told him of my unhappy state of mind and my aversion to having another child for the present. He was ready with his logic, his medicines and instruments, and told me how to destroy it. After experimenting on myself three months, I was successful. I killed my child about five months after conception.

"A few months after this, maternity was again forced on me, to my grief and anguish. I determined again on the child's destruction; but my courage failed as I came to the practical deed. My health and life were in jeopardy. For my living child's sake I wished to live. I made up my mind to do the best I could for my unborn babe, whose existence seemed so unnatural and repulsive. I knew its young life would be deeply and lastingly affected by my mental and physical condition. I became, in a measure, reconciled to my dark fate, and was as resigned and happy as I could be under the circumstances. I had just such a child as I had every reason to expect. I could do no justice to it. How could I?

"Soon after the birth of my child my husband insisted on his accustomed injustice. Without any wish of my own, maternity was again forced upon me. I dared not attempt to get rid of the child—abortion seemed so cruel, so inhuman, unnatural and repulsive. I resolved again for my child's sake to do the best I could for it. Though

I could not joyfully welcome, I resolved quietly to endure its existence.

"After the birth of this child, I felt that I could have no more to share our poverty and to suffer the wrongs and trials of an unwelcome existence. I felt that I would rather die at once, and thus end my life and my power to be a mother together. My husband cast the entire care of the family on me. I had scarcely one hour to devote to my children. My husband still insisted on his gratification. I was the veriest slave alive. Life had lost its charms. The grave seemed my only refuge and death my only friend.

"In this state, known as it was to my husband, he thrust maternity upon me twice. I employed a doctor to kill my child, and in the destruction of it, in what should have been the vigor of my life, ended my power to be a mother. I was shorn of the brightest jewel of my womanhood. I suffered as woman alone can suffer, not only in body, but in bitter remorse and anguish of soul.

"All this I passed through under the terrible, withering consciousness that it was all done and suffered solely that the passion of my husband might have a momentary indulgence. Yet, such had been my false religious and social education that, in submitting my person to his passion, I did it with the honest conviction that in marriage my body became the property of my husband. He said so. All women to whom I applied for counsel said it was my duty to submit, that husbands expected it, had a right to it, and must have this indulgence whenever they were excited, or suffer, and that in this way alone could wives retain the love of their husbands. I had no alternative but silent, suffering submission to his passion, and then procure abortion or leave him, and thus resign my children to the tender mercies of one with whom it seemed I could not live myself. Abortion was most repulsive to every feeling of my nature, and at times rendered me an object of loathing to myself.

"When my first-born was three months old I had a desperate struggle for personal liberty. My husband insisted on his right to subject my person to his passion before my babe was two months old. I saw his conduct then in all its degrading and loathsome injustice. I pleaded with tears and anguish, for my own and my child's sake, to be spared; and had it not been for my helpless child, I should have ended the struggle by bolting my legal bonds. For its sake I submitted to that outrage and my own conscious degradation. For its sake I concluded to take my chance in the world with other wives and mothers who, as they assured me, and as I then knew, were all around me, subjected to like outrages, and driven to the degrading practice of abortion. But even then I saw and argued the justice of my personal rights in regard to maternity and the relation that leads to it as strongly as you do now. I saw it all as clearly as you do. I was then, amid all the degrading influences that crushed me, true and just to my womanly intuitions. I insisted on my right to say when and under what circumstances I would accept of him the office of maternity and become the mother of his child. I insisted that it was for me to say when and how often I should subject myself to the liability of becoming a mother. But he became angry with me, claimed ownership over me, insisted that I, as a wife, was to submit to my husband '*in all things*,' threatened to leave me and my children, and declared I was not fit to be a wife. Fearing some fatal consequences to my child or to myself—being alone, destitute and far from helpful friends, in the far West, and fearing that my little one would be left to want—I stifled all expression of my honest convictions, and ever after kept my aversion and painful struggles in my own bosom. In every respect, as far as passional relations between myself and my husband are concerned, I have ever felt myself to be a miserable and abject woman. I now see and feel it most deeply and painfully. If I was with a child in my arms, I was in constant dread of all personal contact with my husband, lest I should have a new maternity thrust upon me, and be obliged to wean one child before its time to give place to another. In my misery I have often cried out, 'O God! is there no way out of this loathsome bondage?'

"It was not want of kindly feelings toward my husband that induced this state of mind, for I could and did endure every privation and want without an unkindly feeling or word, and even cheerfully, for his sake. But every feeling of my soul did then, does now and ever must protest against the cruel and loathsome injustice of husbands toward their wives, manifested in imposing on them a maternity uncalled for by their own nature and most repulsive to it, and whose sufferings and responsibilities they are unprepared and unwilling to meet.

"Yours, —— ——."

Selfish Cruelty of Husbands.

In commenting on the foregoing, Mr. Wright says:

"Can you, as a man, a husband and a father, read the above extract and feel or say that my language is too strong? The above is the experience of a living wife and mother nearly *verbatim* as written by herself. It is a simple, unvarnished, affecting story, but bearing on its face the stamp of truth, and the evidence of a sense of conscious injustice inflicted by the husband, and of a degradation self-inflicted solely to escape what seemed to her a greater evil. . . .

"Husbands! it is your licentiousness that drives your wives to a deed so abhorrent to their every wifely, womanly and maternal instinct—a deed which ruins the health of their bodies, prostitutes their souls, and makes marriage, maternity and womanhood itself degrading and loathsome. No terms can sufficiently characterize the cruelty, meanness and disgusting selfishness of your conduct when you impose on them a maternity so detested as to drive them to the desperation of killing their unborn children, and often themselves."

A Bitter Experience.

The following letter gives the experience of a husband

and wife, and was furnished by a mutual friend, who was also a wife and mother:

"Some fifteen years ago a man of culture and engaged in public life was united in marriage with a friend of mine. With pride and confidence he selected her from a large and admiring circle of friends as one embodying his ideal of womanly excellence. My friend was thought a fortunate girl (only seventeen), and many thought him quite as fortunate. They were much in society, and she began to enjoy life intensely.

"She was too much a woman not to desire offspring some time, but she felt unprepared to have maternity forced upon her youth and inexperience. It came at a time when her husband's calling led him much from home to mix in the society she so much enjoyed, and which she felt was contributing to make her what she so much desired to be—her husband's fitting equal and companion. It was not without a struggle that she resigned these advantages and checked her aspirations. However, she submitted, though she keenly felt the sacrifice.

"Though overwhelmed with the greatness of her responsibilities and an undefined dread of physical suffering, she was determined not to appear weak, but bravely to meet and bear the burden imposed upon her. Her husband was absent when the trial hour came; but when he returned, he took his babe and wife to his bosom with pride and joy, though its gestational development had, apparently, scarcely given him an anxious thought.

"My friend's future looked bright. She did not see or understand the fact that she was to continue to develop the germs of human beings into life with little sustaining help from the father, whose caresses generally ended in exhausting her vital powers by passional indulgence. She did not complain, but rather rejoiced, as she saw her other powers of attraction to her husband depart one by one, that she was so organized as to be able to meet what she knew he considered an essential want of his nature.

"Eleven years passed, at which time she gave birth to her sixth child. She was a devoted mother, of a joyous spirit and possessed of wonderful elasticity. But woman cannot be entirely happy in maternity alone without the presence and sustaining power of her husband. If she is a true wife, she desires to be more to her husband than merely the mother of his children.

"Her husband made for her a beautiful material home, and seemed happy when with her, but he was much away; he sought other pleasures, social and intellectual, in which she could not participate; she must stay at home alone with her children. Little did he know the trials of patience and strength in his wife in being compelled to bear the responsibility of the health and training of her little ones alone. The world called her a happy wife, and she felt that she ought to be so; but a dark cloud was coming over her once joyous spirit. She began to realize the fact, so fatal to a wife's happiness, that her husband did not feel her to be his equal and a fitting companion to meet his social and intellectual necessities. When he brought home a friend, she listened to conversations and discussions in which she could not participate. She felt keenly the growing distance between them, and she knew too well how it had come about.

"She quietly made up her mind to have no more children. How did she propose to bring it about? Not by asking her husband to deny himself his accustomed indulgence; no: that, she thought, would be to cut herself off from her strongest hold on his affection and confidence, and to sever the last link of the chain that bound them together. She did not expect that any precaution would enable her to escape conception. She brought herself to do what was most repugnant to her nature, and which, as she felt, would destroy her self-respect and make her in her own estimation a degraded woman—namely, to *procure abortion.*

"The first shock given to her constitution by this abuse of her nature was comparatively light. But once did not suffice. As a longer interval passed without a new-born babe than ever before, she had begun to take her place in society by her husband's side, earnestly praying that she might be spared maternity evermore. Her husband delighted to have her with him. He felt that he had a right by law and the customs of society to his gratification; he persevered in demanding it, and she continued to yield. Several times in four years did she nip the young flower of fœtal life in the bud, and each time told more and more terribly on her constitution, until the power of conception was nearly destroyed at little more than thirty-five years of age. She was shorn of her womanhood, and became a sickly, broken-down wife and mother in the very spring-time, as it were, of her life, being driven frequently to perpetrate a degrading outrage upon herself, or endure a maternity abhorrent to her soul, and all to gratify the sensual passion of her husband, thinking thereby to secure his affection and respect. How fatally mistaken! By yielding she strengthened his *passion*, but not his love.

"Reflecting on her sad experience, in the light of your book on 'Marriage and Parentage,' which I had placed in her hands, she saw clearly where the wrong had been, but for a long time felt powerless to destroy what she regarded as her last hold on her husband. He was absent, and I prevailed on her to write and lay the matter frankly and plainly before him, and send him your book. She was then prostrated in body and soul by the last outrage upon her womanly and maternal nature. She wrote; and hoping you may do good with these letters, the husband and wife have granted me the privilege of copying portions of them for you. Here is a part of hers to him:

A Cry out of the Depths

"'MY DEAR HUSBAND: I feel like lying down and weeping that I have become unworthy, intellectually and spiritually, of mating with you; but *love* is the foundation of true marriage, is it not? and I feel strong in my love nature. It is high and deep and rich, and who shall say, if rightly cultivated, what flowers of intellect and spirituality might not blossom out from its soil?

"'My husband! forgive me if I say that I deeply and sadly feel that my womanhood has been robbed of its most precious charm for *your* sake, through a weak indulgence to that which in you is lower than the spiritual. My body has been painfully desecrated, perhaps not more by your act than mine. You suffer the loss of that refining and ennobling influence which only an *undefiled* woman can impart to man.

"'In view of our past, words cannot express my remorse and degradation; but believe me, the bitterest suffering is caused to me by the knowledge that through this sin and misery I am rendered incapable of becoming to you a tithe of what I desire to be. How can you do otherwise than shrink from the wreck I am fast becoming? And although I may feel, in moments of anguish and remorse, that you are as much the cause of my mental and physical wreck and imbecility as I am, God grant I may not unjustly murmur or accuse you!

"'It is said, "Men never love complaining women." Alas! if they treated their wives with half the tender respect and consideration that they do other women, there would be less ground for complaint. I am convinced *that, in proportion as woman yields to the demands of animal passion in her husband, in that same ratio he loses his love and respect for her.* By bitter and humiliating experience this conviction is forced upon me.

"'My husband! I love you. The power lies in you to bless and save me; the power lies in me to bless and save you; but have we not cursed each other instead? I cry unto you for life; will you give me death? I would make my womanhood a crown of glory to your life—your manhood to mine. Shall we allow the very essence of our being to be exhausted in self-indulgence till we lose the power to feel a pure spiritual love? My heart is reaching out to you for life, at the same time that my body is suffering untold agonies from the outrages perpetrated on my nature to escape the anguish of an unwelcome maternity—outrages which have polluted and humbled my soul and nearly destroyed my body, all for your sake, that I might retain your love and respect.

"'I would rather lay down my life now than to live without your love. Can we not love purely and nobly without prostituting that love in mere sensual indulgence? My soul would arise and go to you as an inspiration from God; but I am suffering, and a realization of my present condition, my physical diseases and mental anguish, and the knowledge that it was all caused by having maternity put upon me when I was not prepared to meet its trials and responsibilities, and the consciousness of the terrible outrages that I have been led to perpetrate on myself and your unborn children, harden my soul and lower me in my own opinion, so that I now feel, if this function is still to be imposed upon me, that I am unworthy to appear in society. But for the consciousness that your passion has been, unconsciously and ignorantly it may be, the primary cause of my misery and degradation, I should scarcely dare to claim the right any more to rest in your bosom as your wife. We have both erred.

"'You love my person; you worship the *animal* in me. If you love not my mind, my heart, my soul, more, and feel not more reverence for the God in me than for the animal—if I am unworthy and unable to meet the wants of your intellectual and spiritual nature—perish all outward bonds!

"'Tell me, have I no power to hold you by any bonds but the sensualistic? Has my soul no power over you? If this be so, let me no longer seek to hold you at all. It crushes me with conscious degradation to feel that I have no power over your intellectual and moral nature, that you come to me, caress me and call me wife, only that I may administer to your sensual pleasure, and that you have no fond regard and loving adoration for me except for my mere outward physical womanhood. I cannot live so, feeling that your presence and caresses are ever to be but the prelude to the surrender of my person to your animal passion.

"'I know I have powers of soul which, if suffered to be developed without this horrible crucifixion, might bless you. I will not yet believe that you will turn a deaf ear to this appeal of your wife, who, as you know, has had and can have no life apart from you. I pray with tears that you spare me from a maternity which my soul repudiates and whose sufferings I cannot endure. You will not deny me this privilege which, more than anything else, I ask of you.

"'Though much guilt is on my soul, through repeated efforts to get rid of the results of your passional relations with me, and save myself the pain and anguish of a maternity I have felt unable to bear, yet I will not despair of salvation reaching me through your love. To live as pure as my aspirations are, and have my life the natural outgrowth of the deep love which I feel and must express or die, would bring us both nearer heaven.

"'I cannot consent to have the woman, the *real soul-and-spirit woman,* in me obliterated. I cannot believe it is my destiny to have the *woman* expunged from my nature. I want to be a strong, pure woman. I want to be lovely to you. Yet, heretofore, the strongest manifestations of love to you have had little other effect than to arouse your animal nature, and thus have been so turned as to render me unlovely; for a wife must become unlovely and repulsive to her husband the moment he ceases to reverence her soul, and feels that she is to him but the means of mere sensual gratification.

"'You will acknowledge that there is a terrible wrong somewhere. May God show us a Moses to lead us out of this wilderness, this Egypt! You have often chided me for feeling unworthy of your love, reminding me how strange it was, since other and worthy men regarded me highly, and I did not feel myself unworthy of *their* regard. Were there no abuse of our sexual nature, your tender and noble love would so elevate and consecrate the functions of my womanhood that I should no more be tormented with that want of self-respect which alone ever causes me to doubt your love and feel myself unworthy of it. I feel at times that love would not, could not, thus crush my womanhood, that it would by intuition guide you in your passional relations to me, so as never to do a wrong or outrage to my nature even unwittingly. The feeling which other men's regard awakens in me is not brought down and thus prostituted to sensual gratification, but is awakened only to vitalize and bless soul and body. Help me and save me, by your manly strength, even from myself!

"'I appeal to you in behalf of myself, of my husband and my children. Deep and enduring consciousness of guilt must rest on my soul, in view of the outrages I have perpetrated on myself and my unborn children, whom I was reduced to the necessity (as it then seemed to me) of killing before they were born, or of cursing with an existence loathed and detested even by the mother that bore them.

"'My husband! you will, for *my* sake, for *your own sake*, for *our children's sake*, reflect on these things, and send me your reflections. You will respond to this appeal from YOUR LOVING WIFE.'

The Husband's Response.

"'MY SUFFERING WIFE: I have a word to say to you now such as I never said before. Your love has revealed you to me as I have never before seen you. It shows me to what misery I have brought you—how for my gratification you have descended into the lowest hell.

"'You intimate that I treat other women personally more tenderly and reverently than I do you. That is true; to my shame and regret I say it. And yet why should I do so? Why should I crush and desecrate you, while I have too much respect for other women ever to think of doing the same to them? There is no reason for it. You are my dearest love. I should treat *you* more tenderly than any others; be more careful of your health and beauty of body and soul. Of all women the husband should most anxiously watch over the health of his wife, and most shrink from the abuse and desecration of her physical as well as spiritual womanhood.

"'But I have not been wholly blind to your deep misery. I have seen it, and at times feared that I might be the cause. I did not dare ask the cause. Feeling not myself the degradation and misery of which you speak, I did not know how you suffered; but I should have known had I not been blinded by passion and by the false idea that man had a right to the indulgence of his passional nature whenever he wished it, and that, too, without regard to the feelings of his wife or the welfare of the child that might ensue.

"'True I at times heard your words of remonstrance and entreaty, but they did not touch my heart; my passion made me deaf or indifferent to your appeals to my manhood to spare you from a maternity which you could not joyfully welcome. I was lost in my own hell and tormented. I was blind; but now and then glimpses came to me from your own keen anguish of the real truth. But the blur of selfish, craving passion would come over my sight, and I would go on in my old way, cheating myself always, and sometimes you, into the belief that it was all right; that man had a right to that indulgence, whatever might be the condition of the wife and whatever her feelings in regard to maternity. At least I persuaded myself and you *that I could not help it*, and that my health would suffer unless I frequently held that relation with you.

"'Now that blind dominion of passion is at an end. Your appeal to my manhood has reached its deepest depths. The gratification of animal passion shall no more guide me in my relations to you. That it ever has is my shame as well as your degradation. I wish you could see my soul as it now is: you would see a resolution in it. The deep wail of your spirit has reached my heart, and I am ready to go up with you out of the perdition into which my uncontrolled sensualism has cast us.

"'You have descended into hell for my gratification. You have consented to terrible anguish of body and soul for no other object than my momentary pleasure. You have sacrificed your body and soul, your self-respect, your unborn children, on the altar of my ungovernable passion. From this hour I will seek to repair the wrong I have done you. I have forced on you, in contempt of your entreaties, a maternity which could not be otherwise than hateful to you. I have compelled you to pass through suffering of body and anguish of mind which you were not ready to meet, and which were all the more severe because they were imposed by one you loved and who should have known better. I have imparted to you the elements of a new life when your very soul spurned and loathed them. I have filled your heart with deadly hatred toward the young life, my own child, that was being developed beneath it. I have compelled you to a deed of all others the most loathsome and hateful to a pure, refined and noble woman—to the *murder* (it should have no other name) of your children, to the murder of *my* children, ere they were born, to save them from the more fearful and horrible doom of an unwelcome and hated existence.

He is Conscience-smitten and Humbled.

"'Talk not to me of *your* guilt, of your unworthiness to stand by my side and to tread with me the path of life as a true, noble and loving wife. If you are guilty, what am I? If you feel degraded by the loss of self-respect, what ought I to feel? The fault is all my own. I should have known better, and had a higher appreciation of the passional relation. Had I consulted your wishes as to maternity—had I counselled with you as to when you could with safety and exultation take charge of the germ of my child, and naturally develop it into life—had I never imposed on you a repulsive and abhorred maternity—would the stain of abortion now darken your soul? Yes; I see it all: the deep damnation of the deed is my own, and would to God that the penalty might descend on me—that I could save you, my long-suffering, too lenient and forgiving wife, the pain and anguish.

"'God help me! I am very sick at heart. The bitterness of death enters my soul as I reflect on the unseen and unexpressed pain of body and desperation and anguish of soul to which my ungoverned passion has brought you. Can you forgive me? Can you again restore me to your loving confidence? Can you ever again respect my manhood which has brought upon you all this woe? I will henceforth comply with the teachings of the book you sent me, and hold my entire nature in abeyance to your wishes and happiness, and in all my passional relations with you my object shall be your health and happiness rather than my own gratification.

Yet does not Despair.

"'Dearest! believe and trust me now, for I mean what I say, and it shall be done. I have written it here, and this shall be my pledge; and if ever I urge on you a relation that will subject you to the liability of maternity when you do not call for it, lay this pledge before me, and it shall be respected.

"'We shall yet rejoice together on earth as we never did before. This world may not bring to you entire restoration to health of body nor peace of mind, nor yet self-abandoned trust in your husband; but the effort to effect this on my part shall not be wanting. Believe me, and trust to the love and faith and energy which your letter and that experience of Ernest and Nina have awakened in me. We will together seek the aid of the angel-helpers who never condemn save to restore, and who are even now lifting up and vitalizing the desponding and heart-stricken.

"'Dear wife! look up and trust—*trust*—*trust!* and with strong nerve and in conscious pride and innocence you shall yet stand by my side, and tread with me the pathway of the future a proud, loving, trusting, joyful wife. Your soul shall yet shine with deeper lustre on my manhood, to elevate and save your conscience-stricken but not despairing husband. You shall yet be, in deed and in truth, my saviour, and I will be yours.

"'These are not idle words, but come from the heart of your loving, penitent, yet hopeful and confident

"'HUSBAND.'

Health and Happiness Regained—in Part.

"It will do your heart good to know that that husband has thus far been true to his pledge, that that wife is now blooming again in comparative health. Hope and triumph are shining in her face, love quickens the intellect and vitalizes the whole woman. And woman is intuitional to understand and appreciate a true and noble manhood. You will not wonder, then, that she feels nearer to him in mind and spirit than ever before, for now she understands him, and he her. Could they have talked over the subject of passional relations and understood each other before they entered upon their married life, it had saved her years of anguish. May their history be a beacon-light to warn others to shun the rocks and shoals that lie unseen in the inner depths of wedded life!

"God speed you in your efforts to vindicate

The Most Sacred and Important of all Human Rights—

the right of woman to say when and under what circumstances she shall assume the office of maternity, and the right of her child to a joyous welcome into life.

"With fervent prayers for the triumph on this subject,

"I am your friend, ——— ———."

Mr. Wright adds: "My friend, how many wives would thus appeal to their husbands if they dared? 'Sever the last link of the bond that binds her to her husband!' Mere sensualism the 'last link' in such a union! I do not like to talk of *chains, links* and *bonds* in connection with such a relation. Talk of these in connection with slaveholders and slaves, but let them not sully a relation like this. '*The last link,*' indeed! Yet it is true; it is often the first and last and only link that binds the husband to the wife in what is called marriage. Man seeks woman as a legal wife, that he may legally and respectably give indulgence without restraint to his passion. If the wife seeks to preserve her soul and body from desecration, he threatens to leave her and seek his gratification where he can find it. She submits, to keep him with her, both of them unmindful and regardless of results to the child. 'Perish all outward bonds' of marriage at once rather than the relation should continue this way!"

HEREDITARY INFLUENCES.

How the Human Stock may be Improved.

IN this city (Boston) there resides a gentleman possessed of neither fortune nor greatness, but whose story in this connection may interest you. When he was young, he asked a woman, who worked in the same shop with him, to become his wife. She frankly told him that she respected his mind and character, but could never consent to marry him, because of his crooked back and distorted face. After a time he asked another girl, and she, also, refused him. When he urged her, she frankly told him that she could not bear children to such a father, for they must be unsightly in form and feature. This led him to investigate and reflect. After three years he had made up his mind. A special study of the laws of inheritance had convinced him that the day of miracles had not passed. With strong domestic nature, wife and children were constantly in his imagination. Despairing of the consent of a comely woman, he sought the love of one who, like himself, was misshapen. Besides, in face she was no beauty. A gentleman who attended the wedding declares that he never saw so ugly a couple.

It often happens that persons with deformed spines are possessed of superior brains. Some of the brightest children I have ever known were the victims of spinal curvature. These newly-married people entered together upon the study of the conditions of beautiful and vigorous offspring—a subject which for many months had deeply interested the husband. At once they adopted the high, pure life which will be detailed at the close of this chapter. They had one son and one daughter. Neither the number nor sex was accidental. These children reside in Boston. *They are full grown and remarkably fine, both physically and intellectually.*

With human intelligence, conscience and moral aspiration, what might not be accomplished in a few generations! It makes one dizzy to think of it. I have known several couples of average capacity to set themselves seriously at the task of producing a beautiful, bright and vigorous child. Not one of them missed. One of these couples became converts to the gospel of physical health through reading a book of mine many years ago. The husband had been a wretched devotee of the quid and the pipe. The wife had "just lived on tea." The father was a carpenter, with variable health; the mother attended to her household duties when not down with the sick headache. They had two nervous, irritable, pale, thin boys, of doubtful health. One is a frequent sufferer from ear-ache, with profuse discharge, which originated in scarlet fever; the other is the victim of sore eyes, which the mother thought began in measles. While the second boy was a baby, the parents read the book referred to, were convinced, and finally converted. They mourned over the great and grievous wrong done to their little ones, and came to consult me. I advised the postponement of their next baby for three years, and marked out a new life. They entered upon it with a Christian zeal and confidence delightful to witness. I have never met a nobler enthusiasm. In about four years a little daughter was born. She is now eight years old, and a model. She has passed through scarlatina and measles with no disagreeable consequences, and is much larger than was either of her brothers at her age, is singularly free from their nervousness and irritability, and is altogether so much handsomer, brighter and happier, that it is difficult to believe they all belong to the same family.

How the Race Deteriorates.

The every-day walks of life furnish endless illustrations of the sin, yea the crime, committed by parents who unthinkingly bring children into the world while body and mind are debased by evil habits. A friend of mine, Col. ——, who was born among the hills of a neighboring State, and who served through the whole of the late war, attaining honorable rank in the service, in speaking of this subject, said:

"Why, doctor, you do not know one-half of the misery that comes to men and women in the way of which you are now speaking. Take my own family, for instance. My father was intellectually and physically one of the most vigorous men I ever knew. Though he learned to write his name after he was seventeen years of age, he was at thirty-five one of the most intelligent men in our county. He stood almost six feet in his stockings, was of the finest proportions and possessed a noble presence. But he was addicted to whisky and tobacco, using both to excess. He died at fifty-four. Though my mother was of a healthy and very long-lived family, not one of the eight children who lived to grow up began to equal our father in size and vigor of body or powers of mind. All of us liked whisky, though our mother detested it. All the boys now use, or have used, tobacco to excess, and all of us are predisposed to some chronic disease—like rheumatism, scrofula or erysipelas. The worst of this sad story, doctor, is that our children do not seem to possess even as much vigor as we do. Perhaps the experience of my own family may be of interest in this connection. While in the army, I became an excessive smoker. My first two children, born while I was a victim of tobacco, are both of weak physical organization. They are bright enough in mind, but are delicate and nervous. Before the youngest was born, I had not only abandoned tobacco, but was taking exercise in a gymnasium, and living on oatmeal, cracked wheat, beefsteak and other plain, wholesome food. Although my wife's health was not as good as usual, her last child is worth both the others, physically, and will excel them in powers of mind. Only this morning my wife said: 'This is the healthiest baby I ever knew. She can stand anything.' Doctor, when I look back, knowing what I now know, I can see what awful wrongs I have done to my little ones. I think this the most vital subject that can attract the attention of thoughtful persons in the immediate future."

The following paragraphs are quoted from the "Report of the Board of State Charities" of Massachusetts, under the heading—

"Some Causes of the Existence of Whole Classes of Defectives.

"As a general rule, the defectives, whether congenital like idiots, or become so by premature decay or loss of mental equilibrium like lunatics, come of families in which the stock is vitiated and enfeebled. They are marked by some of the protean forms of scrofula. They lack the average vital force. They cannot successfully resist destructive agencies. They sink to the lower stratum of society. They sicken easily. They recuperate slowly, and usually die young.

"In no class of persons are the marks of hereditary influence more striking than in that of defectives. Its effects are seen even more strongly in determining bodily temperament, and in a tendency to certain abnormal conditions, than in giving likenesses in form and features. This is so well known to experts that, in examining the antecedents of defectives admitted to our asylums or hospitals, they are perplexed if they do not find in the family one or more persons marked by a similar defect or by some abnormal condition of body, either original or brought on by evil habits or indulgences. Given an unsound child, and they infer unsoundness in the parentage. It may not at first appear, or be acknowledged to exist; but careful inquiry almost invariably discovers that some progenitor was abnormal in his bodily or mental condition, or grossly intemperate in habits.

"The report of the Massachusetts School states that out of four hundred and twenty cases of congenital idiocy which were examined, some information was obtained respecting the condition of the progenitors of three hundred and fifty-nine. Now, in all these three hundred and fifty-nine cases, save only four, it is found that one or the other, or both, of the immediate progenitors of the unfortunate sufferer had, in some way, widely departed from the normal condition of health, and violated natural laws—that is to say, one or the other, or both of them, had been very unhealthy or scrofulous, or hereditarily predisposed to affections of the brain, causing occasional insanity, or had intermarried with blood relatives, or had been intemperate, or had been guilty of sensual excesses which impair the constitution.

"Two Fertile Causes of Vitiation of Stock,

Or of the blood, will be mentioned, because they may be affected by legislation (if it is found wise to make the attempt). The first is *direct blood-poison, caused by the absorption into the system of a virus (syphilis) more hideous and terrible in its effect than that of a serpent's tooth.* This may kill outright, and there's an end; but that, stingless and painless, slowly and surely permeates and vitiates the whole system, of which it becomes part and parcel, like myriads of trichinæ, and can never be utterly cast out, even by salivation.

"By the law of infinitesimal division, the virus keeps its hold upon the system, although every particle thereof may be thrown off by the excretory processes, and new ones take their place a score of times even.

Syphilitic Poison Ineradicable.

Once infected, there can be no total disinfection during life; but some of the virus remains to the end, though it may seem latent.

"The worst is that, though years may have passed since its active stage, it permeates the very seed of life, and causes strange affections or abnormalities in the offspring, or it tends to lessen their vital force, to disturb or repress their growth, to lower their standard of mental and bodily vigor, and to render life puny and short. Those who are in the habit of inspecting hospitals and pauper establishments detect the secondary, the tertiary and the sempiternal traces of the disease on the scalps of infants and in the whole system of adults.

"Such symptoms appear mostly among paupers, only because poor nourishment increases the vitiation of the blood, and that tends to bring families down toward pauperism. But the experienced practitioner sometimes detects them in damask cradles, and must feel humiliated if afraid to point out the real cause of the morbid appearances.

"Woe to the family and to the people in whose veins the poison courses!

"It would seem that nothing could end the curse except utter extermination. That, however, would imply a purpose of eternal vengeance, involving the innocent with the guilty.

"We are to look for the remedy rather in that beneficent power of recuperation, that *vis medicatrix naturæ* bestowed upon the race by the Creator to prevent its utter vitiation before it has worked out his high purpose.

"But this instrumentality is given to be used by man's intelligence. He must co-operate with nature to the ends of purification; he must use his intelligence for the purposes bestowed, and help himself through the instrumentalities given him. There are ways and means by which men in their corporate capacity may hedge in and lessen this destructive social agency, though they must be used with great caution and discretion.

"Some earnest attempts should be made to stop at its source this fertile cause of physical vitiation, which, in its turn, multiplies the defective classes in society. The right to make them cannot be denied, even if it involves a risk of occasional infringement upon personal freedom.

"When small-pox threatens to ravage a community, individual rights are sometimes sacrificed for public safety, and men are imprisoned in quarantines, though guiltless of crime or immorality. But this disease is, compared to the other, as an ulcer upon a finger to an ulcer in the vitals, and its existence in a primary form implies moral turpitude, if not a breach of law.

"Small-pox does not vitiate the blood of a people; the other does. To infect a neighbor purposely, wantonly or heedlessly with small-pox would call down the fierce wrath of the people upon the offender, whose guilt, however, would be less than that of him who spreads the other disease. To adopt the system of licensing prostitution or any other form of vice would be to give it countenance, to throw about it a certain lawful status, and to admit that it is a necessary part of our social organization.

"But surely, without in any way licensing vice, we may check and restrain the vicious, and prevent the infected from going at large to scatter firebrands, arrows and death."

"Second Cause of Vitiation of Stock.

"But the most common apparent cause of the low physical condition of these families is *the habitual use of alcoholic drinks.* It will therefore be touched upon in this connection as tending to multiply the defective classes, though without any purpose of inditing a lecture on temperance.

"In whatever form the appetite for stimulus is indulged, whether rum, gin, wine, cider or beer, the alcoholic basis is the thing sought for, and its effects are about the same in whatever form it is disguised and made palatable.

"Physiologists are becoming more and more unanimous in the belief that it can never give real strength or promote health. As a stimulus, it acts merely as a whip does upon a horse's skin, quickening without strengthening him. Its persistent use always tends to vitiate the system, so that for the rest of his life the person is less able than he otherwise would be to perform his social duties and contribute his proper share to the general prosperity.

"When his bodily system is once vitiated, there comes in the law of hereditary descent, so that his progeny starts in life with tainted blood and with an appetite liable to break out into fierce passion at the first temptation.

"In order to see the connection between habitual intoxication, whether slight or severe, and subsequent insanity or mental inability, we have only to consider that the brain is the immediate organ by which the mind acts, and that it is a compound organ, the different parts of which seem to be connected with different mental faculties, uniformity of action among them being essential to soundness of mind, or sanity.

"The uniform and necessary consequence of the presence of alcohol in the stomach is to excite the different parts of the brain unequally, and to produce discord where there should be harmony. This disturbance varies from slight and pleasant excitement, during which one is mirthful, to downright drunkenness, when one is savage.

"Now, it appears that during each and every one of these states of cerebral excitement certain sub-organs of the brain are disturbed. They work inharmoniously, consequently mental equilibrium is lost. The man is, for the time, more or less insane or unsound of mind, and so continues until the effect of the stimulus upon the nervous system ceases, and soberness, or sanity, is re-established. But gradually habit becomes law, and repetition of the stimulus seems necessary.

"Now, each and every disturbance of the brain impairs its perfectness as an organ. Habitual disturbance begets a chronic disturbance, which tends to become organic disease. Very soon, therefore, the organic condition of the brain gets to be permanently vitiated, so that the man does not become perfectly sane even after he becomes sober.

What Drunkards Bequeath their Offspring.

"Organic imperfections unfit the brain for sane action. and habit confirms the insane condition: the man's brain has become unsound. Then comes in the law of hereditary descent, by which the brain of a man's children is fashioned after his own—not as it was originally, but as it has become in consequence of frequent functional disturbance. Hence, of all appetites, the inherited appetite for drunkenness is the most direful. Natural laws contemplate no exceptions, and sins against them are never pardoned.

"The reports of hospitals for lunatics almost universally assign intemperance as one of the causes which predispose a man's offspring to insanity. This is even more strikingly manifested in the case of congenital idiocy. They come generally from a class of families which seem to have degenerated physically to a low degree. They are puny and sickly.

"The record of the Massachusetts School shows that of congenital idiots sixty-three out of four hundred and eighty came of parents *admitted* to be drunkards, while more than half of the whole number came of progenitors given to strong drink, but not acknowledged drunkards."

The abuse of alcohol began in Sweden during the last century. Dr. Magnus Huss, in considering the unhappy results of intemperance in that country, especially in its production of idiocy and madness among offspring, declares—

"Things have come to such a point that, if some energetic means are not adopted against so fatal a custom, the Swedish nation is menaced with incalculable evil. The danger is not future and contingent: it is a present evil, the ravages of which may be studied in the present generation. No measures can be too strong. It is better to save at any price than have to say, 'It is too late!'"

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" on Transmitted Tendencies.

In "Elsie Venner," Dr. Holmes makes the old physician say:

"Ministers talk about the human will as if it stood on a high lookout, with plenty of light and elbow-room reaching to the horizon. Doctors are constantly noticing how it is tied up and darkened by inferior organization, by disease and all sorts of crowding interferences, until they get to look upon Hottentots and Indians—and a good many of their own race—as a kind of self-conscious blood-clocks, with very limited power of self-determination. That's the tendency, I say, of a doctor's experience. But the people to whom they address their statements of the result of their observation belong to the thinking class of the highest races, and they are conscious of a great deal of liberty of will. So, in the face of the fact that civilization with all its offers has proved a dead failure with the aboriginal races of this country—on the whole, I say, a dead failure—they talk as if they knew from their own will all about that of a Digger Indian.

"Once more, we see all kinds of monomania and insanity. We learn from them to recognize all sorts of queer tendencies in minds supposed to be sane, so that we have nothing but compassion for a large class of persons condemned as sinners by theologians, but considered by us as invalids. We have constant reasons for noticing the transmission of qualities from parents to offspring, and we find it hard to hold a child accountable in any moral point of view for inherited bad temper or tendency to drunkenness—as hard as we should to blame him for inheriting gout or asthma. I suppose we are more lenient with human nature than theologians generally are. We know that the spirits of men and their views of the present and the future go up and down with the barometer, and that a permanent depression of one inch in the mercurial column would affect the whole theology of Christendom."

Dr. H. also says: "There are people who think that everything may be done if the doer, be he educator or physician, be only called in season. No doubt; but *in season* would often be a hundred or two years before the child was born, and people never send so early as that."

"Each of us is only the footing up of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells, and some of them are *plus* and some *minus*. If the columns don't add up right, it is commonly because we can't make out all the figures."

Other Writers on Heredity.

Fernelius truly observes that "it is the greatest part of our felicity to be well born; and it were happy for mankind if only such parents as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry."

The "Psychological Journal" says: "The most startling problem connected with intemperance is that not only does it affect the morals, health and intelligence of the offspring of its votaries, *but they also inherit the fatal tendency and feel a craving for the very beverages which have acted as poisons on their system from the commencement of their being.*"

This writer gives many illustrations, of which the following is a striking one:

"Mr. J. was an habitual drunkard. His wife had also a *stomach* complaint, for which she took spirits. Her medicine was never neglected. Both died confirmed drunkards, *and all the children did so likewise.* They said, '*We* can't help it: we inherit a strong love for rum or gin.' One bound himself by a heavy penalty, but after some months' abstinence broke out, saying that the *craving was actual torture, and he could not help himself.*"

The eminent M. Morel says: "*I have* NEVER *seen the patient cured of his propensity whose tendencies to drink were derived from the hereditary predisposition given to him by his parents.*"

Aristotle, in the seventh book of his "Ethics," relates the case of a man who defended himself for beating his father, "because," said he, "my father beat his father, and he again beat his, and he also" (pointing to his child) "will beat me when he becomes a man, for it runs in our family." And he who was dragged by his son bade him stop at the door, for that he himself had dragged his father so far.

How to Ensure Noble Offspring.

Theologians talk of original sin, and moralists of mistaken training, when seeking to account for a person's vices. The true way is to trace them to their antenatal source. With the germ of the body is implanted the germ of the soul. At birth an infant is weak and frail, with its physical and mental features alike undefined. But body and mind will develop together, and the future health and strength of both may have been already decided by wise progenitors.

This law of transmitted influence is very wonderful. Says Lamartine: "In the blood of ancestry may be found the prophecy of destiny." The parents of men of genius—especially the mothers—have in almost every instance possessed marked characteristics of mind, which are transmitted with heightened intensity to their children. The mothers of Goethe, Washington and Bonaparte will at once occur to those who wish to verify this statement. Men of genius would be much less rare in the world if parents knew their own ability to have such children as they may desire.

The Father's Duty to the Unborn.

No man should ever beget a child without weeks, perhaps months, of preparation for this important office. He should live temperately, soberly, chastely. If he has bad habits, he should, during this period at least, carefully abstain from indulging them. He should cultivate purity of thought, and seek thorough and intelligent sympathy with his wife in all her hopes and aims.

The importance of the moment of conception is not generally understood. Goethe aptly illustrates this in his "Elective Affinities." A husband and wife, each loving another, and each thinking of that other at the instant of sexual intercourse, found evidence of their mutual unfaithfulness when their child was born, for it presented in its face the double likeness of the lovers whom the parents had had in mind.

The Mother's Charge.

After the conception of the child it becomes the peculiar charge of the mother. She must direct her liveliest energies toward its proper care. She should listen to beautiful music and attune her soul to its strains. She should walk daily in the open air, and with every breath inhale life to her child. She should avoid the society of the frivolous, the irreligious and the false. Her dress should be easy and simple. She should continually strive toward the *practical accomplishment* of her highest ideas, that her child may not lack that wholesome stamina which is the backbone of character. Let all these conditions be fulfilled, and woman may meet her hour of suffering with confidence and hope; and both parents, in children pure, wise, strong and loving, will reap rich reward for their comprehensive forethought and affectionate toils.

It is not carrying this subject too far to say that if any trade or profession seems particularly desirable, the genius for success in that line may be given to the child by proper effort before its birth. A mother whose mind persistently dwells upon any chosen subject during the nine months of gestation will surely see in her offspring the mark of her thought. Beauty of person, strength of mind, sweetness of disposition and holy aspirations may be insured to posterity by parents wise and loving enough to fulfil the laws which lead to the desired results.

MASTURBATION.

Opinions and Testimony of Ancient Authors.

I KNOW of no distinguished author, from Hippocrates down, who has written upon the health of the young and failed to pronounce an emphatic judgment upon the vice of masturbation. The following startling testimony is taken from eminent medical men scattered through twenty-three centuries. The frightful prevalence of this vice very early in the history of the race led more than one nation to circumcise all its males in the hope of arresting the destructive practice.

Hippocrates speaks of a young man who was afflicted with palpitations occasioned by secret vice.

He declares that "young people who are addicted to this habit bring upon themselves a disorder of the spinal marrow. They have no fever; and though they eat well, they fall away and become consumptive. They feel as if a sting or stitch descended from the head along the spinal marrow. Every time they go to stool or have occasion to urinate they shed a great quantity of the seminal liquor. . . . Walking, particularly on rugged paths, puts them out of breath and weakens them."

Celsus says, "These pleasures are always hurtful to the strongest constitutions, and how much more so must they prove to such as are of delicate frames!"

Galen observes that the same causes occasion disorders of the brain and of the nerves, and destroy their powers.

Ætius exhibits a sad portrait of those ruined by self-pollution: "Young people have the air and appearance of old age; they become pale, effeminate, benumbed, lazy, stupid and imbecile; their bodies sometimes become bent; their legs are no longer able to carry them; they have an utter distaste for everything, from total incapacity, and many become paralytic, unless they fall under the care of a skilful practitioner."

Again he says, in speaking of all such persons: "The stomach is disordered, all the body is weakened, paleness, bodily decay and emaciation succeed, and the eyes sink in the head."

That true physician and noble man, *Tulpius*, has left us a picture of the victims of this vice. The following sentence is taken from his description: "The spinal marrow does not only waste, but the body and mind both equally languish, and the man perishes, a miserable wreck."

Later Authorities.

The distinguished *Hoffman* assures us that he has seen the most fatal accidents by this waste of the semen. He says, "After frequent nocturnal pollutions, not only the powers are lost, the body falls away, and the face turns pale, but, moreover, the memory fails. A cold sensation seizes all the limbs, the sight is cloudy, and the voice becomes hoarse; all the body languishes by degrees; distracting dreams prevent sleep administering any relief, and such pains ensue as are felt from the blows of a cudgel." Among other cases, he mentions "that of a young man who had begun the vice at fifteen and continued it until he was three-and-twenty. He became afflicted at length with a great weakness of sight. At twenty-three he had such a weakness in his head and eyes that he frequently suffered spasms of the eyes with his seminal emissions. The eyelids were heavy, and at night were glued together with a foul whitish matter. He was reduced to a skeleton," etc., etc. *Hoffman's* treatment was blessed to the young man's restoration.

Boerhaave describes the symptoms betrayed by those guilty of the practice in question with that strength and precision characteristic of his writings: "The loss of the seminal matter by self-pollution occasions lassitude, debilitates, and renders exercise difficult. It has caused convulsions, and pain in the membranes of the brain; it deadens the senses, particularly the sight; it gives rise to a dorsal consumption, indolence and various other disorders which are connected with these."

This illustrious author in his papers devoted to this important subject says: "I have also seen a young man, a victim of this fearful vice, afflicted with the *tabes dorsalis*. His person was very agreeable, and he had been a youth of elegant form. . . . He became so deformed before his death that the fleshy substance which appears above the spinal apophyses of the loins was entirely wasted. His brain appeared consumed. . . . He became rigid in all his articulations. I never perceived so great a want of motion in the body from any other cause. His eyes sunk, grew dull, and he lost the power of sight. . . .

His lungs appeared to be decayed, his liver obstructed, his kidneys were diseased, and even the mucus which lines the intestines was found in a purulent and corrupt state."

Ludwig, in describing these ills, remarks: "Young people of either sex who devote themselves to this lascivious practice, destroy their health in dissipating those powers which were designed to bring their bodies to the greatest degree of vigor, and they at length fall into consumption."

The celebrated *Van Swieten*, whose fame spread all over the world, declared, "I have seen all these accidents, and several others, befall those persons who had abandoned themselves to these shameful pollutions. For three years I have used all the aid that medicine could afford, without success, for a young man who had drawn upon himself by this practice various pains, extraordinary as they were general, with alternate successions of heat and cold, particularly in the loins."

Klookof, in his excellent work upon disorders of the mind, uses the following language in discussing the vice under consideration: "Too great a dissipation of the seminal fluid by polluters weakens the spring of all the solid parts; hence arise weaknesses, laziness, inertness, phthisis, dorsal consumptions, numbness and the deprivation of the senses, stupidity, madness, faintings and convulsions."

Another distinguished author says: "All the ills that are occasioned by excesses with women are not to be compared to those which quickly follow in youth the destructive practice of seminal pollution, and which it would be difficult to paint in colors as glowing as they merit—a practice to which youth devote themselves without being acquainted with the enormity of the crime and of the ills which are its physical consequences."

Mieg, an eminent physician and author, to whom his country is indebted for the discovery of inoculation, has given us a very extraordinary case of a young girl, between twelve and thirteen years of age, who by this detestable practice brought upon herself a consumption, with a large hanging abdomen, fluor albus and diabetes. Medicines relieved her for a time, but she languished until death came to her relief.

A Wretched Onanist.

"Do you advise me to blow out my brains?"

One evening a tall young man, of striking aspect, walked in, and said, in an embarrassed manner, "Can I have a private interview with you?"

Engaged for the evening, and seeing from the nature of the case that the desired interview would be long, I suggested an hour for the next day, if his business permitted. He replied that he had no business, resided in a distant State, and could come at any hour convenient to me.

When we were alone the next morning, he said:

"Doctor, I have the saddest story to tell that you ever listened to."

I ventured the remark that it must be *very* sad indeed, for I had listened to the same story that he was about to tell me hundreds of times within the last thirty years, and I thought it would be difficult to give a worse narrative than some I had heard.

"You will see. I am twenty-three years old. Don't you think I look to be a hundred? My father and brother are well known to the public. My brother (I wish I dared tell you the name, but that must remain a secret) is as promising a young man as there is in our State. He is three years older than I am; but when I was fifteen, and he eighteen, I was stronger than he, and was ahead of him in our studies. My father would tell you, were he here, that I had more capacity, physical and mental, at fifteen than my brother had at eighteen. Doctor, I am sure you will excuse me, but I have no doubt that God designed me as a leader among my fellow-men. I feel that this was my born destiny; but now, when my brother is entering upon a grand career, I am simply a nuisance, and ought two years ago to have committed suicide. Oh, the miserable wretch who taught me the vile, loathsome habit! Why was I left to the filthy creature."

At this point I interrupted him with the remark that if I could be of any assistance I should be very happy to serve him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, doctor! I believe I am about two-thirds crazy; and when I get to thinking about my disgusting fizzle, I hardly know what I am talking about; and sometimes I rave so that I have no doubt people think me crazy. But if you will excuse me, I will tell you my sad story. My father employed a good many servants, and among them a detestable creature by the name of Hickey. He was a good-natured sort of fellow, and took a great fancy to me. One Sunday, when the folks were all at church, Hick asked me to take off my clothes, and he would rub me all over, and cure me of my cold. I refused to undress; but, half by coaxing and half by forcing, I was overcome, and then—O my God!—he gave me the first lesson in a practice which has ruined me, body and soul. The filthy, horrid work goes on now, three or four nights a week, without any voluntary act of mine. I would be castrated at once; but, doctor, it is too late; of course it is. There is nothing left for me now but a madhouse or suicide. Doctor, speak out like a man: would you not advise me to blow out my brains? Do you believe anything can be done for me? Do you think castration would be of any help to me? I dare not look a woman in the face. I never shake hands with one, for they all seem to know what these cold, clammy hands mean; and if by any accident I am compelled to remain near one for a little time, that disgusting occurrence of my sleep often comes to add to my misery and despair.

"When I awake and find the proof of my degradation, it is more than I can bear to think that I must get up and dress, and again move about among my fellow-men. If I could only have the consciousness that this wretched condition was produced by some accident, I could bear it better, but the thought that it all came of my own self-pollution is too much to be borne. Medical men, who know about such things, and refuse to speak out and warn the young against this vice, ought to be killed, every one of them. Just a hint from my father or the family doctor, or a little book, would have saved me. The doctors and the clergy and parents and all the rest of them say, 'No! keep still! you must not say a word.' What, in Heaven's name, are doctors and parents and all the rest of them for, if they can't give a single hint to the young about such things? If I had a million dollars, I would give it all to spread information about this horrid vice."

Another Victim.

Out of multitudes of letters received, during thirty years, from the unhappy victims of masturbation, I print the following:

"DEAR DOCTOR: I have made up my mind, after long hesitation, to write you the saddest confession that mortal ever made, and to ask your advice. I learned, at the old Warsaw Academy, the horrible vice of masturbation, and not knowing its destructive effects, practiced it almost daily for several months. Then I suspected it was injuring me. I tried to stop, but found the fascination irresistible. I continued it from time to time, alternating periods of excessive indulgence with determined abstinence. Thus passed three years at Warsaw, when I entered college. My eyes were now so weak that I could not study by gaslight. I began my college life with a solemn vow, praying God for help. For more than two months I abstained, when, unfortunately, there fell into my hands a volume which pretended to discuss, in a scientific way, the subject of sexual maladies, and in that work I came upon this passage: ‘Nature demands in young men an occasional emission, and therefore I advise every young man to form an intimacy with some decent woman, whom he can visit once or twice a month.’

“I wrote to the author, and told him that, with my religious convictions, I could not indulge myself in the way he suggested. In his reply he said:

“‘If you have such scruples, you should either marry or provoke an occasional emission with your own hand.’

“You will hardly believe that a man seeking a college education could have been so weak, but so it was. I believed this contemptible quack, and resumed the sickening practice. I began with a solemn vow to indulge myself once a month, but called on God to strike me dead if I touched myself oftener. You know the nature of this madness, and will readily believe me when I say that the awful vow was soon violated. When I had broken my vow, I madly resolved that I would cure the insatiate appetite by the most terrible excess; and during ten weeks I practiced the horrid, suicidal outrage from three to eight times a day. At the end of this time my nervous system completely broke down; my eyes became so weak that I could not study an hour a day, and I gave up and went home. But the society of my mother and sisters was torture to me. About a week after my return home, I suddenly announced my intention to go to California. My blessed mother and dear sisters nearly broke my heart with their demonstrations when I bade them good-bye. The trip by the isthmus did me good, and I continued to resist my tempter during the voyage. On arriving in San Francisco, I was lounging in a book-store, and happened to come upon a brief article written by yourself, in which this passage occurred:

"'The victims of spermatorrhœa must not hope for relief in the use of medicines, but must seek restoration in determined abstinence from all sexual indulgencies and libidinous fancies, conjoined to a faithful observance of the laws of health. There is not one victim in a hundred who may not reasonably hope for escape through such means.'

"In these few simple words I found the needed encouragement; and in your six brief rules I found all needed guidance.

"While I am certain that I am not the man I might have been, and while my efforts to recover under your guidance have occupied a year and a half, I rejoice at length in the consciousness of improving health, and find that I am not entirely destroyed by my guilty follies. And now have you any further advice to give me?

"Yours gratefully, J. M."

I wrote him, urging that he should continue the same course. I assured him that there was but one method of cure—that all the specific medicines, patent rings, cauterizations, etc., were each and all a deception and a snare. He must go on with his *clean thinking, clean skin, much sleep, much exercise outdoors, much laughing,* and that the *local cleanliness must be made perfect.* Then he must not forget the *vital importance of light and air.* I explained to him that a well man might venture upon many violations of law, but that, when the scales are evenly balanced between health and disease, in order to secure a preponderance of health, *everything must be right.*

A Painful and Touching Case.

A note came in the mail asking an interview. At the appointed hour a handsome, matronly woman of fifty led in a young lady of twenty, and began with—

"Doctor, I have brought my daughter to consult you. It is about her head and spine. She has been out of health about five years, and has been steadily growing worse. The trouble is not always the same, but the heat in her head and spine has been constant. For the last year or so she has suffered almost incessantly with a dull pain in the back of her neck and through the small of her back, and her face, as you see, has broken out with that worm eruption. And— But, doctor, I want to speak to you alone."

I conducted her to my private room, and she resumed her remarks with a good deal of embarrassment. She said:

"About three years ago my daughter became engaged. We were all perfectly satisfied with the young man, and Mary seemed so for a while, but after a time she grew cool toward him. He bore everything from her, but about six months ago the engagement was broken off. Within a week he has been trying to renew it. My husband and self have wished that our daughter should renew her relations with her friend, and two nights ago we had a long interview with her about it. She declared that she should never marry anybody—would sooner take poison than get married. She threw herself down on the floor, wished herself dead, declared she would never see him again—that if he came she would blacken her face. We concluded to bring her to you, and I wrote you that note."

The symptoms were very suggestive, and I asked:

"Do you think, madam, that your daughter has learned a certain evil habit common among the young?"

"I understand you, sir, and I will not be offended, because you do not know her, nor us. But you need not give yourself a thought about such things. Mary is as pure as an angel. I don't believe she ever had an impure thought, even, in her life."

"May I speak with her alone?"

"Certainly; but you must not allude to such a thing. I wouldn't have her hear of such things for the world. She is just as innocent as when she was a baby in my arms."

"Madam, I promise not to put into your daughter's mind anything which can injure her."

With some misgivings the mother led her daughter in, and left us alone.

I began the conversation with—

"Have you anything to say to me, more than your mother has told me?"

"Nothing, I presume."

"Please give me your confidence. I see you are unhappy, wretched. Tell me everything."

Turning her face away from me, and burying it in her hands, she burst into a wild, half-hysterical sobbing which brought her mother in great alarm to the door. I had turned the key, and the mother beat against the door violently, and cried out:

"Let me in! let me in instantly!"

I opened the door, and the mother threw herself down upon her knees by her daughter, and pleaded with passionate entreaties to know what was the matter.

At length I induced the mother to leave us alone again, which she did, on the express condition that I should not fasten the door.

I waited a few moments, and then said to the young woman:

"I beg of you to give me your confidence. I know perfectly well all about your troubles, but I promised not to say anything about it to you."

"Whom did you make that promise to?"

"Your mother."

"Then she knows about it, does she?

"No! She does not believe a word of it; she declares that you are as pure as an angel, and she made me promise not to allude to such a thing."

"O my God! I wish I was dead!"

"Where did you learn the habit?"

"I learned it at Madame ——'s school."

"Was the habit common there?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid it was."

"How old were you when you learned the vice?"

"About fourteen."

"Have you practiced it ever since?"

"Oh dear me, dear me! I wish I was dead!"

"Have you kept up the habit ever since?"

"Oh, don't—please don't!"

"Open your heart to me. Tell me everything, and I will be a true friend. I am sure my advice will be a godsend to you, but you must be frank, and let me know the exact nature of your trouble."

"Well, then, I have practiced it ever since, and the last year I have had dreams and the most terrible excitement in my sleep."

"How do you feel the next day after these nocturnal excitements?"

"I can't get up, nor eat anything, and I just lie in bed and cry."

"Do you still keep up the old habit?"

"Oh, I am sure you must loathe me!"

"Please tell me whether you still keep up the habit?"

"Yes; I do."

"How often?"

"Well, generally after I go to bed at night, and sometimes when I wake up in the morning."

"Now, Miss Mary, let me call in your mother, and tell her all about it, and let us consult together. It will be a great advantage to have her co-operation."

"Oh, I wouldn't have her know about it for the world."

"Miss Mary, you don't understand a mother, if you think she will love you any the less. Let me call her in and tell her all about it, and then I will explain to her how she can help you break up the habit. May I call her in?"

The unhappy young woman turned away and hid her face, which I took to mean a reluctant consent. I opened the door to call the mother in, and found her standing near. I suspected from her manner that she had been listening. Indeed, it had occurred to me that she might listen, and I had spoken very distinctly that she might hear. As soon as I opened the door, she walked quickly to her bowed daughter, and saying,

"Come, my poor child," led her out of the room. When, a minute after, I stepped out into the street office, they had gone. I knew the mother would return. Within an hour she came back, and told me, with wild emotions, that her daughter had confessed everything, and even more than she had told me.

When, a year after, the daughter commissioned me to reveal everything to her lover before she would consent to a renewal of the engagement, I had to ask for time to consider. It was a month before I could consent to undertake so difficult and delicate a mission.

When, after a long and painful interview, he asked, "Do you think her health permanently injured?" I felt obliged to answer:

"Yes; although she seems entirely restored, there can be no doubt that her constitutional tone has been permanently lowered."

Then he asked me another question, which I had feared he might ask, but which I had hoped to avoid. It was:

"Do you think her moral and affectional nature injured?" I felt compelled to say:

"Yes; I have no doubt of it. It is impossible that she should love you or any other creature with that pure, tender love which would have been her natural breath, but for the dreadful vice."

"Will her children be affected by it?"

He was a noble, truthful young man; he had begged me to tell him the whole truth, and I replied:

"Her children must inevitably be more or less affected."

He then confesssed that he himself had fallen into the same vice, and after a long silence he asked, in a subdued voice:

"Don't you think, doctor, that we might help each other into sexual purity, and by avoiding children go on with safety and without doing wrong?"

I heartily assented to the *possibility*.

About a year ago he brought in his two oldest to see what I thought of them. I candidly confessed that they were remarkably fine children. I examined their eyes and tongues, and found that nature had not forgotten the sin of the parents, but said nothing. I think they did right in marrying, but they should have waited ten years before their first baby.

How Parental Sin Curses the Children.

It is simply impossible that the children of such parents should escape. Their eyes, tongues, breath and nerves all tell the sad story.

Mr. D., who inherited a good constitution and stomach, married a lady with remarkably good digestion. D. had been an excessive masturbator, and had married (by the advice of some foolish doctor) to cure himself of nocturnal emissions. They have six children, and without exception the young people suffer from weak stomach. The parents are thoroughly sensible on the table question, but the children are all miserable dyspeptics.

I have taken pains to investigate many cases where the father had been addicted to self-abuse, and have arrived invariably at similar results.

In one instance I had known much of the gentleman's early history, and I warned him, just before marriage, that his children would be likely to suffer from imperfect digestion, and emphasized the statement that dyspepsia was one of the gravest of human afflictions. In brief, I advised against offspring. He was sure that a physiological life would make all right. But his two boys have a constitutional weakness of digestion and a very early loss of teeth.

Insanity often Caused by Self-Abuse.

The distinguished ESQUIROL says: "Masturbation, that torment of the human species, is more often than one thinks the cause of insanity, especially in the houses of the rich."

It is likewise observed that derangement arising from this cause is most likely to occur among persons of moral and religious character, and the lunacy not unfrequently takes a religious turn.

The mother explains to the physician of the asylum the history of the case. She tells him that his insanity cannot be accounted for, he has been so well conducted, so quiet, so studious, not seeking the company of the gay, the idle and the thoughtless, but remaining quietly at home. And then he had such a bright, fine mind, such excellent abilities, that he had few friends, and rather shunned persons of the opposite sex. It was so strange! If he had been wild or dissipated, some explanation might be found for his dreadful condition.

Then she may tell that for some time past a "gradual alteration has been going on; that he has gradually changed in manner and appearance; that he has become irritable and reserved, dull, and slovenly in dress, contradictory and uncertain in his actions, first determining upon one thing, and then suddenly changing his mind to something else; that quite recently he has grown more and more apathetic, more and more slovenly in dress; that he is now not only irascible, but at times violent; that he does things by 'fits and starts;' that he has become so stupid and lost that he can no longer take care of his business or himself, and that all this dreadful change has occurred without any apparent cause, except his too studious habits. And now we are afraid to have him at home any longer."

Characteristics of Dementia thus brought on.

"On entering an insane asylum one is sometimes struck with the peculiar appearance and conduct of one group of persons. In appearance and bearing they present a striking contrast to the excited patients about them. They engage in no social diversion; they remain stolid, sad and alone in the quietest part of the room or the grounds. If they read, they say nothing of what they read, but maintain the same oppressive, unmoved, hopeless, wretched solitude. These are they who have drained away body and soul by masturbation. Of all the victims, these are most oppressive in their speechless despair.

"The pale complexion, the emaciated form, the slouching gait, the clammy pallor, the glassy or leaden eye and the averted gaze indicate that the lunatic is a victim of the wretched vice.

"Apathy, loss of memory, abeyance of concentrative power and manifestation of mind generally, combined with loss of self-reliance and indisposition for or impulsiveness of action, irritability of temper and incoherence of language, are the most characteristic mental phenomena of chronic dementia resulting from masturbation in young men.

"As in diseases of an exhaustive nature we find that the cutaneous secretion is poured forth abundantly, so in the cases occupying our attention the perspiration breaks forth on the slightest exertion. This relaxed condition of the perspiratory system is especially marked in the palms. The exception is to find these dry in a masturbator. Generally, a damp, cold, clammy perspiration is constantly present, and makes it particularly disagreeable to take the hand of one of these persons.

"Besides these symptoms, the gait is slovenly or slouching, the gaze is downcast or averted, and when addressed the masturbator does not look the speaker openly in the face while he replies, but looks to the ground or beyond the questioner."

The same author, in describing a case of insanity produced by masturbation, again gives the following signs or diagnosis:

"The muscles are small, soft and flabby, the body is generally emaciated, the complexion generally pale, the cornea is dull, and the expression inanimate. The delusion is of a melancholic cast and frequently of a religious tendency, and often combined with a suicidal or self-mutilating inclination.

"Such symptoms would lead the mind of the medical man to the inference that the case before him is a victim of masturbation."

Insanity produced by other causes may be of a character to excite a laugh, as that case of the wealthy old gentleman in one of our asylums who fancied that he was a great medical reformer, and spent years in writing tracts advocating his system. The central idea in his system was the use of the syringe, of which the writer made himself the champion. He offered rewards to clergymen who would advocate its use from the pulpit, to the city fathers if they would provide facilities for its public use, while he urged all hotels to furnish injections for guests on their arrival. Such absurdities may provoke a smile, but the miserable victim of sexual abuse moans in unutterable despair of the loss of his soul, of his having committed the unpardonable sin, or more commonly he crawls away by himself and broods over his misery and sorrows.

A distinguished physician exclaims, in considering the case of those young men who have fallen into the habit of masturbation: "Would that I could take them with me in my daily round (at Hanwell Asylum), and could point out to them the awful consequences which they do but little suspect to be the result of its indulgence. I could show them those gifted by nature with high talents, and fitted to be an ornament and benefit to society, sunk into such a state of physical and moral degradation as wrings the heart to witness, and still preserving, with the last remnant of a mind gradually sinking into fatuity, the consciousness that their helpless wretchedness is the just reward of their own misconduct."

In this connection it may be well to state that in a large proportion of the cases of insanity in which *religion* is stated to be the cause, the real cause is the vice we are considering. "As already stated, the delusions in many instances assume a religious character, and hence it is that it is repeatedly found that the cause of the sufferer's condition is supposed to be *religion*. The delusions of these victims are generally of a melancholic character; they fear that eternal happiness is lost, that they have no hope beyond the grave, that they have committed the unpardonable sin or that they are unworthy to live."

Dr. Cox says:

"Excessive venery and the profuse and unnatural expenditure of the seminal fluid are among the predisposing causes of insanity. This is the most prolific source of diseased intellect, and induces a species of madness which resists the most judicious curative attempts, so that both mind and body fall a sacrifice, the first losing all its faculties in idiotism, and the last all its locomotive power in palsy. No habit acquires such irresistible force by indulgence, and none entails more dreadful consequences on its votaries, whether we regard fame or fortune, health of body or the faculties of the mind. It is by no means unusual for the influence of this pernicious habit to terminate in suicide."

Dr. Arnold says that "authors are universally agreed from Galen down to the present day about the pernicious influence of this enervating indulgence, and its strong propensity to generate the very worst and most formidable kinds of insanity. It has frequently been known to occasion speedy, and even instant, insanity."

The same author says:

"But of all the causes of insanity which operate chiefly by means of the previous production of debility, none are more effectual or more obstinate than *excessive venery*, which, at the same time that it acquires accumulated and almost invincible force by habit, and almost incurably enervates the body and debilitates the mind, is usually accompanied by other distressing circumstances."

One of the most distinguished medical men whom I have ever had the honor to personally know told me, with more emotion than I ever care to witness again, that both of his sons had become insane—miserably, idiotically, hopelessly insane—from masturbation. Their mother had a very nervous temperament, and thus they inherited particularly susceptible brains. An old nurse had practiced manipulating their genital organs, when they were babies, to stop their crying. A son of that nurse, who was the gardener, taught the boys the habit of masturbation. Almost before the parents were aware of what was going on the boys had passed beyond all control. One was now in an asylum, and the other crawling about home, a miserable idiot, attempting nothing but a repetition of the vile practice which had ruined him.

BAD INFLUENCE OF VICIOUS SERVANTS.

THE evil work which a vicious servant may do in a family of children is fearful to contemplate. I do not *guess*, but I am *sure*, that hundreds of thousands of men and women in America are suffering in health and moral tone to-day from evil practices taught them in childhood, by servants. Nurses are not long in finding out that titillation of the genital organs is the surest way of keeping even babies quiet. Thus the mischief is begun, and infants not yet two years old are frequently found repeating the lesson. The evil work thus early commenced is perfectly sure to eventuate in masturbation, if the child is not convinced, as soon as he is able to think, that such a practice is the sure road to ruin. If you get a *good* servant in a family where there are children, thank God, and let nothing but sickness or death part you. To allow such a helper to leave for the matter of a paltry dollar a week is to fairly earn the title of idiot.

Put Your Children to Bed Yourself.

I might add that it is not only the sweetest of privileges, but may well be regarded as a sacred duty, that mothers should put their own little ones to bed. And if they observe a tendency to carry the hand to the genital organs, they must teach them that the habit is an evil one; and if the lesson is frequently repeated in the loving tones of a mother's voice, the little people will not only refrain from the habit in their waking hours, but while they are asleep the impression will maintain its protecting power. It has always seemed to me that there was something mysteriously potent and enduring in the influence of those last whispers and loving kisses. When half a century has passed, we still recall

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and all those fond endearments, with the tenderest emotions. The sermons we have listened to for twenty years have not so touched us. How can the true mother deny herself such a precious opportunity?

First Impressions are Abiding.

Lord Brougham said: "I believe that before the child is a year and a half old its character and its course in life are determined."

I could quote several eminent men as expressing similar opinions; but whether all this be quite true or not, there can be no doubt that the impressions made at a very early period are deep and lasting. No mother should neglect this sacred opportunity to teach the doctrine of chastity. Even if she learns the words the best servant cannot whisper those priceless lessons; for nothing but a mother's love can fully awaken the delicate susceptibilities. If the mother cannot impress the lesson in person, she should, if the servant report a tendency to any vicious manipulations, have the night-dress made with legs or drawers closed tight, so that no mischievous handling is possible. And perhaps it is well to make all night-dresses in this way for children of both sexes until they are quite large. I know a number of wise mothers who think so.

Excuse me for turning back a moment from the consideration of this sweet and holy maternal influence to a fact or two showing the evil influence of bad servants.

Cases of Lamentable Mischief.

Mr. J., an intelligent, hard-working mechanic, told me that during the seventh confinement of his wife an Irish woman came into the house in the capacity of nurse, and in the four weeks she was with them she ruined all his boys and girls, and left the family wrecked for life. Mr. J. says, in speaking of it, "I would rather have laid all my children in the grave."

Mrs. M., a noble, beautiful mother about fifty, told me, with tears in her eyes, that their coachman had ruined her two young sons—that when at length she came fully to realize that serious mischief was in progress she found that her children had passed beyond her reach, and although she had sent the vile fellow away, she had learned that he had since been seen more than once with her boys in the barn. And she came to ask me what I would advise. It was contrived that they should be sent to me on an errand, when I should bring the subject before them. They came. I was struck with their fine foreheads and pleasant manners, and thought their mother must be laboring under some hallucination; but when I introduced the subject of Hank, the coachman, I saw at once that the boys were fascinated, and although I kept them two or three hours, and used my utmost efforts, I parted with them in the fear that they were demoralized. I advised the mother to manage some urgent invitation to a distant part of the country for that coachman. It was successfully accomplished, but the poison was left behind him. The mother told me a year later that if she could have been permitted to choose she would have infinitely preferred that her boys should have lost their right arms, though her youngest son had several times promised abstinence from the dreadful habit. A bachelor brother of this heart-broken mother came in to speak about his sister's grief, and remarked during our conversation that he was an under officer on board one of the ships in our first great naval visit to Japan, and that during the trip he learned what astonished him. He was told by the surgeon on board that the practice of self-pollution was almost universal among the young men in naval ships, and that it did more than every other evil influence to demoralize and break them. Remarking upon the mischief of bad servants, he exclaimed, with great passion, that if he should ever sit on a jury in a trial for murder in which the victim had been killed for teaching boys the habit of masturbation he should unhesitatingly bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide; and if he had sons of his own, and should catch a scoundrel giving them lessons in the terrible vice, he would kill him on the spot.

OBSCENE LITERATURE.

NO other source contributes so much to sexual immorality as obscene literature. The mass of the stories published in the great weeklies and the cheap novels are mischievous. When the devil determines to take charge of a young soul, he often employs a very ingenious method. He slyly hands a little novel filled with "voluptuous forms," "reclining on bosoms," "languishing eyes," etc. I will give you a sample passage:

"Madly, wildly bent on possessing the lovely Helene, never for an instant does his glance wander from her face and form. With all the magnetism of fond affection firing his eyes, he stands waiting, gazing, and insisting—not in vain. In an ecstacy of *abandon*, she rushes into his arms. He struggles to express in song his mad passion, and with her arms wound round about his neck, she listens, every action and look betokening the fervid, burning love that beats within her bosom, that deepens and darkens within her eyes, and lights his face like a fierce flame. Locked in each other's arms, the lovely pair, intent on each other, forget everything on earth below and in the heavens above," and so on for two hundred pages.

Publishing houses, the managers of which contrive to keep out of jail, send out tons of such stuff every month. Some of them affect respectability. I take the liberty to suggest a change in their business, one which I am sure would prove congenial, and would by comparison serve the cause of virtue. Let them open a gambling-hell, or a house of prostitution. The moral level would be above their present trade, and the injury done the public would be as nothing in comparison.

Among the announcements of new publications I observe the following:

"——— Novels, a series of monthly romances, by charming authors, is the great literary feature of the present day. Destined to eclipse everything of the kind ever before attempted. The first is entitled '———,' a story of *Love*, *Crime* and *Passion*."

Can you imagine a man born of woman, nursed and trained by maternal love, returning it all by devoting himself to the distribution of such filthy, deadly poison? None but God can measure the extent of the evil influence of these vile harpies. There are several wealthy publishers in this country whose business it is to run great steam-engines and numberless machines in the preparation of this slime of the pit.

A Startling Revelation.

I have received from the Hon. CLINTON L. MERRIAM, the following speech, in the House of Representatives, at Washington. It is so important that I must give it in full.

"In the U. S. House of Representatives, March 1, 1873, pending the consideration of the bill for the suppression of obscene literature, etc., Mr. MERRIAM spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker.—The purposes of this bill are so clearly in the best interests of morality and humanity, that I trust it will receive the unanimous voice of Congress. It is terrible to contemplate, that more than six thousand persons are daily employed in a carefully organized business, stimulated to activity by all the incentives that avarice and wickedness can invent, to place in the schools and homes of our country, books, pictures, and moral appliances, of so low and debasing a nature, that it would seem as if the brute creation itself would turn from them in disgust.

I am sure this American Congress will not only give all the aids of legislation for the annihilation of this trade, but that the outraged manhood of our age will place in the strongest possible manner its seal of condemnation upon the low brutality which threatens to destroy the future of the Republic by making merchandise of the morals of our youth. Recent revelations have convinced us that no home, however carefully guarded, no school, however select, has been safe from these corrupting influences. The purity and beauty of womanhood have been no protection from the insults of this trade.

It may well be doubted, Mr. Speaker, if war, pestilence, or famine, could leave deeper or more deadly scars upon a nation than the general diffusion of this pestilential literature. The history of nations admonishes us that even our fair Republic will be of but short duration unless the vigor and purity of our youth be preserved. Philosophers and legislators have stood bewildered before the revelations of crime and depravity in this our day, when every incentive of religion and education that circles about our civilization ought to ennoble and elevate mankind. No previous revelation, until the unearthing of this scandal upon our age, has solved the mystery.

A Monstrous Traffic Unveiled.

The pride of our people in their schools may well be humbled over the revelations presented by one young man in New York, in the employ of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose hand with determined and commendable energy is falling heavily upon the workers in this detestable business—he exhibits to us more than fifteen thousand letters seized from the dealers and publishers in New York city; letters written by students of both sexes throughout our land ordering obscene literature. Fathers and mothers have rested secure in the consciousness of performed duty, while unknown to them their children, even in some of our best schools, were students of a debasing literature, thrust upon them by insidious and cowardly hands—a literature, the very nature of which would be hidden by the young from the eyes of teacher and parent—a literature which kindles and inflames the brute forces born in man, and over which religion and education strive to obtain the mastery.

Diabolical "Enterprise" of the Venders.

By examinations into the accumulations at "the dead-letter office" and the seizures in New York city, we find that the dealers in obscene literature have organized circulating libraries, which are under the charge of the most vicious boys in the schools, boys chosen and paid by the venders, and who circulate among the students, at ten cents a volume, any of the one hundred and forty-four obscene books heretofore published in New York city.

The existence of this literature has been traced to schools in the very capital of our nation, where its pernicious influence has sent to positive destruction some promising youths, who, but for the deadly poison instilled into their young minds, might have developed into wise and good men. This species of literature has also been found in some of the best schools of New York city and Brooklyn, in the colleges of Pennsylvania, and in the colleges and seminaries of Ohio. No State or Territory is exempt from the presence of its pernicious influence.

Among the seizures made in New York are found twenty separate orders, recorded on the books of a dealer, coming from the librarian of a public school in one of our proudest Western States.

It is not surprising, Mr. Speaker, that these revelations have amazed and alarmed members of Congress. The masses of our people, doubtless as ignorant hitherto as ourselves of the nature and extent of this fearful evil, will not wonder that their Representatives have consented to enter upon an investigation of a most disagreeable and sickening nature; nor would they pardon us should we fail to put an end to this nefarious and diabolical traffic—a traffic so profitable to the dealers, that many large fortunes have been accumulated in the business. It is of the highest importance to the final suppression of this trade that all available information upon the subject be placed before Congress and the country. The following letter has been received in the course of our investigations, and its author deserves the thanks of all good men:

Letter of Anthony Comstock.

"Brooklyn, January 18, 1873.

"Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 12th inst., in which you ask for a statement from me in reference to the traffic in obscene literature. In reply, I beg to state that I have been engaged in the suppression of this business since about one year ago. At that time I knew only one place where this business was carried on. The dealer was arrested, his papers 'pigeon-holed,' and he continued on in the same business, even letting out these vile books at ten cents per week to the youths and children of our public schools. In seeking to procure the arrest of this man again, I was betrayed by a policeman, who has since been dismissed from the service, upon my preferring charges against him to our Police Commissioners. After this, the Sunday Mercury came out against me, and said, 'If I was the Christian man I professed to be, I could find plenty of these men in Ann and Nassau streets and elsewhere.' Accordingly, profiting by this hint, and by aid of the numerous advertisements in this same paper, the Days' Doings, the New Varieties, and the Illustrated Police Gazette, I have succeeded in unearthing this hydra-headed monster in part, as you will see by the following statement, which, in many respects, might be truthfully increased in quantity. These I have seized and destroyed:

Amazing Statistics.

"Obscene photographs, stereoscopic and other pictures, more than one hundred and eighty-two thousand; obscene books and pamphlets, more than five tons; obscene letter-press in sheets, more than two tons; sheets of impure songs, catalogues, handbills, etc., more than twenty-one thousand; obscene microscopic watch and knife charms and finger-rings, more than five thousand; obscene negative plates for printing photographs and stereoscopic views, about six hundred and twenty-five; obscene engraved steel and copper plates, three hundred and fifty; obscene lithographic stones destroyed, twenty; obscene wood-cut engravings, more than five hundred; stereotype plates for printing obscene books, more than five tons; obscene transparent playing-cards, nearly six thousand; obscene and immoral rubber articles, over thirty thousand; lead moulds for manufacturing rubber goods, twelve sets, or more than seven hundred pounds; newspapers seized, about four thousand six hundred; letters from all parts of the country, ordering these goods, about fifteen thousand; names of dealers in account-books seized, about six thousand; list of names in the hands of dealers, that are sold as merchandise, to forward catalogues and circulars to, independent of letters and account-books, seized, more than seven thousand; arrest of dealers since October 9, 1871, over fifty; publishers, manufacturers, and dealers dead since March last, six.

"With the exception of one arrest, this has all been done since the 2d of last March; and, with the exception of about three arrests, the whole work has been accomplished by myself, or under my own supervision, so that I know whereof I speak.

Cunning Devices for Poisoning.

"There are various ways by which this vile stuff has been disseminated. First, by advertising in the above-named papers. Some weeks there is not a single advertisement in some of the papers that is not designed either to cheat or defraud, or intended to be a medium of sending out these accursed books and articles. For instance, I have arrested a number of persons, one in particular, who advertised a musical album, to be sent for fifty cents. I sent the fifty cents, and received back a catalogue of obscene books, with the following card attached:

"'The album is only a pretence to enable us to forward you a catalogue of our fancy books. Should you order any of these books, your fifty cents will be credited.'

"It is needless to say that I ordered him to be arrested, had him locked up in the New Haven jail, and he has been indicted by the grand jury in the United States Court of Connecticut, and now is held in bail for trial. In the same way, by advertising beautiful views or pictures of some celebrated place or person, these men receive answers from innocent persons for these pictures, and among the pictures sent will be one or more of these obscene pictures, and catalogues of these vile books and rubber goods. For be it known that wherever these books go, or catalogues of these books, there you will ever find, as almost indispensable, a complete list of rubber articles for masturbation, or for the professed prevention of conception.

"Secondly. These abominations are disseminated by these men first obtaining the addresses of scholars and students in our schools and colleges, and then forwarding these circulars. They secure thousands of names in this way, by either sending for a catalogue of schools, seminaries, and colleges, under the pretence of sending a child to attend these places, or else by sending out a circular purporting to be getting up a directory of all the scholars and students in schools and colleges in the United States, or of taking the census of all the unmarried people, and offering to pay five cents per name for lists so sent. I need not say that the money is seldom or never sent, but I do say that these names, together with those that come in reply to advertisements, are sold to other parties; so that when a man desires to engage in this nefarious business, he has only to purchase a list of these names, and then your child, be it son or daughter, is as liable to have thrust into its hands, all unknown to you, one of these devilish catalogues.

Further Legislation Demanded.

"You will please observe that this business is carried on principally by the agency of the United States mails, and there is no law to-day by which we can interfere with the sending out of these catalogues and circulars through the mail, except they are obscene on their face: and there are scores of men that are supporting themselves and families to-day by sending out these rubber goods, etc., through the mails, that I cannot touch for want of law. There are men in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in Boston, and other places, who are doing this business, that I could easily detect and convict, if the law was only sufficient. There was one year ago published in and about New York and vicinity, one hundred and forty-four different obscene books. I have seized the stereotyped plates, steel and copper plates, etc., for one hundred and forty-two of these books. There were four publishers on the 2d of last March; to-day three of these are in their graves, and it is charged by their friends that I worried them to death. Be that as it may, I am sure that the world is better off without them. One man, since the year 1842 (according to his account book that I have), has published some eighteen or twenty different books, and has never, to my knowledge, been arrested, but has for years been the victim of black-mail by the detectives of New York city, and in this manner has been practically licensed by them to do this business.

"It is with great pleasure that I state that the refusal of President Grant to pardon those who have been convicted of this offence in the United States Courts, and of Gov. Hoffman those who have been convicted in this State in the State Courts, has sent dismay into the camp of these men, and will go very far toward checking this business. The district attorney and his deputies are ready to prosecute any and all cases when they are brought to their notice, and there is no question about these men having justice done them if convicted before any of our judges; so that all we want to break up this nefarious business, is a broader law. I present these facts for your consideration.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir, your obedient servant,

"ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

"HON. C. L. MERRIAM, House of Representatives, Washington."

Since the destruction of the stereotype plates of old books, secret circulars have been discovered of a notice to dealers that "twelve new books are in course of preparation and will soon be ready for delivery."

I believe the calling of the attention of the country to this monstrous crime, and the determination of the Representatives of the people in Congress to go to the farthest constitutional point within their power of legislation for its annihilation, will incite every State Legislature to enact similar laws for its final destruction.

The victims of this traffic have filled the prisons and madhouses of our land; hence every instinct of political economy demands prompt and vigorous action from good men everywhere. The Prison Association of New York says:

"Good men have ever lamented the pernicious influence of a depraved and perverted literature, but such literature has never been so systematically and widely diffused as at the present time. This is owing to two causes; its cheapness, and the facility of conveyance by steamboat and rail-car. A very large proportion of the works thus put in circulation are of the worst character, tending to corrupt the principles, to inflame the passions, to excite impure desire, and to spread a blight over all the powers of the soul. Brothels are recruited from this more than any other one source. Those who search the trunks of convicted criminals are almost sure to find in them one or more of these works; and few prisoners who can read at all fail to enumerate among the causes which led them into crime, the unhealthy stimulus of this depraved and pernicious literature."

The Bane in Great Britain

We read in an English journal that—

"The English Society for the Suppression of Vice has destroyed nearly one hundred and thirty thousand indecent prints; sixteen thousand illustrated books, five tons of letter-press of the same sort; over sixteen thousand sheets of songs, beside copper plates, printing presses, etc. The funds of the society are contributed by private individuals, and each prosecution costs $150. In New York there are firms having agents widely scattered whose diabolical mission is to introduce filthy books and pictures to schools. Surely a society for the suppression of vice might find supporters in New York."

Another influential paper, alluding to this subject, says:

"It seems that the same terrible evil, though in a form not as gross, yet, perhaps, for that very reason more dangerous, is found in England. As remarked by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in a conference with the managers of various societies in Glasgow, these poisonous productions have lost the grossness which they formerly possessed, and according to the same authority were working with such a pestilential force that, unless they were counteracted by some means, in a few years there would creep in such refined iniquity, profligacy, and corruption that it would defy all the chapels, all the mission-houses, all the agencies they possessed, to meet this enormous evil. His lordship added that murder, as well as other forms of crime, had been traced to the influence of these licentious publications, yet the evil was so insidiously conveyed in the English productions, that in his opinion, 'there was no power of law which would enable them to meet this danger and difficulty. He was quite certain that there did not exist a lawyer who would be able to draw a clause in an act of Parliament that would meet these abominations. He had put it before persons of discrimination and knowledge on these matters, and they had seen the whole force and the whole venom, but they had always said that that could not be brought within the reach of any law at all.'

"It is said that the grossness which appears to be absent from this depraved literature in Great Britain, is made up by the importation of obscene publications from the United States."

Englishmen deal less tenderly than we in what tends to demoralize their youth. Long ago the filthy newspaper publications of New York were suppressed in London.

Subtlety of the Poison.

A leading New York paper says:

"It is the duty of every parent and every teacher to be continually on the alert to thwart the introduction of this moral leprosy among those intrusted to their guardianship. It is a startling but too well-established fact, that no child who goes to a school of any kind in this vicinity, or even passes along the street with other children, is safe from the sly distributors of these pestilent publications. In repeated instances of late, the most careful of parents and instructors have been shocked to find such books and pictures in the possession of children of nine or ten years, who had received them as gifts, with an injunction to keep them concealed, and particular information as to where others might be bought. Such agencies of pollution operate so rapidly in soiling the purity of children's minds, and corrupting their lives, that teachers and parents cannot possibly be too vigilant in guarding against these baits of the devil."

With the passage of this bill I shall have performed a most uninviting duty. No man, even when impelled by a conscientious conviction of official duty, goes willingly down into the gutters of human depravity to act as scavenger to root out moral deformities.

He fights to advantage who knows his enemy. The good men of this country who regard their homes as their sanctuaries, warned by this exposure, will act with determined energy to protect what they hold most precious in life—the holiness and purity of their firesides.

Recent Act of Congress.

The following is a copy of the bill for the suppression of trade in, and circulation of, obscene literature and articles of immoral use, which passed both Houses of Congress, March 1, 1873.

That whoever, within the District of Columbia or any of the Territories of the United States or other place within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, shall sell, or lend, or give away, or in any manner exhibit, or shall offer to sell, or to lend, or to give away, or in any manner to exhibit, or shall otherwise publish or offer to publish in any manner, or shall have in his possession, for any such purpose or purposes, any obscene book, pamphlet, paper, writing, advertisement, circular, print, picture, drawing, or other representation, figure, or image on or of paper or other material, or any cast, instrument, or other article of an immoral nature, or any drug or medicine, or any article whatever, for the prevention of conception, or for causing unlawful abortion, or shall advertise the same for sale, or shall write or print, or cause to be written or printed, any card, circular, book, pamphlet, advertisement, or notice of any kind, stating when, where, how, or of whom, or by what means, any of the articles in this section hereinbefore mentioned can be purchased or obtained, or shall manufacture, draw, or print, or in any wise make any of such articles, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and on conviction thereof in any court of the United States having criminal jurisdiction in the District of Columbia, or in any Territory or place within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, where such misdemeanor shall have been committed, he shall be imprisoned at hard labor in the penitentiary for not less than six months nor more than five years for each offence, or fined not less than $100 nor more than $2000, with costs of court.

SEC. 2. That section one hundred and forty-eight of the act to revise, consolidate, and amend the statutes relating to the Post Office Department, approved June 8, 1872, be amended to read as follows:

SEC. 148. That no obscene, lewd, or lascivious book, pamphlet, picture, paper, print, or other publication of an indecent character, nor any article or thing designed or intended for the prevention of conception or procuring of abortion, nor any article or thing intended or adapted for any indecent or immoral use or nature, nor any written or printed card, circular, book, pamphlet, advertisement, or notice of any kind giving information, directly or indirectly, where, or how, or of whom, or by what means either of the things before mentioned may be obtained or made, nor any letter upon the envelope of which, or postal card upon which indecent or scurrilous epithets may be written or printed, shall be carried in the mail; and any person who shall knowingly deposit, or cause to be deposited, for mailing or delivery, any of the hereinbefore-mentioned articles or things, or any notice, or paper containing any advertisement relating to the aforesaid articles or things, and any person who, in pursuance of any plan or scheme for disposing of any of the hereinbefore-mentioned articles or things, shall take or cause to be taken, from the mail any such letter or package, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall, for every offence, be fined not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five thousand dollars, or imprisoned at hard labor not less than one year nor more than ten years, or both, in the discretion of the judge.

Sec. 3. That all persons are prohibited from importing into the United States, from any foreign country, any of the hereinbefore-mentioned articles or things, except the drugs hereinbefore mentioned when imported in bulk, and not put up for any of the purposes before mentioned; and all such prohibited articles in the course of importation shall be detained by the officer of customs, and proceedings taken against the same under section five of this act.

Sec. 4. That whoever, being an officer, agent, or employée of the Government of the United States, shall knowingly aid or abet any person engaged in any violation of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall, for every offence, be punished as provided in section two of this act.

Sec. 5. That any judge of any district or circuit court of the United States, within the proper district, before whom complaint in writing of any violation of this act shall be made, to the satisfaction of such judge, and founded on knowledge or belief, and, if upon belief, setting forth the grounds of such belief, and supported by oath or affirmation of the complainant, may issue, conformable to the Constitution, a warrant directed to the marshal, or any deputy marshal, in the proper district, directing him to search for, seize, and take possession of any such article or thing hereinbefore-mentioned, and to make due and immediate return thereof, to the end that the same may be condemned and destroyed by proceedings, which shall be conducted in the same manner as other proceedings in case of municipal seizure, and with the same right of appeal or writ of error: *Provided*, Nothing in this act shall be construed as repealing the one hundred and forty-eighth section of the act to which this is amendatory, or as affecting any indictments heretofore found or offences against the same, and the said indictments may be prosecuted to judgment as if this act had not been enacted.

The President signed this bill at once.

Within a few days (Dec. 10, 1873), Mr. Comstock has called upon me in Boston to report progress. In this city we have had for many years a number of advertising quacks who have not only filled a column of one of our daily papers with *hints*, but have sent out tons of so-called medical books quite as vile and mischievous as those published in New York. Mr. Comstock has succeeded in having them arrested, their books and pamphlets destroyed, and the *doctors* lodged in jail or placed under heavy bail to await trial. We need a thousand such young men to hunt up these wretches, in all parts of our country. Under the above law, which is now in force, and under State laws which happily are now moving forward to reinforce the national act, any friend of virtue, male or female, may quickly bring to justice these whelps of sin. It seems hard that decent men are not allowed to shoot them on sight as they would shoot a mad dog.

MISCHIEVOUS TATTLE.

I HAVE quoted in another place the opinions of several well-known gentlemen with reference to the extent to which masturbation prevails. One says that he has never conversed with a lad twelve years old "who did not know all about it, and understand the language usually employed to describe the practice." I have tried to think, and I *do* think, there is exaggeration in these statements.

An excellent medical man who has given much attention to the subject believes that the habit of self-pollution is wellnigh universal among young women, and by way of supporting this most lamentable conclusion, he adduces the testimony of Madame ———, principal of a large female seminary in New York, that the vice is exceedingly prevalent among the pupils of the best schools for girls. I confidently challenge the truth of this sweeping and frightful assertion.

A remark frequently made in my presence—that married men in the cities, especially men of means, generally keep mistresses—I have good reason to think, is a gross misrepresentation. A lady of spirit remarked in my hearing the other day, "I don't believe there's a man in this, the most respectable street in the city, who does not keep a mistress!" I reside in the street referred to, and felt some interest in the statement. I said to her:

"Madam, you know Mr. D.?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe he keeps a mistress?"

"No, I think he is an exception."

"You know Mr. W., Mr. N., Mr. J. C., Mr. R. and his son?"

"Oh, certainly; I know them all."

"Do you believe that any of these gentlemen keep mistresses?"

"I don't know about the son, but I can't believe the others do."

It is very easy to say that the gentlemen who reside in Fifth Avenue all keep mistresses; but if the speaker happens to know some of them, it might be difficult to convince him that his friends are guilty. A social shark told me once in a very confidential way that "there were not five men in town who could afford it, that did not keep mistresses."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Oh, I know 'em. They'll all go it, if they've got the stamps to pay the fiddler."

"If you were to ask me what proportion of the gentlemen in town keep mistresses," I replied, "I should say not one, so far as I know. And now, how does it happen that you know all about the private habits of tens of thousands of gentlemen in this city, and that I know nothing of them? My acquaintance is pretty large. How did you find it all out?"

With a brutal laugh he replied: "Oh, you needn't tell me; I know human nature."

I could only say: "I suspect that you judge human nature, as you call it, by your own interior. You look inside of yourself, and find there a certain condition. Then you infer that all other men are as void of chastity and honor as you find yourself. You certainly are not prepared to say that you actually know of even five married gentlemen in this city keeping mistresses? The statement, so far as it concerns real knowledge, is not only vulgar, but infamously false."

There are current a great many assertions of this character which are probably in a large measure false, and which are surely demoralizing to a fearful extent. Nothing demoralizes us like the conviction that the well-dressed, well-bred people about us are rotten at heart.

I wish I dared say what I think of ladies who gossip about such things.

You often meet them in boarding-houses. They will give you, confidentially, any number of startling facts about the private habits of their neighbors, but "*you mustn't mention it for all the world.*"

"Well, of course, it is not for me to say, but I am told that he was seen to enter her house at a very late hour, and that they have been seen to look at each other, even in church, in a very significant way."

Or a half-dozen *ladies* (?) belonging to the obscene news-reporters' corps will gather in one of their rooms; and if you have the hardihood to listen, you might hear something like the following:

Mrs. A. "Oh my! he is the most respectable man in all creation, and then he is awfully pious too."

Mrs. B. "Do you know he has the impudence to call her his niece, and actually pretends that she is there as a visitor? If I ever felt sorry for any creature in this world, it is for his wife. I really wish in my soul that some one would just go and tell her all about it, and yet I wouldn't have it done for anything. What an awful scandal it would make!"

Mrs. C. "Have you heard what that Irish girl who lives there says? You know the Irish *will sometimes* tell the truth."

All. "No; for pity's sake, what does *she* say?"

Mrs. C. "She says that she caught that 'beautiful blonde,' as they call her, in his private study."

Mrs. D. "Well, if they *ain't* getting along! What were they doing?"

Mrs. C. "Oh, of course, nothing at all; they were sitting there as innocent as lambs. He is too old to be caught at his tricks. And I wouldn't wonder if she knew more about things than her lamb-like innocence betrays. But here comes Mrs. E. She knows the family intimately, and will tell us all about them. Mrs. E., do you know Maggie McCarty, who works at Mr. ——'s?"

Mrs. E. "Certainly; I know her as a faithful servant who has lived a long time in that family."

Mrs. C. "What do you think she says about that beautiful blonde?"

Mrs. E. "I am sure I can't imagine."

Mrs. C. "She says she caught her in Mr. ——'s private study."

Mrs. E. "I presume so. I have just been there, and left her in his private study."

By all. "Worse and worse! Well, I never!"

Mrs. E. "Why, ladies, I don't understand you. I have called upon Mr. —— twenty times myself, in his private study, and it never occurred to me that there was any harm in it. I assure you that his niece is one of the sweetest, purest girls in the world, and thinks no more of sitting in his study than if she were his daughter."

Mrs. C. "Well, Mrs. E., I do declare! I did not think you were quite so green. I thought you knew more of the ways of the world. Oh, these men! I know 'em from top to toe, and I tell you there ain't one of 'em, young or old, that ever misses a chance."

A Rebuke to Scandal-Mongers.

Mrs. E. "Well, now, it is very curious, but I have been a great deal with men alone; in traveling I have a number of times been invited by gentlemen whose acquaintance I had made in the cars or on board steamer to accompany them to visit places or objects of interest, and I have gone with them. Once, before I was married, in Paris, I was invited by a gentleman whom I had met at table on the steamer to go with him to Fontainebleau to see the palace and other wonders. I was very glad of the opportunity, and we spent the day there, dining together, but by some oversight missed our return, and were obliged to remain over night. We slept at a little hotel in rooms which opened into each other, and, I remember, sat up late playing cards. My brother or father could not have treated me more delicately. Some lady told me afterward that this man was a hardened libertine, but I could not have wished a more gentlemanly, courteous, kind companion. If I were unmarried, and wished to spend a year in Europe or to make a trip round the world, I would not scruple to go alone with either of fifty gentlemen whom I know, and I should resent as an insult the suggestion that I was in any danger. Undoubtedly the lecherous gossip might be turned upon me, but all whose esteem and love I should care to preserve would understand me and applaud my pluck. It is too bad that, in addition to a hundred other disadvantages, a woman, when she wishes to see a mountain or to hear an opera with a man, must drag about with her another woman to watch and protect her virtue. The very idea fills me with anger and disgust. You may select the worst libertine in the world, and I will travel alone with him a year, and I will pledge you my life that he will never make an improper advance toward me, or utter an indelicate word, unless he might possibly forget himself under the influence of wine. And even then, if I looked him in the eye with a face of conscious virtue and purity, and asked him if I might not depend upon his honor and manhood, it would sober him in an instant. I thought we were getting over this sexual weakness and nastiness in America. You know that in Southern

Europe young women of the better classes are never permitted to be alone with young men. They are educated in convents, and constantly watched. If they have occasion to see young men, they are never left alone for a moment, for no one believes they would forego an opportunity. No matter what a young woman might be to begin with, under such a system she would soon become demoralized. In America we have risen above this level of the mere animal, and lovers spend night after night alone, fondling and kissing each other, with no apprehension on the part of their friends that they will forget themselves. There is no *virtue* without *liberty*—no progress, no manhood, no womanhood, without freedom. And I tell you, ladies, that no man ever makes improper advances toward a woman until she in some way signifies her willingness; or, to express it in another way, no man is guilty of such advances toward a woman in whom chastity is a real, living presence."

Mrs. C. "Well, I declare, ladies, Mrs. E. has preached us quite a sermon. All I can say is that she has been uncommon lucky to meet such nice, virtuous people. I am sure I never met her kind of a man. All that I ever saw stood ready day and night, and all the time, to take every mean advantage of a poor woman. And Mrs. E. may try to plaster over Mr. —— and his beautiful blonde as much as she pleases; I can never believe that that business is just what it should be."

Mrs. E. left, and the Committee on Scandal resumed business.

Mrs. C. "Perhaps out there in France Mrs. E. and her man slept in those separate rooms. But you needn't tell me; I don't believe a word of it," etc., etc., and so on till they have to adjourn to dress for dinner. But before they separate for the morning, Mrs. C. says: "I will tell you how I can find out about those girls. I will go immediately after dinner and see Mrs. S. She always knows all about such things. But I am just as sure those girls are no better than they ought to be as I am that my name is Harriet. And unless that young lawyer runs off, I am as sure as I am that I am alive that there will be rather a sudden wedding up there at the deacon's before a great while. But, ladies, you drop in here, every one of you, after tea this evening, and I will tell you all I can find out about it. And I am dreadfully afraid it is a very bad business. It will really break my heart if it should turn out that those girls, so respectable and pious, have been led away."

Is it not too bad that the hard, cruel prejudices of husbands and society should prevent these women from giving their persons unreservedly to indulgences about which their imaginations are so constantly busy, and all the gossip about which they roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues? and is it uncharitable to suggest that not one of that committee would resist even a moderate temptation if the circumstances offered reasonable hope of concealment?

What an escape-valve for such persons is a disgraceful rumor about some prominent clergyman! They feel themselves at liberty to talk with every one about it. Their first question is, "What do you think about the —— scandal? Do you think he is guilty?"

And then the filthy details brought out in trials for seduction, and published in some newspapers, are very bewitching to such persons.

I do not believe the prostitutes of the country contribute half so much toward lowering the moral tone of society as these pseudo-respectable scandal-mongers.

UNFAIR DISCRIMINATIONS IN MORALITY.

LESS than a week ago a fine-looking gentleman came into my office at an unusually early hour, and said, with an obvious effort at self-command, "I should like to have a private interview with you."

I sent out some lounging visitors, and my caller drew up close. After a long and painful silence, he went on in a dry voice to say:

"I have called to see if you can give me something to keep me from going mad! I am a ruined man! I am going mad! My God! can't you give me some opium or chloroform, or something that will keep me from insanity?"

I never saw any man nearer shrieking madness who could control himself at all. I took him at once into a Turkish bath near by, and held his hands and tried to soothe him until the profuse perspiration and the vigorous manipulations of the shampooers calmed him. After his bath he came back to me, and when he had drunk a cup of strong coffee told this story:

"I reside in C——. Have been there thirteen years and amassed a fortune. I have a wife and three little girls—as sweet little girls as ever lived. Our physician thought my wife and daughters should come east for the summer. I sent one of my clerks with them, and he left them at a mountain house in New Hampshire. Two weeks ago a letter came—an anonymous letter—telling me that my wife was carrying on a flirtation with a heartless *roué*. I wrote her at once, and demanded to know whether there was any truth in the report. Last Friday morning an answer came. It was handed to me in my counting-room. She confessed all. There is her letter; you can read it. I am willing that all the world should know it. She is no wife of mine from this hour."

I declined to read it, and said, with as much earnestness as I could command, "You are making a terrible mistake in telling a stranger about this. Put the letter in your pocket and say not a word to anybody, but wait till you see her and hear her."

He replied: "I telegraphed her to meet me here to-day, and I expect her in the train which comes down from New Hampshire at half-past one. I will not kill her; I will not touch her; but as soon as I get possession of my little girls, the woman can go back to her paramour. I will never see her again."

Infidelity Frantic with Jealousy.

I asked him to ride with me, and when we were seated behind a favorite horse, I requested him to drive. We sat in silence a while, and then I said to him:

"Will you answer me a question?"

"I will."

"You have been married a number of years. Have you been faithful to your wife?"

"Not altogether."

"Tell me about it."

All restraint and caution had given way, and he unhesitatingly replied:

"There is a young woman in C—— whom I have visited frequently, and I have visited two or three women in New York, when I have been there making my purchases. But that is a very different thing. Of course it's a very different thing with us men. No one expects a man to be an angel."

"Have you ever had reason to suspect your wife before?"

"Never! Why, I should as soon have suspected my aged mother. And if she had not written it herself, I would not have believed the whole world against her. But there it is in black and white. Nothing can ever blot it out."

He had again taken the missive from his pocket and offered it to me. That a wife should have voluntarily testified against herself in such a matter struck me as so strange that I was seized with a sudden desire to read her letter. The interesting part was the first paragraph, in which the writer said about this:

"My outraged, but adored husband. I have fallen. God only knows how it all happened. It seems a horrid dream. May God forgive me! I am sure you never can. Oh, what will become of me?" And so on.

"Why did she confess it?" was my first exclamation. "She was overcome by a scoundrel. Why was she so insane as to proclaim her misfortune, and thus ruin all those she most loves?"

"Why, sir," replied the husband, "she is crystallized truth, and would not tell a lie to save her body from the flames and her soul from perdition. She can't lie!"

I saw at once that I had said the wrong thing, but I was yearning to save the unhappy man from a step which would cost himself and all his loved ones a life of wretchedness, and I could not help exclaiming, "Never have I heard of such an instance of truth and courage. Not another woman in a million would have done it!"

"Oh, sir, I have always thought her an angel of goodness and purity."

A Plea for Justice not less than Mercy.

And then I pleaded with him: "You, who have kept a mistress when you were living with your wife every day; you, who in another city have mingled with lewd women, and, I venture to say, have carefully concealed it from your wife; you, who have not scrupled to indulge your passions without limit, and have constantly practiced concealment; you have now heard that your wife, who has been absent from you two or three months, has been led astray in probably a single instance, by some practiced villain, and are raving like a maniac about it. Your wife is so brave, so true in her soul to you, that, at the peril of losing everything that, as a wife, a mother, she prizes most in this world, she has told you all. If, under such circumstances, with your own past, because this crystal of truth and devotion has been overcome by some artful scoundrel, you cast her off to the scorn of the world, you will richly deserve to be punished here and hereafter. If you were a Turk with fifty female slaves in your harem, it would be another case. But your wife is a free woman, and, by your own confession, a hundred times nobler and purer than yourself, and now you are raving mad because once in her life she has done what you have been doing ever since you stood at the altar and vowed before God that you would be true to her so long as you both should live. You have violated that vow a hundred times, voluntarily seeking opportunities. Now your wife has given way once to what temptations you have no idea, and you are in a towering rage; you are horrified at the enormity of her offence. You, one party to the vow, violate your solemn engagement a hundred times, and, I presume, twenty times during her absence this summer. Your wife, the other party to the contract, you do not believe has ever broken her vow before, and in your heart you do not believe she ever will again, but she frankly confesses to you, who, not improbably, were committing the same sin in C—— at the moment that she was falling. She humbles herself in the dust, begs God's forgiveness, but is afraid you can never forgive her. And now, as she lies prostrate at your feet, you fall into a furious rage at the monstrous wrong done to *you!*"

He interrupted me several times, but I insisted upon being heard. I said to him, "You have brought this painful event to my notice, unsolicited by me, and as it suggests a subject upon which I have long cherished intense feelings, I demand a hearing. The fact is, most men don't believe that the marriage contract is binding upon both parties. They have their own 'little irregularities,' and joke about them; but let a wife lapse, and the husband howls with rage.

"The clergyman says, 'Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?' The man answers, 'I will.' And all this in the midst of the most solemn prayers. The man violates this vow, as you have done a hundred times, without a twinge; but if, under any circumstances, the wife breaks the vow, the man flies into holy horror, as you are doing. Men seem to think that they own their wives. They don't believe it is a partnership; it is an ownership. I am tired, sick, disgusted, and indignant at the attitude of men toward women. They insist that the women shall wear tight corsets, so that they can't breathe, long skirts, so that they can't walk, that they shall not touch more than half a dozen occupations, and these the least profitable, that they shall depend upon the sovereign pleasure and gracious condescension of themselves, and then, if, in their love, or helplessness and poverty, they yield to the beseeching importunities of men, they fly into moral heroics, and hyper-grand ravings, as you are doing."

Just about here he cried out, "But what will the world say? I shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country—"

I interrupted him with saying, "Oh, you miserable coward! You force me to say it. Is it possible that you have permitted this grovelling fear to influence you? Suppose neither of you had lapsed till now, and you had sinned and had thrown yourself upon your wife's mercy and begged her forgiveness, do you suppose she would have stood aloof and wondered what the world would say?"

At the end of a two hours' conversation, we neared the city again that my companion might be in time to receive his family. I pleaded with him as I have never pleaded with any other man, to rise above his brutal rage and grovelling fears, forget everything but the loving, truthful, broken-hearted wife, and the dear little ones, the links which should ever bind them together, confess his own sins to his wife, and begin a new life with her. The strong man broke down and wept like a child. "I will try," he sobbed out, "but you must see her with me. I can't do it alone."

"No," I said, "I shall do nothing of the kind. You are a strong man. You could lead a charge on a battery. I know you are brave enough for this trial. Nothing could tempt me to go further with you." He shook me by the hand, and I believed in him. The following evening I received this telegram from Buffalo:

"God bless you. It is all over, and we shall be happier than ever."

There was no name. I had not asked his name. Had he offered me his card after his wretched revelations, I should have refused to look at it. It is better in all such cases that when people part, no trace should remain.

One Criterion for Both Sexes.

The quiet composure or double-fisted passion with which married men of irregular habits discuss chastity in wives, affords a most remarkable exhibition of brazen assurance. Although it is a recognition of her superior virtue, it must be hard for a clear-headed, pure-hearted woman to realize that she is but a single one in a harem of five or ten, and that while even a strong *suspicion* of her chastity would turn her into the street, away from home and children, shunned by every friend, the other member of the firm can run at large, indulging himself at pleasure, without losing home, children or social status.

Let us have a common standard of virtue for both sexes. Whatever is demanded of "the weaker vessel," so much at least should the stronger require of himself and of his brethren.

Something Decent People will Hardly Believe.

On —— street, in Boston, is a large, first-class store, with female clerks. A noble girl, whose father I had known intimately, came to ask my advice, as he while on his death-bed had charged her to do. It seemed necessary that she should have something remunerative at once. She could not wait to learn a profession or trade. I suggested a dry-goods store, and named this one in particular. I had noticed that the girls were remarkably well dressed, and naturally inferred that they were well paid. Accordingly, she presented herself to the proprietor in his grand private office, and asked employment. He was struck with her appearance, and offered her a place. She ventured to ask what compensation she might expect. He named three dollars per week, but promised to increase the wages after a time. She asked what pay she might expect when she became familiar with the business. Six dollars a week, he said, he gave to his best girls.

"But," she replied, "how is it possible to pay my way and dress as I see your girls dress? My board would cost me at least six dollars a week."

"Ah! I see you don't know the ways of the world," he replied. "You must get some good gentleman friend to dress you."

Timid and bashful, she said nothing more, but came back to me. When I told her what he meant, she could not believe it. It had not occurred to her that this wealthy merchant intended to advise that she should become somebody's mistress. And now, when I think of it, this tradesman is bright. He has, say forty girls, and they must be handsomely dressed. It would cost him at least one hundred dollars a week to clothe them. Now, to a smart Yankee, in whose composition the soul happened to be left out, that would be a serious matter, to be dodged by any means that would permit him to keep outside of the jail. How simple to get forty girls who have gentlemen friends to clothe them! Don't you see? You may not be able to, but this huckster does.

I must make haste to say that there are honorable men, happily many of them in this city, who not only would not keep a girl of this class, but who are careful to make their employés independent of such temptations.

But the truth compels me to add that a great city like New York has thousands of employers who know that their hands must seek additional means outside to pay for their living.

Bookbinding employs a great many girls. An honorable gentleman formerly engaged in the business assures me that, while in the better class of binderies they receive compensation enough to squeeze through, in a large majority of them the pay is so small that they must add in some way to their slender purses. Thousands of small rooms now finished off over stores furnish the opportunity. A young woman who finds herself cold or hungry or naked consents to occupy one of these rooms with a "friend." The relation may last but a week; it may continue a year. In this way the young woman generally contrives to keep her own wages for clothing, while the young man pays for rent, fuel and food. In these Atlantic cities the number of such homes is prodigious. It is the Parisian, or perhaps I should say the Continental, plan. The old system of great houses of prostitution in vogue in our large cities years ago has mostly given place to this quiet, hidden prostitution. The friends of virtue deeply mourn the change. That was comparatively open, could be found and dealt with, but this it seems impossible to break up.

I said it seems impossible; yet nothing would be easier. Give those girls remunerative occupations, and they will remain chaste. Not one in twenty would "take up" with any man if she could earn fifteen dollars a week. Even if she had no moral sense, the risk is too great. But, as a matter of fact, women are modest and virtuous to a degree which men find it difficult to comprehend.

CELIBACY.

PAUL taught that sometimes it is a duty. Medical men, who know that deformities and various taints are transmitted to children, protest against certain marriages. There are thousands of women with some physical incapacity for child-bearing.

If we add together those who would devote themselves to some grand mission and those who are the victims of deformities, taints and physical incapacities, we shall find among the better classes of our population not only a large number, but many of the choicest people.

Shall such persons remain unmarried?

If marriage means frequent indulgence, and children as "the Lord sends them," then we say that all these should remain unmarried.

If marriage may to such mean union of two loving souls for the journey of life, with only such occasional sexual intimacies as cannot result in offspring, then not only may they enjoy this most blissful of earthly relations, but contribute immensely thereby to the highest good of society.

Some people never find mates. A young lady told me that many girls of her acquaintance, cultivated and clever, never had a beau.

It often happens that duty to relatives seems to, and perhaps does, require one to live unmarried. Charles Lamb's devotion to his sister is a familiar instance.

Economy is an unworthy reason for celibacy. Exigencies arise sometimes when, for a brief season, marriage may be put off for monetary considerations. But no amount of money which can be saved, and no amount of good things which can be possessed, can ever approach to equalling the blessedness of wedded love. Whoever puts such things in the scale against true marriage may be sure there is something wrong in him or herself. Besides, a man and a woman working together, and willing to remain childless for the time, can gather and save faster than they can working apart. So, if they have no home, let them work together till they make one.

Another unworthy reason for celibacy is desire for freedom from the limitations of married life in the direction of travel and personal luxury. It does indeed cost more to "do Europe" with a wife than without one; but better a wife and no Europe than all Europe and no wife.

But the utterly vile reason for remaining single is that it gives the greatest license.

Some writers speak as if the single life must needs mean unbridled licentiousness. It is said that "celibacy profanes and debases woman, making her the plaything of the passions." As a historical fact, such has been the effect of *systematized* celibacy. But many and many a one has walked in celibate chastity all through life, increasing in purity and loveliness of heart to the end.

An able writer says: "The devotion to some high purpose, whether it be connected with the love of neighbor, the love of God or the pursuit of science, is 'a right' reason for renouncing family life. Examples of this kind compel our admiration; and usually the self-inflicted deprivation ennobles the character, as cheerful renunciation is ever sure to do. A devoted and eminent clergyman, remarkable for the geniality of his disposition, once replied to a friend of ours who bantered him on his celibacy that he was already married—that his bride was the Church. He who can thus feel all his yearnings satisfied by the duties of his calling does well to abide content therewith. But let no man entertain for a moment the inexcusable doctrine that there is any other code of morals for genius or for unusual ability than that laid down in the Bible. There have not been wanting specious writers who, on this plea, justify, or at least palliate, the immoralities of such men as Goethe, Byron and Rousseau. When celibacy means anything but *chastity*, no matter by whom or for what reason assumed, then is it that violation of the highest physical and moral law than which not one is more blameworthy or fraught with heavier penalties."

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

YOU are more than twenty years of age; you are thinking of matrimony. I submit for your consideration the following advice:

As you would shun shipwreck, shun the victims of tobacco, alcohol and lust. These evils constitute the BAD TRIO. *They are rarely separated.* You may hardly credit the following statements; yet they are *true:*

Of one hundred men who use tobacco, ninety-five use strong drink,—it may be privately and in "moderate" quantities.

Of one hundred men who use strong drink, more than ninety-five use tobacco.

Of one hundred who use these poisons, every one has excited amativeness, and a very large proportion of them indulge it more or less outside the bars.

Can anything be more pitiful than a sweet, pure girl led to the altar, like a lamb to the slaughter, by a slave of the Bad Trio? This life presents few sadder scenes. Does it differ much from the brutal slave-dealer leading the pretty quadroon from the auction-block to his plantation? There is a difference: the bride consents. But does it never happen, I wonder, that her necessities and the prejudices of society leave as little margin for free will, as the old fatalists or the modern anti-free-will theologians have contended human nature possesses? We cannot deny that there is a certain liberty of action; but when we consider the nature of the intimacies between husband and wife, a marriage between a clean, loving, pure woman and a man who is the slave of rum, tobacco and lust, must strike every decent soul as an infamous degradation and outrage.

I will not advise you to avoid the sons of those who have served in the ranks of the Bad Trio, but you certainly run a great risk in marrying the offspring of a sot. He may not turn out a drunkard, but he has certainly received an imperfect brain. No inebriate can give his child a well-poised moral nature.

If the man who offers you his heart and hand is of a household which has been visited by insanity, consumption or epilepsy, you are a reckless woman if you do not hesitate ere you accept him.

Do not marry an invalid. During courtship and the honeymoon he may do, but in the long, hard strain of life he will prove anything but an arm of support, anything but an agreeable companion.

Avoid a dandy. He is a poor, weak post to tie to, but not quite so unreliable as a lazy, shiftless fellow. Better drown yourself than marry this kind of chap.

A man with great love of money, niggardly in all his expenditures, a close-fisted, miserly man, is more to be dreaded than the spendthrift. The miser may be a producer, and thus in the long run, perhaps, a better *citizen* than the spendthrift; but to the wife a miserly husband is a great affliction. What can be more exasperating than, when in plain sight of thousands she asks for a hundred, to hear, in sharp tones, "Where's the dollar I gave you last week?"

If you are bright, you will not be long in finding out whether your suitor loves you for your body only. If his approaches show this to be the sort of love he bears you, you are an idiot to consent to become his wife. Before the first year is over he will love some other human female, and then you will have plenty of time during his absence to cry over your miserable weakness in selling your person for board and clothes.

If you are a clean woman, I need not advise you to shun a fellow with dirty linen and hands. He would prove an unceasing affliction.

And finally, I scarcely need advise one with womanly instincts not to hold her personal charms cheap even after marriage. Up to the hour of the ceremony you have remained intact. Nothing will contribute so much to the preservation of your husband's devotion as great reserve and modesty on your part. A separate bed is priceless.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

YOU are thinking of matrimony. You would of course like to be sensible in your choice. Consider the following suggestions:

Do not select a woman with a temperament very similar to your own. You may judge of temperament by the color of the hair and skin, by the shape of the body and intensity of the nervous system. *Do not select a woman with a forehead shaped like your own.* If you are large, do not marry a small woman. The disparity in size should not be great. The several reasons for this advice are too obvious to need mention. Such an error among animals often proves fatal, as indeed it often does among human beings.

Avoid a small waist as you would the plague. Do not marry an invalid. What you want is not a patient to nurse, but a helpmeet. If you join your fortunes to those of a pale, nervous, cold-blooded, fainting creature, you will spend the rest of your life in bemoaning your folly. Do not choose your mate from a family cursed with epilepsy, insanity or consumption.

Do not select an over-dressed woman. Excess of jewelry and other ornament shows a weakness, not to say vice, intolerable in your nearest friend and companion. It is vulgar and cheap, and is never found in superior persons. Shun the untidy as you would an open drain. Give an unloving daughter a wide berth. Avoid ignorant girls and those with excessive accomplishments. If in this country a young woman is exceptionally ignorant, it proves a lack of capacity, while an excess of accomplishments shows a certain light-headedness, a certain lack of the plain, substantial qualities which are so desirable in a life-long companion. Avoid very homely and very handsome women. If your choice is very ugly, she will constantly wound your taste in herself and in your children; and if she is very beautiful, all the men in the neighborhood will be likely to find it out, and some of them may tell her about it, or she may chance to look in the glass and discover it herself. Don't marry your cousin. Your wife should be over twenty years of age.

Be perfectly frank in comparing your tastes and principles, your aspirations, hopes and aims, *before marriage.* You should take especial pains to do so, that you may not commit the sad mistake of tying together uncongenial natures,—of yoking "incompatibles." There must be mutual concessions, all along, to insure the harmony and final unity of even those most congenial; but oil and water better not attempt to blend,—it is against nature and the trial will result in failure. When the ceremony is over and you have retired to your chamber, make a little speech to your wife. The following will do:

"MY PRECIOUS COMPANION: During our courtship we have been very happy. It has been the supreme joy of my life. We both feel that in possessing each other we have secured our greatest good. The instinct which underlies this love between husband and wife would quickly disappear if we gave ourselves up to the unrestrained indulgences of passion. As we prize this precious love we must not only avoid excess, but we must preserve our delicacy and modesty."

The material for the residue of this little speech may be found in those chapters of this work which discuss excess, our sleeping arrangements, etc., etc. You never uttered thoughts so vital to your future happiness.

And now let me whisper an important secret in your ear. You have an income of a hundred dollars a month, more or less. Your wife has no separate income. Put your money in the upper little drawer in your bureau. Have a carpenter put on a fine lever lock, with two keys. Give your wife one, and keep the other yourself. Say to her, "*Our* money is in that drawer; help yourself." Not three wives in a hundred will spend too much. Three out of four will spend too little, and you will have to urge them to use more, and that will increase your mutual love. That little drawer will prevent half the troubles between husband and wife. It is sure to prevent all extravagance. Those little keys will unlock your mutual confidence and love.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

WHEN the lecture is done and the people are on their way home, they fall to talking over the discussions of the evening. Each person brings up the point with which he was most impressed, and in the course of conversation all the striking features of the address are recalled. So I purpose adding a number of miscellaneous paragraphs which may serve to fix in my readers' mind the chief thoughts of the foregoing chapters.

Are Women Ordained to be the Subjects of Men?

"In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire shall be toward thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." We often hear this passage quoted as a scriptural argument for the subjection of the wife to the husband. Upon the same authority, with equal justice, might be maintained the absolute power of the elder over the younger brother, for in the next chapter of Genesis it is recorded that the Lord said to Cain, referring to his brother Abel, "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." But the most rigid sticklers for divine appointment would hardly found an argument on this in favor of the first-born. Should we, however, admit God's sentence upon Eve to have been that her husband should rule over her, we ought to remember that it was not pronounced as a command, but as a curse; that it proclaimed, not a law for the direction of human conduct, but a punishment for transgression. It was little more than a prophecy of the misery that man's passion would thenceforth inflict upon the female world.

Again, these biblical conservatives point with triumph to the fact that Adam was first created, Eve being a side-issue—an after-thought. But beasts, birds and fishes were formed before Adam, and we believe no one beyond a certain traveller named Gulliver has argued their superior excellence. Rather would it seem that the triumphs of Creative Genius culminated in woman.

Adam, in his handsome explanation to the Lord of the apple affair, speaks of Eve as "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me," not "the woman thou gavest to be my property."

In the ninth chapter of Genesis, when we are told of the creation of man, it is said, "Male and female created he them." "And God blessed them, and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Nothing here, we think, to suggest a male monopoly of dominion.

St. Paul is a favorite referee with the self-styled lords of creation. They quote insulated passages from his letters, ignoring the circumstances under which they were written, and which decide whether they were intended as general precepts or admonitions in particular cases. The vices of the Athenian and other Grecian women were notorious, and doubtless Paul, on the principle that desperate diseases require desperate remedies, was extreme in his advice to them; but as if to guard against any perversion of his meaning, he says in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, "Nevertheless, neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord; for as the woman is of the man, even so is the man by the woman."

Christ in no instance touched upon female subjection—an omission which the great Teacher would not have made, surely, had an ordinance on that subject been divinely enacted.

"The Social Evil"—Some of its Causes.

"The corruption of morals," says a late writer, "arises also from the despotism of governments, from disproportion in rank, and from

Extreme Inequality in Fortunes.

"Deprived of political rights by the sovereignty of an individual, the subjects make amends by precipitating themselves into pleasures, and despots favor sensuality in order to reign more easily over an enervated people. We shall always notice a great demoralization in the countries where men of power possess all, while the people attached to the cultivation of the soil have nothing of their own. The slave becomes perverted, the master dissolute. The slave has the shameful glory of corrupt ing his master, and the latter has in his hand the power to satisfy his libidinous caprices and the fortune to pursue his pleasures."

It is easy to find other causes for libertinism, prostitution and the viler crimes of a kindred nature. First, the law of

Hereditary Transmission,

which almost invariably decrees a vicious child to a licentious father. This fact all history proves. Messalina was the daughter of Lepida, a debauched prostitute. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was as bad as her father, and gave birth to a child of equally strong animal propensities.

The social causes that conduce to these crimes are many and various. Men encourage, rather than restrain, their worst passions, and women, in

Ignorance and Vanity,

offer no opposition to the libertine's advances. The idleness of most young girls in what is called our first society is a fruitful mother of mischief. Their minds are not fed by nourishing food, and they seek abnormal gratification. They become morbid, restless, melancholy, and are soon ready to admit suggestions of evil.

The case of the working-girl who loses her virtue is still more sad.

Hunger and Unkindness

assail her. Her bloom fades. Her future is a black distance into which she dares not look. Temptation comes to her whose weakness should be a protection against the basest libertine that breathes. Warmth and comfort and love are offered. Her thoughts dwell on this subject incessantly. Virtue becomes at last an idle name to her, not the symbolic word whose translation is a pure life. She falls, and her fatal course can never be retraced.

In houses of prostitution exceptional cases are often found—girls who have been drugged and violated; others who live degraded lives for the sake of the money it enables them to give helpless relatives; and a still smaller number possessing constitutions so libidinous that they voluntarily choose the life which best gratifies their ungovernable passions.

Unchastity has Sapped the Nations.

In looking through the pages of history we see the fairest societies corrupted by libertinism, until at last they drop to pieces from very rottenness. The Saturnalian orgies of ancient Rome were the efficient cause of her downfall. Epicures in vice were not satisfied with ordinary crimes, but sought out every low and disgusting form of lust to give the zest of novelty to its indulgence. Nero took emetics after a full meal that he might renew the gratification of his gluttony, and excited his palled senses with love-philters that he might plunge into fresh debaucheries. The closest ties of blood were no protection; incest was common. Caligula committed the horrible crime with all his sisters. Fathers violated the honor of their own daughters. Who can tell from what polluted stream were filled the veins of that Italian father whose unnatural heart was pierced in later days by the dagger of Beatrice Cenci?

We read with a shiver of disgust how the empress Messalina pitted herself against a most notorious courtesan, and outdid her in the number of men she admitted in one night to her embraces. He who declared that Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion, like many a later Cæsar, considered his right to the monopoly of the vices beyond all question, and in the lack of more new worlds to conquer applied himself to the general overthrow of feminine virtue.

Bacchus and Venus were the gods to whose worship every instinct of decency was sacrificed. In certain temples, after the religious ceremonies were ended, the lights were put out, and indiscriminate license prevailed.

Heliogabalus drove naked through the streets of Rome, attended by a crowd of his favorite women in the same condition.

The wife of Augustus, in order to preserve her influence with her husband, sought out young girls for his lecherous gratification—an example that was afterward followed at the corrupt French court by Madame de Maintenon toward her royal lover.

In Greece corruption was no less universal, though it was marked by a semblance of refinement. Disgusting indecencies were less common. The most famous courtesans of the state were also its most gifted women. Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles, was the admiration of all Greece. Socrates, the teacher of morals, was licentious in the extreme.

A glance at ancient Egypt reveals a like state of morals. The huge pyramid of Cheops was built by the lovers of King Ptolemy's daughter, its height attesting the number of her prostitutions. The story of Cleopatra is too well known to need more than a reference. She personified the spirit of the age as she stepped from the rich tapestry in which she had been rolled, and, all drenched with perfume, stood out before the king nude, shameless and beautiful.

In modern Europe the corruption of France in the reigns just preceding the Revolution is well known. A virtuous woman was obliged to apologize for her eccentricity. Madame de Sévigné records with equanimity in the one case and pleasure in the other the devotion of her husband and son to the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos, a woman who kept up her prostitutions to so advanced an age that her own grandson fell in love with her, and killed himself when told of the relationship between them.

In Italy the vices of the Borgias and the Medicis were proverbial. Jane I., queen of Naples, organized brothels, and they were established in various cities of Italy and France.

In seeking the causes for the overthrow of these different nations, or the social revolutions that have agitated them, we invariably find that the licentiousness of their people has bred decay within them and led to their decline and fall.

The Dangerous Classes.

"The man who inherits from his parents an impulsive or easily-tempted nature and an inert will and judgment, and commits a crime under the influence of strong emotion, can no more be placed in the same category of responsibility with a man of more favorable constitution and temperament than can a man who steals a loaf under the pangs of starvation with a merchant who commits a forgery to afford him the means of prolonging a guilty career. I do not hesitate to say that these constitutional defects may be (and *daily are*) so combined as to produce *almost* complete irresponsibility, under a rational system of judgment, even in cases where the intellect, *such as it is,* remains coherent, and its possessor is accounted sane. Hence arises in great measure that strange, insoluble problem of our race—the existence of what are called the 'DANGEROUS CLASSES,' a people who seem set apart to fill our jails, our penitentiaries, our houses of correction, our penal settlements; a people at war with their kind, natural enemies of their brethren, a leaven leavening and infecting, and drawing into the vortex of its own corruption even the comparatively sound elements of society; the pariahs of humanity, the despair of philanthropists, the opprobrium of legislation."

Stock-Breeding and Stirpiculture.

Not a thousand miles from this city resides a man whose business is the raising of swine. By certain crossing of different breeds, and by certain management of food, sunshine, cleanliness and freedom to move about, he has greatly improved his stock. He has sold boars at fabulous figures; and a sow which, if judged by the scales at the present price of pork, would be worth about ten dollars, recently brought a sum I hardly dare to mention lest the statement should be thought incredible.

This person has a wife so exactly like himself in temperament that it is physiologically impossible for his children to be equal to their parents. She is a fashionable, corseted creature, and lives on a bad diet, with little exercise. The man himself leads what is called "a fast life," is hardly ever seen without a cigar in his mouth, and is said by his personal friends to be far from strict in his notions of sexual morality.

These people have three boys, but the father, with all his parental partiality, cannot contrive to discover large promise in them. He would give half his fortune for a noble son in whom his pride as well as his love could centre. Yet nobody can know better than he that such violations of natural law would soon run his pigs into long noses, scrawny forms and general worthlessness.

Children are the offspring of their parents, and there is no chance nor possibility of accident about the qualities they inherit. Our breeder of swine is full of clear, definite knowledge on this point. You need not inform him what the probabilities are in regard to the children of inferior swine. If you will give him the breed of the parents, their ages and their treatment as to food, light, cleanliness and locomotion, he will not guess about the offspring, but speak with moral certainty—he will give you the exact results.

At a recent cattle sale at York Mills, N. Y., a shorthorn Durham cow sold for $40,000, another for thirty-odd thousand, and yet others for $27,000 and $20,000. These creatures came by no happy accident, but through the working of definite and well-known laws. Tell a breeder that you fancy cattle speckled with red and white. Go that way ten years later, and he will show you five hundred head all covered with the spots prescribed.

But it is hardly necessary at this late day to go over the wonders, sometimes amounting almost to miracles, of propagative science. Cattle-breeders, horse-breeders and dog-breeders will produce almost any size, shape, color or mental peculiarity that you may ask for. And all this is achieved through laws as definite and fixed as those of chemistry.

But now let us consider human beings.

Are the Same Laws Applicable?

No thoughtful man ever doubted that they were. But is it worth while to improve human beings? Everybody is ready with the reply that a single glorious man is worth all the cattle on a thousand hills, though every one be a short-horn Durham.

Then why not? All our other achievements are as nothing compared to this. Railroads, banks and manufactures are only means; the great end of life is to elevate, ennoble and glorify humanity. That is to be the culminating triumph of the planet.

A Case of Heinous Crime.

If you wish to know how little intelligent, refined, and even pious, people comprehend parental obligations, I ask you to consider the following facts. A clergyman, the victim of inherited epilepsy, married a lady whose mother and sister were insane. Both these persons were remarkably intellectual and cultivated. They accepted with becoming resignation four children "the Lord sent them." During her fifth pregnancy she became crazy and committed suicide.

Every one aware of the absolute certainty with which the children of these parents must inherit those fearful taints will, while he mourns the death of a brilliant woman and a devoted wife and mother, rejoice that no more children are to be added to that family.

The Penalties of Lewdness.

Apart from the moral wrong of unchastity, it is attended with numerous physical evils. A frequent repetition of the venereal act is accompanied with much injury to the system. Dr. X. Bourgeois says: "The sperm is without dispute the most important and the most precious secretion of the economy. It is the purest extract of the blood, and according to the energetic expression of Fernel, *Totus homo semen est.* Not only is the prolific fluid destined to communicate the spark of life; it should contribute to maintain the life of the individual. It is necessary that it should enter again into the current of the circulation, in order to bring always a new vigor to the vital functions, and to contribute in that way toward the prolongation of existence. The abuse of the genital power hinders this so salutary reabsorption, so necessary even for the health." "We ought not, then, to be surprised that an act requiring so great an expenditure of vitality proves injurious in the highest degree when it is reiterated abusively. A peculiar character of the diseases which have their origin in venereal excesses is their chronicity. Individual predispositions, acquired or hereditary, engender for each a series of peculiar ills. In some the debility bears upon the pulmonary organs. Hence results the dry cough, prolonged hoarseness, stitch in the side, spitting blood, and finally phthisis. In others symptoms of chlorosis, of anæmia, predominate, and without directly compromising the existence, sadden their days by incessant sufferings."

Instances are given where noted debauchees have died in the arms of their mistresses from an effusion of blood in the brain or lungs or the rupture of an aneurism. But no other attendant evil of libertinism is so deadly as the syphilis which is often communicated through its indiscriminate embraces. Cazenave, Reynaud and Littre have supposed that this horrible disorder existed among the ancients. Others date its European origin from the fourteenth century. The general opinion seems to be that it was imported from the New World by the companions of Christopher Columbus. No other malady is so harrowing in its every aspect. As loathsome as the sin is in the moral world, so is its result in the physical. It is acquired under all circumstances. A touch, a kiss, is sufficient to communicate it. Perhaps its saddest feature is its ready transmission to the hapless child in the womb. "I recall," writes Dr. Bourgeois, "the heart-breaking anguish of a mother whom I assisted at her fifth confinement. She related to me her misfortunes: 'I have already brought into the world four children. Alas! they all died during the first months of their existence. A frightful eruption wasted them away and killed them. Save me the one that is about to be born!' cried she, in tears. The child that I delivered was sickly and puny. A few days after its birth it had purulent ophthalmia; then crusted and ulcerated pustules, a few at first, numerous afterward, covered the entire surface of the skin. Soon this miserable little being became as meagre as a skeleton, hideous to the sight, and died. Having questioned the husband, he acknowledged to me that he had had syphilis, and that his wife had acquired it."

The statistics of the Paris hospitals will give an idea of the extent of this disease. From 1804 to 1814, 27,576 patients entered the hospital for venereal diseases. From 1814 to 1842 there had been admitted 112,233 patients; and from 1842 to 1852 the number exceeded 38,000 men, women and children.

Sinking Lower and Lower.

"Young men are not thrown at the first chance into the scandals and orgies of libertinism. But they glide on the rapid descent of vice; from one fault they go to another, until they arrive at the bottom of the abyss. In early youth they aspire after liberty, and long to prove their manhood by launching into the fields of the unknown. The hour is come. They forsake the family. And behold them in the midst of the whirl of pleasures, giving the purest of their souls to the first courtesan that comes, or tasting the first fruit of love with a poor girl whom they abuse. Then, more and more greedy, they run from one to another; they deceive, and are deceived; they dishonor, and are dishonored. In these impure intercourses soon are withered all the blossoms of the mind; soon are shaken out, one by one, and scattered to the winds, all the sentiments of the heart. They become avowed libertines; they seek sensual pleasures which are novel to their satiated senses, and risk the greatest scandals. Deaf to the groans of their victims, insensible to the misfortunes which are sown in their footsteps, they respect nothing, neither age nor position nor solemn engagements nor the ties of blood. They are numerous and dangerous, these Lovelaces, terrible Minotaurs who prey upon beautiful forsaken ones in order to devour them. They are ever on the watch, their nose to the wind, in order to arrive at the moment of faltering and to fascinate more easily their prey."

"You will generally find that the prostitute is capricious, turbulent, talkative by nature, deceitful from interest, generous without discrimination, selling herself coldly to all, but preserving her heart for a miserable lover whom she has chosen for herself and of whom she is jealous. She gives herself up to gluttony, to intemperance, in order to divert herself from long *ennui*, to stifle her remorse, to excite her to ignoble compliances. Convinced of her depravity, she plunges into one vice after another, becomes envious, addicted to theft, anger and revenge. Notwithstanding all her appearances of thoughtlessness or gayety, this *fille de joie* does not bear less painfully the burden of her ignominy, and often melancholy preys on her heart."

Misery of the Impotent.

Lallemand truly remarks: "In losing before the usual age the generative functions man loses the consciousness of his dignity, because he feels himself fallen in importance in relation to his species. In consequence, the loss of virile power produces an effect more overpowering than that of honors, fortune, friends or relations; even the loss of liberty is as nothing compared to this internal and continual torture. Those who suffer from injustice or misfortune can accuse their enemies, society, chance, etc., and invent or retain the consciousness of not having deserved their lot. They have, moreover, the consolation of being able to complain and the certainty of sympathy. But the impotent man can make a confidant of no one, he can expect sympathy from no one. His misery is of a sort which cannot even inspire pity, and his greatest anxiety is to allow no one to penetrate his dismal secret."

The Ruinous Effects of Solitary Vice.

No other licentious practice is so pernicious in its effects, both moral and physical, as that of solitary onanism. "In my opinion," says Reveille-Parise, "neither pestilence, nor war, nor variola, nor a host of similar ills, has results more disastrous for humanity. It is the destructive element of civilized societies, and it is much the more active, inasmuch as it acts constantly and ruins populations little by little."

Those who indulge in this vile habit often suffer untold agonies before they will confess the cause of all their troubles. In their calmer moments they are overwhelmed with a sense of degradation at the infamy of their crime.

"I have within me two desires," said a young man endowed with the finest qualities of mind, but who ruined himself by yielding to the importunities of passion, "one which resists and the other which leads me on. The latter, in order to seduce me, makes use of the most adroit subterfuge, and always says to me, 'This will be the last time.'" The unfortunate youth died of pulmonary disease.

Masturbation often leads to insanity. There is no sadder sight than that of a wretched inmate of a lunatic asylum, with haggard face, wandering eyes and emaciated limbs, in whom only the lowest animal instincts have survived the wreck of all his other faculties. Corrupted domestics often teach these evil practices to young children, who, once led astray, allow themselves to commit excesses which often destroy them with fearful rapidity. Tissot reports in his dissertation an observation the picture of which is most frightful. "I was frightened myself," he writes, "when I saw the unfortunate person who is the subject of it. I felt then more than I had ever done the necessity of showing to young men the horrors of the abyss into which they voluntarily throw themselves."

Nocturnal Emissions—"A Cure Guaranteed."

One of the obstacles to cure in this common and afflicting malady is the notion that the disease may be got rid of by opening the mouth and swallowing medicine. The patient cannot understand you when you assure him he *must cure himself.* This of course is true of many or of most disorders, but especially so of the ailment under consideration.

Permit me to mention a case, with some of its details. An intelligent young man of twenty-four, a victim of nocturnal emissions, came to consult me. He told me a very sad story, in which at least six advertising medical sharks figured. He had paid them in all about four hundred dollars, had taken many nauseous and injurious drugs, had been greatly annoyed with the wearing of rings and other absurd machines, and of course was no better—on the contrary, very much worse.

But notwithstanding all this bitter experience, he was greatly surprised and disappointed when I told him that a physician could do nothing for him,—that he must *cure himself!*

"But, doctor, what shall I take? what? what? How am I to get well if I do not take something?"

I found it up-hill business to explain the utter worthlessness of drugs in such a case. Having at length secured his attention, I said:

"Now I will tell you how to cure yourself."

Prescription for One Troubled either with Spermatorrhœa or with Sexual Longings.

1. Eat very plain but nutritious food, in moderate quantities, for breakfast and for dinner. Go without supper.

(Beef, mutton, bread made of unbolted flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cracked wheat and fruit are proper articles. But do not disturb your digestion with fruits, nor anything else, between meals, and beware of taking *too much* animal food.

Avoid spirits and malt liquors, coffee, tea, tobacco, oysters, rich fish, pork, all fat and salted meats, pastry, sweetmeats and stimulating condiments.

Don't keep vexing your mind with queries about this and that kind of food, but settle down promptly and decidedly on what medical men have ascertained to be the best; and don't be for ever questioning if you can't squeeze in a little of that or a bit of this.)

2. Drink nothing but pure, soft water; of that as freely as you like on going to bed and on getting up in the morning.

3. Retire early; rise early. Sleep in a well-ventilated room. Avoid a soft bed, and particularly soft pillows.

4. Rub yourself all over with hair gloves on going to bed. When you rise, moisten your skin all over with cold water, and follow with coarse towels. (Be careful to remove with soap and water every particle of secretion from under the foreskin.)

5. Work hard at something. If possible, get yourself thoroughly fatigued every day. (Idleness is the mother of concupiscence.)

6. Keep your feet and legs thoroughly warm.

7. Cleanse your mind from all impure fancies. Stop at once and for ever all lascivious thought. You can do so if you are only resolute. Steer clear of all dalliance, of all love-plays and love-stories generally.

8. Cultivate the acquaintance and society of refined, intelligent and noble women—of your mother and sisters, and of some pure-minded girl who may possibly one day become your wife.

9. Cultivate also the consciousness, "Thou God seest me," the prayerful temper, the desire to become a fit abode for the indwelling Spirit.

Temperance, hard work, abundant sleep, cleanliness, ennobling companionship and an earnest desire for purity, *persevered in*, will restore your health, spirits and self-respect.

Diurnal Emissions.

A great many persons have come to me with a wretched story about constant loss of semen during the day-time. They usually talk something like this:

"There is constantly oozing from the urethra drops of semen. Every time after passing urine I notice a drop. It is constantly passing. My very life is draining away day by day. I have written to three doctors who advertise in the papers, and they all tell me that if it is not cured immediately I shall lose my reason and become insane. I paid one of them a hundred dollars, and the two others two hundred dollars each, to cure me, but I am no better."

These ignorant and soulless harpies have reduced to a complete system the words and phrases which alarm the victims of seminal weaknesses.

Scores of medical men have examined these diurnal emissions with the best microscopes, and found not one particle of semen in hundreds of cases. I have examined a great many cases myself, under the most favorable circumstances, with a microscope of abundant power, without finding a single spermatozoid.

These diurnal emissions consist of drops of simple mucus from the lining of the urethra and from those cavities in which the semen under exceptional circumstances is deposited, and which, in the economy of nature, is designed to mingle with and dilute the semen.

So, if you have some drops resembling semen passing away with the urine, or appearing in any way during the day-time without the intervention of strong sexual passion, you need be no more alarmed than with the discharge of drops of mucus from the nose when you have a "cold in the head." The French call both of them catarrh.

Rocks and Shoals in Married Life.

The dangers in marriage are manifold, unless there exists the purest mutual sympathy and love. "A marriage is often contracted from interest, convenience or ambition. Sometimes a mutual attraction impels it for the moment, very rarely a profound sympathy. There is little anxiety as regards the conformity of ages, of tastes, of characters, of conditions, of health. Often a fresh spirit finds itself in contact with a withered soul; a heart desirous of exquisite emotions with a heart icy from the pursuit of pleasures; an inexperience full of artless candor with the experience of an old man that is satiated and full of *ennui.* The husband and wife, thus at variance, are not familiar with that tact, that refinement of manners, so necessary to harmonize the wishes, to lessen the weaknesses, to support the moral infirmities of each other. Love dies out; lukewarmness replaces it; then comes indifference, then repulsion. Each in turn leads a separate life.

The husband goes to the club, the café, the theatre. There he finds gay company, which relates its sprightly stories, plots its fine parts, repeats all the broad jokes of the green-room. No longer being restrained by conjugal attachment, he wishes to be the hero of adventures; and behold him as he hastens out to conquests and libertinism.

And the young wife, what becomes of her? She had dreamed of love, with its unceasing felicities, and she finds herself face to face before the cold realities of deception. Then she rushes into coquetry, occupies herself with toilets, makes frequent calls, listens to scandal, reads romances which unfold to her fantastic existences which she compares with her own. Then she languishes, she sighs, she desires, and finishes by lending an ear to the homages and adulations of men. Enervated by an atmosphere which causes her to become languid, in the midst of snares she feels her heart flutter, her passions awaken, and she succumbs.

Jeremy Taylor on Conjugal Purity.

Jeremy Taylor, in his "Rule and Exercise of Holy Living," has a chapter entitled "Rules for Married Persons, or Matrimonial Chastity," which deserves the careful perusal of my readers. I will extract a few passages: "In their permissions and license they must be sure to observe the order of nature and the ends of God. *He is* *an ill husband that uses his wife as a man treats a harlot,* having no other end but pleasure. Concerning which our best rule is that although in this, as in eating and drinking, there is an appetite to be satisfied, which cannot be done without pleasing that desire, yet, since that desire and satisfaction was intended by nature for other ends, they should never be separated from those ends, but always be joined with all or one of these ends, *with a desire of children, or to avoid fornication, or to lighten and ease the cares and sadness of household affairs, or to endear each other*, but never with a purpose, either in act or desire, to separate the sensuality from these ends which hallow it.

"Married persons must keep such modesty and decency of treating each other that they never force themselves into high and violent lusts with arts and misbecoming devices, always remembering that those mixtures are most innocent which are *most simple* and *most natural, most orderly* and *most safe.* It is the duty of matrimonial chastity to be restrained and temperate in the use of their lawful pleasures, concerning which, although no universal rule can antecedently be given to all persons any more than to all bodies one proportion of meat and drink, yet married persons are to estimate the degree of their license according to the following proportions: 1. That it be moderate, so as to consist with health. 2. That it be so ordered as not to be too expensive of time, that precious opportunity of working out our salvation. 3. That when duty is demanded it be always paid (so far as in our powers and election) according to the foregoing measures. 4. That it be with a temperate affection, without violent transporting desires or too sensual applications. Concerning which a man is to make judgment by proportion to other actions and the severities of his religion, and the sentences of sober and wise persons, always remembering that marriage is a provision for supply of the natural necessities of the body, not for the artificial and procured appetites of the mind. And it is a sad truth that many married persons, thinking that the floodgates of liberty are set wide open, without measures or restraint (so they sail in the channel), have felt the final rewards of intemperance and lust by their unlawful using of lawful permissions. Only let each of them be temperate, and both of them be modest. Socrates was wont to say that those women to whom nature hath not been indulgent in good features and colors should make it up themselves with excellent manners, and those who were beautiful and comely should be careful that so fair a body be not polluted with unhandsome usages. To which Plutarch adds that a wife, if she be unhandsome, should consider how extremely ugly she should be if she wanted modesty; but if she be handsome, let her think how gracious that beauty would be if she superadds chastity."

Sexual Indulgence not a Necessity.

A mischievous notion has obtained in the world that continence is injurious. Some physicians teach this. Books are written to prove it. "Supporting themselves on the one hand with the imperious nature of the generative instinct, they sustain the opinion that man cannot restrain himself by the sole force of his will. On the other hand, admitting that God has made the regular accomplishment of the organic functions a condition of health and life, they say that the continent man does injury to himself."

The authority of Hippocrates, Galen and other ancient physicians is quoted to prove that sexual abstinence produces certain diseases, that it exposes man to satyriasis and impotence, and woman to uterine furor, nymphomania or hysteria. All this affords the immoral a ready excuse for their debauchery. If it were true, we should have nothing more to say—we would give up our fight against vice and withdraw our condemnation of sexual relations outside of marriage. But examining science and questioning physiology on this subject will readily enable us to refute all such arguments. The laws of nature are always in harmony with the precepts of morality. When scientific researches chance to lay down a law which is contrary to morality and religion, they should be distrusted, for in such teachings there is always concealed error.

Beyond doubt, as men now live, continence is almost impossible. They drug themselves with tobacco and excite themselves with wine. They enervate their powers in heated rooms, and read books which rouse lascivious desires. Naturally, sexual passion attacks them; and if it be refused gratification, they become fevered and restless, and declare that health demands frequent intercourse, and suffers without it.

But it is *not* a physiological necessity. Under certain conditions absolute

Continence is Consistent with the Highest Health during the whole lifetime. To attain this, however, one must live in perfect accordance with hygienic laws; he cannot expect to suppress one vice and yield to another.

A boatman in training for a race, a pedestrian for a walking tour, a prize-fighter for a tussle, will all tell you that in order to have their powers at the best, they must abstain from sexual intercourse and every form of intemperance. They will say that after the first few days of abstinence they ceased to be tormented by any unlawful desires, and were stronger, firmer and more sure of themselves than ever before in their lives.

As for the instances of disease that have been mentioned, modern medical observation has exculpated continence from the charges brought against it as their primary cause. "It is easy to demonstrate that the examples reported are rare exceptions, that the individuals attacked had peculiar predispositions to the diseases which afflicted them. Many more hysterical and insane persons are found in houses of prostitution than in convents."

Let it not be understood that we advocate absolute continence, except in peculiar and individual cases. We merely wish to state in the most positive manner that it neither injures the health nor abridges the longevity of those upon whom duty imposes its observance.

For some erratic natures marriage may be necessary. "Prolonged continence would be for them a continued struggle, violent, terrible, full of pains and of perils. A man whose intelligence is absorbed by grave thoughts, whose heart is occupied by noble sentiments, whose body is fatigued by severe labors, who lives a temperate and sober life, will be tormented but little by the suggestions of the venereal appetite."

"When you tell me that the generative instinct is irresistible, assuredly you are only inspired by that which is passing around you, by that which you see in a narrow horizon, by that which vicious educations produce—loose morals, enervated wills, incessant worldly solicitations."

Aids in Mastering Sexual Desires.

"A distinguished physician (R. P. Debreyne) who, in obscurity at La Trappe, makes a happy use in his theological works of his vast stores of medical knowledge, gives the following counsels to assist in preventing improper thoughts:

"'If these kinds of thought become very importune, are the product of a fickle and lively imagination, or of certain recollections which are vividly impressed upon the memory, diversion must be sought after in exercising the mind by some intellectual serious labor requiring application, or a difficult and complicated calculation which absorbs the entire attention.

"'If bad thoughts proceed from an erotic temperament or from a spermatic plethora, the best means will be those derived from physical and moral hygiene, the practice of temperance, of an exact sobriety, of manual labor, bodily exercise, an incessant material occupation, fatigue, sometimes hunting, which in certain cases has produced the best and most surprising effects.'

"Diana, as we know, is the born and natural enemy of Venus. Violent exercise stifles erotic sentiments by giving birth to still more imperious sensations, such as excessive hunger, with an irresistible inclination for physical repose."

You who wish to remain continent or to return to pure morals, engrave these wise counsels on your mind, and know well that

Labor, Sobriety and the Avoidance of Occasions

are the most proper means of turning aside from the habits of libertinism.

Labor impresses a happy diversion upon unruly thoughts; it diverts the activity from evil by the activity for good, it occupies the mind, it strengthens the will, it fatigues the body. But it must be earnest, regular, exercised during the most important hours of day; the mind should be devoted to it.

Away, then, with these long leisures, these languishing periods of idleness, these indolent unconcerns of life, which bring on the moral degradation of man! Give yourselves up to work with ardor, with love, and passion will be overthrown. In order to sustain your efforts, how many powerful motives are there to invoke! Self-love, emulation, glory, wealth, are there to solicit and attract.

Intemperance is the mother of debauchery. It is in the midst of fumes of exciting wines and succulent meats that the erotic desires become exalted and sustained; it is in consequence of the drunken revelries that one is thrown into the arms of voluptuousness. In order to overcome your propensity for concupiscence, you must have the habits of sober life; none of those gastronomic shocks, none of those famous libations, which sully the tables of high livers, but a severe, simple regimen, a just and regular satisfaction of the nutritive wants.

Sobriety in eating and drinking, activity in labor, will not appease the venereal appetite, except on the express condition that you fly from occasions which provoke evil. Avoid reunions, evening parties, balls, theatrical exhibitions, where the sensual excitations must shake your wavering determination; abandon the culture of sentimental music, of poetry, the reading of immoral romances, which excite dangerous emotions for a sensible mind; break off suddenly, break off entirely, from bad company, above all from persons who are the objects of illicit attachment, who by their irresistible attractions are incessant solicitations to sensuality. These are the obligations of which experience has demonstrated the necessity. The diversions of travel, the sweet monotonies of the country, will be advantageous in order to turn aside from bad habits.

You will choose pure enjoyments, quiet friends; you shall put your confidence in some sedate person in order that she may sustain you in your struggles, that she may counsel you in your hesitations, that she may support you in your weakness.

"If you have the happiness to enjoy the sublime teachings of religion, if you have a Christian faith, make an heroic effort for yourself, return to the practices which it prescribes, and you shall be more assured of conquering yourself, of triumphing over your senses and strengthening your virtue."

RÉSUMÉ OF PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

FOOD.

THE question of diet, in connection with attaining and preserving chastity, is one of no mean importance.

Although (as pointed out in the early pages of this work) it is on the mental field that the crisis of the battle comes, yet physical habits have much to do with the matter—physical auxiliaries engage to turn the scale for one or the other side; and he who is bent upon giving his higher nature its rightful supremacy will enlist all the forces that he finds available. Nothing is unworthy of attention which makes it easier for us to reduce inordinate desires, and where order already exists, to maintain it undisturbed.

Now, it has been proved beyond all doubt that the excitability and intensity of sexual passion is largely dependent upon what we eat and drink.

What not to Eat.

There are some viands in particular which quicken the amorous propensities. Eggs, oysters, crabs, and indeed all kinds of shell-fish, are notoriously of this order, and hence they should be strictly avoided by every one who finds it difficult to control desire and discipline his thoughts. All fat or salted meats and high-seasoned dishes contain gross, indigestible matter, which arouses an unnatural heat, an indignant effort to expel the unwelcome particles—the unusable intruders. This irritation, by the law of sympathy, spreads from the alimentary to the generative organism; undue functional excitement in one department is speedily accompanied and followed by excessive activity in the other; and then (so close is the vital bond throughout our entire nature) concupiscence awakens and lewd thoughts stir in the mind. If the mucous membrane becomes inflamed at one point, sympathetic inflammation may break out at any other; nervous derangement in any special organ may be attended by an answering disturbance elsewhere. "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." A clear recognition and intelligent application of this principle may greatly help you in achieving true self-knowledge—in "understanding yourself"—and living wisely, nobly and successfully.

The Best Food.

Nutritious food, plainly cooked, is the general rule—nutritious rather than stimulating, plainly rather than elaborately prepared. To be specific, the following are the choicest articles—viz., unbolted wheat, oatmeal and rye, in the form of mush or bread—especially the unleavened cakes, which can be made so deliciously by dropping a stiff batter of "Graham" flour and *cold* water only into a very hot cast-iron "gem-pan," and baking in a quick oven; and cracked, crushed or whole wheat cooked long and thoroughly and allowed to cool into a gelatinous mass.

Fruits (apples, pears, peaches, grapes, berries, etc.), raw, baked or stewed, as may suit different tastes and stomachs, when they can be had fresh, canned (in glass) or dried. The old-fashioned "preserves," cloyingly sweet, cannot be recommended.

Peas, beans and *lentils*, in the shape of a plain soup or stew, without the addition of any grease or pepper.

Nuts, if fresh and sweet, are highly nutritious, and should be eaten a great deal more than they are at present. *Dates* and *figs*, when a craving is felt for sweets, are better than syrups, sugar or candies of any sort; but they should be taken as part of the regular breakfast or dinner—never between meals.

For those who feel unable to dispense with meat, *lean beef*, *mutton* or *venison*, broiled or roasted, is allowable once a day; but let him who is afflicted with abnormal sexual longings—him in whom the carnal wars against the spiritual—beware how he feeds upon the flesh of animals. The "riotous eater of flesh," he who tarries long at the wine-cup, and the lustful, adulterous debauchee, are apt to be fused in the same person. The less animal food you can content yourself with, the less—other things being equal—are you likely to be tormented with lewd suggestions and erotic yearnings.

Pork, sausage, goose, and the like, are unwholesome and, in a measure, poisonous; they should be eaten only to ward off impending famine.

Milk, though highly nutritious, is questionable food for adults. Some people are rendered feverish by partaking of it, even in moderate quantities. Unless you are sure that it is drawn from a healthy cow, its use is always somewhat risky. And upon the whole, you need not fear to dispense with it and its popular products, butter and cheese, although good sweet butter may be sparingly eaten.

We have spoken of the best articles of diet—of some which, though not immediately forbidden, it is better to learn to do without, and of others which should be chosen only as the alternative of starvation. Valuable as affording an innocent and sometimes grateful variety, though inferior as staple foods, may be mentioned rice, Indian corn (whole, meal or hominy), barley, buckwheat, sago and tapioca, and potatoes and squashes, which are best roasted. Of tomatoes—which have enjoyed an undeserved reputation—asparagus, celery and the odious onion, with fish in general, it may well be said, "their room is better than their company;" and the cold, watery roots—beets, turnips, etc.—are of little worth as food for human beings.

Do not fill up your stomach with such trashy things, for it will work hard in disposing of them, without extracting much nutriment in return. It should not be lost sight of that we "eat to live;" therefore always choose those substances which have the greatest relative amount of force locked up in them, and locked up in such a way that your digestives can surely and comfortably *un*lock and appropriate it to supply the wants of your system.

Good Cooking.

Now, the object of cookery—I do not mean the gourmand's, but the *true* object—is to facilitate this unlocking process—to save the stomach unnecessary labor, and to make the life-power in the food more readily available. This end is effected by the application of more or less *heat*, with or without moisture. As cases vary, we may broil, roast, bake, stew, boil, but never boil in fat—*that* process obstructs more than it facilitates digestion. I would rather you would eat your chop raw than toughen it by frying.

All highly-compounded dishes—"triumphs of culinary art"—are abominable in proportion to their complexity. They may "taste good," but occasion gastric worry, besides involving a great waste of time and toil in their preparation, and they ought not to be sought out nor indulged in by men and women who are seeking to "glorify God in the body."

One of our most common temptations is to gratify an appetite (often an exaggerated or perverted one) at the expense of our general welfare and efficiency; we burden and discourage the whole frame for the sake of pleasing pampered alimentiveness. With simplicity in cooking, however, and but two or three kinds of food at any one meal, the danger of overloading is lessened, and the prospect largely increased of furnishing the full amount needed and manageable by our vital machinery, yet stopping short of a surfeit.

Some variety is desirable—we do get tired of a monotonous bill of fare—but let the variety come at different meals and on successive days. If you have coddled apples, Graham mush and oatmeal crackers at seven or eight o'clock for breakfast, save the wheat gems and dates and stewed beans—beans with no vinegar, but a squeeze of lemon-juice in them if you "want something sour"—for dinner at two or thereabout. Eat *no* supper, but go to bed without setting your digestives a new task. Let them have their night's rest with the other members, and the breakfast next morning, of oatmeal porridge, peach-sauce and rye drop-cakes, will be quite as palatable and piquant to you as the greatest epicure's to him, and a deal more wholesome. Let the beefsteak or mutton-chop come another time if you need it, with a baked potato and "Trall cracker" or Indian Johnny-cake.

Condiments.

Everything which inflames one appetite is likely to arouse the other also. Pepper, mustard, ketchup and Worcestershire sauce—shun them all. And even salt, in any but the smallest quantity, is objectionable; it is such a goad toward carnalism that the ancient fable depicted Venus as born of the salt sea-wave.

These devices to "give a relish" are quite unnecessary for one who takes enough exercise in the open air, and leads, in other respects, a hygienic life; and although the palate that has been accustomed to their call will at first miss them when withdrawn, and be somewhat sluggish for a while, a healthy appetite will soon revive, and cease to regret or even note their absence.

What and when to Drink.

Let your drink be pure soft water. If you can get it fresh from a spring, that is best of all; but at any rate have it pure. If drawn from a cistern or other artificial reservoir, it should be filtered, else you will probably swallow decomposing organic matter, which is a fruitful yet often unsuspected cause of disease. Besides, water standing uncovered in sitting-room or chamber soon absorbs a surprising quantity of poisonous gases; therefore have it drawn fresh when desired for use. The proper time for drinking, observe, is *not* with your food. That should be thoroughly cut up by the teeth and mixed with saliva before it leaves the mouth, not washed down in chunks by draughts of any beverage whatever.

A trite advice is this—"chew your victuals well"! Yet it needs to be reiterated and insisted on until people follow it; for neglect of this simple rule causes much of our national dyspepsia. And we have already pointed out the sympathetic bond between the alimentary and procreative organs.

The body, however, needs a good deal of water in carrying on its intricate affairs; and I advise you to cultivate the habit of drinking freely when you retire at night and rise in the morning. One of the most salubrious baths is taken by flooding the stomach an hour before breakfast. The refreshing liquid will be absorbed in season to give the coming visitor a proper welcome and due attention.

Costiveness—Intestinal Worms.

A costive habit is unfriendly to a chaste mind. When hardened feces accumulate in the lower bowel and are not soon ejected, their crowding upon the adjacent parts hinders the circulation and irritates the genital organs; and this local disturbance (as was explained when treating of "condiments") presently gives rise to impure sexual desires.

The copious draughts of cold water night and morning tend to obviate all this difficulty. If the constipation be stubborn, however, stir a spoonful of wheat-bran into the evening glass; and should even this fail of the desired effect, take an injection of slightly cool or tepid water an hour after breakfast. But make this enema your last resort, and do not get in the way of relying upon it to keep your bowels in order. Use it when really necessary, and rather than strain hard at stool; but do not teach your system to *demand* this aid habitually, nor give up expecting a natural movement—which bad lesson is taught in many instances by the too ready and frequent employment of the syringe.

The presence of pin-worms in the rectum occasions like annoyance to that brought on by costiveness, and a similar treatment should be applied. But besides, one tormented by these little pests may obtain great relief by *small* injections of *cold* water, which benumb and bring away the parasites. As the existence of ascarides proves a scrofulous taint made active by faults of diet, etc., such persons are warned that special attention *must* be paid to hygiene—*e. g.*, they should adopt an extremely plain regimen—Graham bread, cracked wheat, oatmeal and fruit—carefully eschewing flesh, sweets, condiments, tea and coffee.

A Special Warning.

Tea and *coffee* are directly unfavorable to sexual cleanness. Coffee is perhaps the one thing above all others that, taken into the human system, gives rise to ungovernable salacity. Wine itself does not spur desire half so irresistibly as the Arabian berry.

EXERCISE.

THE victims of lascivious thought or nocturnal emissions have congestion of the base of the brain and of the generative organism. To equalize the circulation, then, is clearly our aim.

You are an unmarried man, and trying to be a decent one, but you cannot look upon a woman without lusting after her. Such is the case with thousands. All other forms of licentiousness put together are as nothing in comparison with this. A host of husbands deplete their strength by legalized excess; myriads wander in shameless promiscuity; but these are momentary indulgences, and soothe for a time the hot, exhaustive craving. Numerous though such offenders are, they seem but few beside those who keep shut up in their souls libidinous fancies, which burrow and fester there until the whole moral nature becomes so poisoned and distorted that no place remains for manly virtue.

This lust is almost universal. It is the deadliest foe to purity. They cannot live together. Much of our volume has been given to this topic, yet I cannot refrain from some further suggestions.

You long for a true manhood; you long to be clean, free, strong, and especially so in that most vital of all earthly relations—your relations with women. How subversive of all this—how utterly disgusting and sickening it is—when you meet a comely woman, to have your mind absorbed in the fact that she is a *female!* And even when you are alone, with suggestive pictures or stories, or without such adventitious aids, by habitual fullness of the cerebellum and genitals your imagination is fired with sexual visions.

I have never doubted the truth of the exclamation heard from many a youth; "I would rather die than remain in this wretched slavery!"

Now, *physical exercise,* if wisely managed, will do much to set you free. The best single exercise is

Walking in the Open Air.

The best time is when you have most leisure. If it happens to be directly after eating, go slowly; if before, or two or three hours after a meal, move rapidly and swing your arms with vigor. If you can have an active, resolute lady for company, it will be a great gain; for exercise is more beneficial in agreeable, intelligent society than when taken in solitude, with an ever-present consciousness that you are discharging a duty.

If pedestrianism be your chief dependence, you should provide yourself with good shoes, having broad soles and low heels. Your speed will be from three to five miles an hour, and your stint from three to a dozen miles a day.

When you come back, all perspiring, if it be convenient, step into a warm room, strip, rub yourself briskly with a coarse towel, and put on dry (woollen) underclothing.

Next to walking, the best exercise I know of is that upon

The Pangymnastikon,

an ingenious German contrivance. It consists of a pair of iron rings, about eight inches in diameter, covered with buff harness leather, and suspended by strong webbing from hooks in the ceiling. The height is readily varied by means of sliding buckles. There is also a pair of stirrups hung to the rings by straps with sliding buckles.

With the hands in the rings, the stirrups being laid aside, the approved exercises number no less than forty. When the stirrups are attached, they are increased to about ninety; and they are not only salutary, but wonderfully interesting too.

This machine constitutes of itself a complete gymnasium. It may be put up in your parlor, bedroom, study, or in a passage six or eight feet wide. With the half-dozen little charts, picturing the ninety exercises, hung upon the wall, you have the most perfect apparatus yet devised for calling your five hundred muscles into play and securing to every part of your body that thorough circulation which effectually breaks up the mischievous congestions.

Oars, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, boxing-gloves, foils and all such instruments are good for you to make use of, if you do not overstrain or exhaust yourself. The exercises that you find amusing and enjoy are to be preferred. Make a sport of them, not a toil, and they are vastly more profitable.

Breathing and Percussion.

Drawing a full breath and holding it, beat your chest with the palms of your hands as hard as you can comfortably bear. This will increase your breathing-room by forcing air into many cells not accustomed to perform the respiratory function.

While your lungs are thus inflated, extend the slapping down over the stomach and bowels. This percussion should be practiced several times a day. It will prove especially useful when you are undressed—say, just after your bath on rising, and before lying down for the night.

BATHING.

YOU should *keep your skin clean.* To make sure of this, take a bath every morning with soap and water. The following directions may be observed:

Get a pair of bath-mittens made of coarse crash toweling—just a pair of little bags which fit the hands, but have no thumbs. As soon as you are up, throw off your night-shirt, thrust your hands into the bags, wet the soap, rub it until the mittens are saturated with suds, go at your neck and shoulders first, and, renewing the soap from time to time, cover the entire person with a lather; then, having rinsed the mittened hands, apply them afresh all over the surface of the body; next, off with the mittens, seize the rough towel and rub hard.

The whole process, when you are accustomed to the order, will not take more than sixty seconds, and will leave you all in a glow. Do this every morning in the year, and

Always use Soap.

Honey, glycerine or any of the common toilet-soaps will answer the purpose. Don't be afraid of washing off the oil from the skin. Those who do not bathe at all get dry, cracked skins; but if you wash all over with soap and water thrice a day, Nature will provide oil as fast as you remove it. After trying the above plan for a twelvemonth, you will be quite ready to answer any one who thinks a daily ablution will make the skin dry and rough.

A faithful use of this bath will keep the pores unobstructed, help maintain the capillary circulation, and thus obviate that tendency to internal congestion which exists among those afflicted with lust.

Hair Gloves.

If you also procure a pair of hair gloves and use them regularly on going to bed, you will derive great additional benefit. (The finest I have ever seen are of the English style known as "Lawrence's Patent.") Having taken off your under-garments, put on the gloves and pass them briskly over limbs and body. Do not be afraid of a little hurt, but rub away until your skin is as red as a boiled lobster.

Topical Uses of Water.

Besides the general ablution just described and recommended, there are certain local baths which prove beneficial to persons laboring under seminal weakness. First, the penis itself should be kept scrupulously clean. The secretions must not be permitted to gather under the foreskin, but should be carefully washed off every twenty-four hours. This one point of local cleanliness is so important that attention to it alone has a salutary effect.

A cold douche thrown upward upon the *perineum* (*i. e.*, the space between the legs and just in front of the end of the bowel) will be found very efficacious in allaying undue heat and giving a healthy tone to the parts. The most convenient way of applying it is by means of a small rubber hose and nozzle, with considerable head of water. If this cannot be had, you may employ a syringe; those with an elastic bulb are handiest. And you can do very well by sitting over a tub or pail and dashing the water up with the hollowed hand for two or three minutes.

This may be resorted to as often as uncomfortable excitement is felt.

Some persons experience relief and benefit from wearing

The Wet Girdle at Night.

Have a piece of heavy linen toweling long enough to go three times around the body, above the hips; wet one-third of its length, wring it, fold that portion so as to make a belt five or six inches wide, and wrap it about the small of the back and the lower abdomen; cover it thoroughly with the dry part, being careful to leave no damp edges exposed; over this wrap two or three thicknesses of dry flannel wider than the linen, and secure the whole by means of shielded pins, so that the wearer may not take cold, but keep warm under the bandage. On laying off the girdle in the morning, that part of the person which has been covered should be sponged at once with cold water, quickly wiped dry, and let your bath commence there.

Spiked Belts and "Spermatorrhœa Rings" Worthless.

Before leaving this subject of bandages, let me caution you not to put faith in one kind which has been strongly recommended by some authors to persons troubled with emissions in sleep. I mean the spiked girdle or knotted towel tied around the waist in such a manner that the wearer cannot turn upon his back, or, if he get there for a moment, cannot remain in that position, because the knot or spike will hurt his loins. In the first place, sleeping on the back is *not* a bad thing in itself, though many people, thoughtlessly assenting to the ill-grounded opinions which have been advanced about the matter, entertain a prejudice against it. (This point will be amply discussed a few pages hence, under the heading "*Sleep*," to which I refer you.) Second, but quite as important: it is not on any such mechanical devices or outward appliances that you can depend for a radical cure. That is to be effected only by purifying the imagination and the thoughts, and observing those hygienic rules about diet, cleanliness, exercise, rest and social intercourse—given with considerable detail in this volume—which go to build up the general health and manhood.

Keep clear, then, of all such futile contrivances as knotted girdles and spermatorrhœa rings, which can afford but a temporary relief at best, and oftener, by increasing local irritation, aggravate instead of alleviating existent ills.

A Word of Cheer.

Rest assured that, although there is no short cut, no royal road, to the health which has been forfeited by long-continued sinning, though neither advertising quacks nor "regular physicians" can drug you into getting well, yet be assured that faith, determination and patient continuance in well-doing *will* make you whole. Now that you have *learned* the right path *pursue* it—prayerfully, humbly, yet with resolution, courage, and hope too. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." He that, accepting these immutable principles, "endures unto the end, the same *shall* be saved." Only *trust in God*, and *persevere.*

FLANNEL.

FLANNEL worn next the skin is important for all who would free themselves from concupiscence. By mere mechanical irritation it helps to keep up an active circulation at the surface, and for reasons which are generally understood it maintains an equable temperature and prevents chills.

It is especially desirable to keep the legs and feet warm. This can be done by thick flannels, yarn stockings and broad-soled boots. If you prefer shoes to boots, wear stout cloth over-gaiters, so that the ankles may be quite comfortable.

If your feet get cold and clammy, you should change your socks as often as they become damp, no matter if it be three or four times in the course of the day. This will seldom be requisite, however, when you adopt the treatment I will now describe. Just before undressing at night take a cold, shallow foot-bath, the water being but quarter of an inch deep. Let your soles remain in it four to six minutes. Then take one foot across the other knee and give it a smart rubbing, first with a dry, coarse towel, and afterward with your bare hand. Having served them both alike, stand up *on the carpet* and twist the feet from side to side, while your whole weight presses upon them.

Following this prescription faithfully, you can hardly fail of the desired end.

Let me here observe that when you are obliged to sit long at any occupation it may be advisable to wrap a rug or blanket about your knees and feet. Do not neglect to do so, if you find the lower extremities apt to become chilly while you are at work; do not begrudge the momentary trouble of taking off the wrappage when you move, and replacing it when you resume your seat. Stand up every now and then; stretch, bend and rotate your limbs; jump up and down upon your toes, and thus forestall the tendency to pedal stagnation.

SLEEP.

A NORMAL condition of the nervous system, a cool healthy state of the brain, depend very much upon the wise management of *sleep*. Sitting up till eleven o'clock at night in a close artificial heat, and lying late in the morning in an unventilated room, will counteract the influence of a dozen good habits. Sound sleep, regular sleep, sleep at the right time and with the right surroundings, is essential to the correcting of that heated, morbid condition of the brain which exists in the lecherous and in the victims of spermatorrhœa.

Retiring at nine and rising at six constitutes a good system for most persons. Some need more sleep, and may add a half hour at both ends. Some do not need so much, and may take off the half hour. At all events, spring up promptly whenever you are fully awakened, no matter if the hour be somewhat early. If you have not had your sleep out, Nature will make it up next time. But if you lie a-bed and think, the blood will flow to your brain too much—the recumbent posture, as you will see at a glance, assists in bringing that about—producing that fullness in the head which you want by all means to get rid of and keep rid of.

Untimely Wakefulness: how Remedied.

Should you wake up in the middle of the night and be unable to fall asleep again, try the effect of going from the bed you have been in—which has become charged with poisonous effluvium—into a cool and fresh one. This plan often works like magic. If you are not so situated that you can make the change here counseled, pulling your bed to pieces, turning the mattress, shaking the sheets and blankets and respreading them well, will frequently do the business. If you make such an experiment, give your room a good airing meanwhile. You should *always* have your dormitory well ventilated, of course; but I mean, give it an extra good airing while the overhauling is in progress; open doors and windows *wide*, but please do it softly, noiselessly. However much "misery loves company," you would not disturb the slumbers of your housemates, who are not involuntarily and unseasonably vigilant.

The Best Bed.

The best thing to sleep on is that which can be cleansed or renewed with most certainty and least trouble. Some folks may scorn the idea of lying upon straw beds and pillows; yet, if the ticks be refilled with fresh, sweet straw once a month, they are the very best kind you can have. Mattresses of hair, excelsior and cured moss are generally supposed to be far superior to feather beds, and at some seasons the latter are, no doubt, too heating; but, on the other hand, in cold weather they enable one to dispense with some of the extra coverings. The great objection to them is the difficulty of cleaning; they are apt to retain the effete matter thrown off from the sleeper's body, and after a time grow musty and noisome.

For a similar reason, blankets are preferable to quilted comforters outside the sheets. They do not hold so tenaciously the exhalations of the person, and can with comparative ease be washed.

Accustom yourself to a hard, cool pillow of moderate height. The head ought to be lifted so that the neck will be straight, neither sagging down toward one shoulder nor pushed up toward the other, supposing you lie on your right side. But there is no objection to

Sleeping upon your Back

when the stomach has not been loaded with improper articles, nor set to work too late in the afternoon. If you lie thus with the pillow well up from the nape of the neck (so as to avoid heating the back-brain), and the chin tipped a little forward upon the chest, the mouth will remain closed and breathing take place through the nostrils—as it should always—and the inward organs will be in their proper places. Should any discomfort be occasioned by the loins, and consequently the sexual organs, getting overheated when you are in this position, the wet girdle, elsewhere described, or a cold compress under the small of the back, will be likely to remove the difficulty. (A "cold compress" is a towel saturated with clean soft water, wrung hard, so as not to drip, folded and laid over the troublesome spot, and covered by two or three thicknesses of dry flannel, which project over the wet edges everywhere, and is to be secured against displacement by shielded pins or tapes, so that the damp parts may not get exposed and the wearer get cold. All the difference between it and the girdle is that the latter goes all around the body, while the former is applied only to the back.) With these precautions observed, some people can rest better flat on their spine than on either side.

Be particular not to have a soft pillow in which your head will sink and get hot.

As to what you have over you, let there be coverings enough to keep you comfortable (especially from the thighs down), but no more; it is weakening to lie too warm.

Air the Bed and Sun it.

When you rise for the day, fling the clothes apart, hang them around on the chairs, if possible let the sun shine upon them and the mattress for an hour or two before the bed is made up; it has a wonderfully wholesome, vitalizing influence then to soak the couch in sunbeams, and makes the next night spent upon it more refreshing. Do not suppose this is a mere fancy. You might be puzzled to explain the fact; nevertheless, you may rely upon it. A chamber into which the sunlight streams is far more restful than one with a northern aspect alone. The latter should be set apart exclusively for old boxes and cross dogs.

A Mid-day Nap for the Nervous.

Those who are troubled with nervous headaches and general nervousness I would advise to catch a nap in the middle of the day, say half an hour. This is better just before eating, though it will do after dinner. I will not insist that such people always sleep with their heads toward the north; yet as that position seems to ensure more favorable magnetic condition than any other, it is well to assume it if practicable. In all such cases of reduced or misdirected energy, you need to economize power in every way possible. Remember that "every little helps."

A TRUE STORY.

VIRGINIA T—— came to Boston from a country town in Maine. She came, as thousands of young men have come, seeking employment. Worn out with the humdrum of her native town, and conscious of ability to achieve a career, she wept a farewell to mother and sisters, and, filled with ambitious hopes, came to Boston to seek her fortune. Her neighbors foretold shipwreck, but a young man, a neighbor, two years older than herself, had gone to New York when about her age (twenty-three), and in a single year had established himself in the confidence of prosperous employers. Virginia saw no reason why, after always leading that young man in the studies at school, she might not be able with her brighter faculties to make her way, and thus be able to realize her dead brother's plan of providing for the loved parents when they should become too old to take care of themselves.

So she came. Her first engagement, after trying two weeks to find something better, was running a sewing-machine in a ready-made clothing establishment. She was placed in an immense room with a hundred and fifty other girls. One of the girls, who seemed superior to all the others, immediately took Virginia under her wing, for which the country girl was very grateful. Nan soon explained things to Virginia, and induced her to leave her boarding-house and take a little room near hers in the fourth story, over a business-house where there were more than fifty rooms rented to young women. Virginia was so unsophisticated that it was a month before she suspected that Nan's companion was other than her husband, and that the young men she saw about every evening were there with illicit purpose. She had received such kindness at the hands of her fellow-lodgers that when at length the character of the place dawned upon her, she thought it was not a bit the horrid place that she had always heard described; and although she left it at once, still, when her friend Nan and the other girls laughed at her squeamishness, and assured her that in this way they were able to retain all their wages for dress, and that if they got into trouble there were doctors, enough of them, who could get them out of it in a week or two, poor Virginia did not shudder at all, as she would have expected; but being ambitious, she left and secured board in a distant part of the city. When by herself, she constantly recurred to the little, happy, well-dressed community down town, and was often shocked that the thought of such a life did not bring with it a deeper sense of humiliation and shame.

After a few months, she secured a better position in a hoop-skirt factory down town, and at the end of two years from the time of leaving her home in Maine she returned for a visit not only well dressed, but with a full purse. Then came the great fire. She was thrown out of employment, and found nothing to do, until at the end of two months she was unable to meet her board-bill, and had to move. In this strait she called upon her old friends, and found them as full of card parties, theatres, etc., as ever. With many solemn vows and painful misgivings she accepted their hearty offer to provide for her until she could find another situation. Soon she accepted an invitation to attend church one evening with a pleasant young man, to whom, as Virginia afterward learned, one of her girl companions had made a suggestion. Then she visited the theatre with him. After a week or two he proposed marriage. The surroundings excited her suspicions, but she promised to think of it. In the mean time, he begged her to use his purse, and not be dependent upon poor working-girls. Entirely helpless and unable to obtain employment, she consented to borrow a little money, with the distinct understanding that she was to return it with interest. Before the hard winter was over the sum had grown to nearly a hundred dollars.

Since then about ten months have passed; and now she might be heard, after they have retired at night, pleading with him to have the marriage ceremony performed. He says to her:

"Why, Jenny, we are just as much married as any couple in the world! My darling, don't worry in this way; it will come out all right."

He will abandon her at last, and five years from now, when she is picked up a drunken prostitute, the above true story will hardly be believed by those who realize only her shame and depravity.

THE CURE OF THE SOCIAL EVIL.

THERE are many people among us who do not believe that *anything* can be done for *anything* in this world. They declare that it's of no use, that people will go on their own downward way, and that you can't prevent it. If they hear you deploring the "*social evil,*" they say: "Of course it's horrible and it's ruining the race, and all that sort of thing, but then you can't help it. It was always so, and always will be so. It's of no use! Human nature is human nature, and that's all there is of it! It's no use talking!"

But there are among us brave souls who, rejecting this total depravity doctrine, believe in the possibility of the purification of mankind. They look forward to a day when, through vigorous effort in the right direction, human nature shall be lifted up to heights of purity over which angels may rejoice. To such people the abolishment of that monstrous sin, the social evil, is not a fantastic dream, but a certainty of the future whose realization is only a question of time. There are always practical means that may be used toward the attainment of a practical end, and a glance at the general cause of this sin will suggest its cure, or rather its prevention, which in this, as in all other cases, is the best remedy.

The great cause of the social evil is to be found in the helplessness of women, which always places them in a dependent position; and its cure will be established when they become self-supporting by having all the avenues of business open to them, and the social law established which recognizes the honor and the dignity of feminine labor.

There is always some strong reason that induces a girl to enter upon a vicious life. Very few do so from the passional necessities of their natures. Women are modest and, to a certain degree, passionless. Talk with the inmates of the houses of ill-fame, and it will be found that the greater number of them have been driven to that mode of life through want, or through their incapacity to support themselves in a manner satisfying to their pride. If these girls had been trained to an honest and well-paid employment, they would never have turned to this vile resource.

It may be said that vanity and love of dress often lead girls astray; to which I reply that their minds would cease to be occupied with such frivolity if they were forced, through the demands of their business, to occupy their minds with thoughts pertaining to its duties. We do not see this inordinate love of dress in girls at school, or in women employed in any useful occupation, which proves conclusively that it is only the idle and empty-headed over whom it obtains a strong hold. It could never become a snare to those who were on a nobler plane of thought through their strict performance of the higher duties of life.

A girl of high social position is sometimes seduced through her affection for some unprincipled man. The first step taken, she finds herself cut off from all hope of return. The rubicon once crossed, her fate is decided for this world and the next. If this girl, upon leaving school, had stepped into some business for which her previous training had prepared her, or had commenced the study of a profession toward which she had a natural inclination, she would have had no time to devote to sensational novels, sentimental poetry and enervating dreams, all of which feed her romantic fancy and render her an easy prey to the adroit man of the world.

There is scarcely a woman in the world of passions so strong that of her own voluntary thought she would select such a life. Even in the rare case of such a person, some occupation in which physical exercise largely predominated would have the best effect in subduing unruly desires.

That woman should be self-supporting, in short, is the key-note toward her rise to that lofty sphere of thought and action that will enable her to work the redemption of our race. Let us hasten, then, to abolish that false system of education which implants that spirit of clinging dependence which many men affect to admire, but which in reality is fatal to the development of a perfect character. If it does nothing worse for woman, it dwarfs her powers of mind, lowers her pride and renders her something of scarcely more value than a Dresden china vase on a drawing-room mantel-shelf.

In the new order of things there might be fewer marriages than now—at least there would be fewer unsuitable ones. We would not see beauty wed the beast so often, knowing when she did so that he would never change into a prince. We would not see that saddest of all sad things, a woman sacrificing herself for a home. Old men could not longer buy young girls for gold, because those girls, holding honorable business positions, would prefer the respect of the nobler part of mankind to the envy of the silly multitude.

The idea that work is a degradation to women has been the ruin of more bright and beautiful spirits than any one cause in the world. Our higher classes hold a power for good in their hands which I fear that they do not entirely appreciate. Women rule each other to a great degree. If work—all work—is recognized as honorable, and those engaged in it respected with regard to their social relations, a new era would dawn for women.

I shudder to think of what the consequences would be should a company of fifty men be condemned to live an idle life, with nothing to do but knit tidies and gossip about each other's shirts and pantaloons. Why, in a month's time they would be killing and eating each other just for excitement. And yet this is the life that they expect women not only to endure, but to enjoy. And if one of them should kick the traces in sheer desperation, her sisters open upon her like a pack of bloodhounds and hunt her to destruction and death.

Work is not a curse, it is not a hateful necessity. It is a resource more satisfying to the soul than anything else that this world can offer. I cannot make a better conclusion than to quote the noble words of Thomas Carlyle:

"Understand always that the end of man is an action, not a thought. Endeavor incessantly with all the strength that is in you to ascertain what you can do in this world, and upon that bend your whole faculties, regarding all reveries, feelings, singular thoughts and moods as worth nothing whatever except as they bear on that and will help you toward that. Your thoughts, moods, etc., will thus in part legitimate themselves and become fruitful possessions for you. No one ever understood this universe; each one may understand what good and manful work it is possible to accomplish here."

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

ONE evening there was a knock at my office door, and a young girl entered whose sunken eyes and tawdry dress stamped her as belonging to that wretched class whose trade it is to pander to the passions of men. She approached me hurriedly, and without any preliminary words of greeting said,

"Doctor, I've got a friend who is very sick; I'm afraid she is going to die. Will you come and see her?"

Her voice broke, and she turned away with tears in her eyes—perhaps the purest she had shed for many a day. I arose and put on my hat.

"Wait a moment," said she. "I have no money, and neither has she; but if you can trust the likes of me, I'll pay you if I live long enough."

"Never mind that," said I; "let us go to your friend as soon as possible."

She said nothing, but there was an eloquence greater than words in the grateful light that beamed in her poor faded eyes.

She led the way to an old tenement house on one of the worst streets in the city, up flight after flight of rickety stairs, until we reached an attic-room that bore every evidence of extreme poverty. It was a cold winter night, but there was no fire, and the wind whistled through the broken panes. Upon a dirty and ill-kept bed lay a girl whose age it was difficult to guess. Her faded and sallow complexion and haggard features might have belonged to a woman of thirty years; but when she opened her eyes, there was something in their child-like youthfulness of expression that indicated a girl not much past her first youth.

I made an examination of her condition, and soon found that there was no hope of her recovery. She expressed no surprise when I gave my verdict, though her friend wept bitterly.

"Don't cry, Annie," said the sick girl, faintly. "God knows I'm glad to go. It's been very hard for me, and maybe the Lord will be better to me than man has been."

The poor girl lingered for several days. I went to see her frequently, and little by little I won her confidence, and she told me her sad story.

"I was not always as you see me now," she said. "O my God, how long ago it seems since I was young and happy on the old New Hampshire farm! My father used to say I was like a sunbeam in the house, I was so light-hearted and gay. He never refused my slightest wish, except in one thing: I wanted to learn a trade, so that I might have something to do in the world, just as if I had been a boy. Whenever I would talk to my father about this, he would pat me on the head as he would a child, and say that the work of the world must be done by the men; that girls must get married, and his Jessie should be no exception. And so it happened that, although I had a good education, and as much natural capacity, perhaps, as any young man of my acquaintance, yet I had no thorough knowledge of anything that could serve me as a good resource in case of need.

" By the time I was eighteen years old both my parents were dead. It was found that my father was in debt and there was nothing left for me. Thus I was forced to earn my own living. I came to the city full of high hopes. I was ambitious, and determined not only to support myself, but to win name and place in the great world. But ah, sir! I soon found that a woman has a hard battle to fight. It would sicken you to hear of all that I have been through. I commenced by answering an advertisement for cap-makers. I, with four or five other girls, soon learned the trade, and we made quantities of caps. And then, as soon as the work was done and the rush over, the proprietor turned us all off, without one cent of pay, as we were new hands. At last I secured a place in a store at three dollars a week. Out of this I had to pay my lodging and board. I managed to live as long as my clothes held out; then I began to suffer for the necessaries of life. Sir, I went without food for two days that I might buy a pair of shoes. My health gave way, living as I was without exercise, standing all day in a heated store, and sleeping in a cold room into which the sun never shone, and in which I was never able to light a fire. I grew pale and languid and unfit for my duties. And so I was not much surprised when, at the end of a weary week, a note was handed me from my employer, saying that he would have no further need of my services. I went to my room near to desperation. I saw nowhere to turn. I was friendless and alone. I went to the minister of the church I had attended, and he said he had so many calls he could not meet them all, but that he would take my address, and if he found anything for me to do he would let me know. But in the mean time I was starving. Day after day I tried in vain to get employment. As I passed along the streets and looked with hungry eyes into the brilliantly-lighted windows, with their tempting array of fruits and eatables, bitter indeed were the thoughts that forced their way into my mind. I grew to doubt God himself, feeling as I did so keenly the inhumanity of his creatures.

"All this time, sir, before God, I never thought of turning to vice for a support. Not the daintiest girl in the world, nursed in luxury, surrounded by loving friends, would have been more horrified at a vicious thought than I.

"One day I went to a lawyer's office, trying to get some copying to do. There was a young man in the room who listened with some interest as I talked with the lawyer; and when I left the office, he followed me and very respectfully asked for my address, saying he might hear of some way to help me. I gave him my number in all innocence, and went my way with my heart somewhat lightened by the first words of sympathy I had heard.

"That very evening it seemed to me the climax of my sorrows was reached. I had not paid my lodging bill for some weeks, and for nearly two days I had not tasted food. My landlady was clamoring for her rent. I was standing before her, weeping like any criminal, when the door opened, and the young man entered whom I had seen that day in the lawyer's office. He comprehended at a glance the position of affairs, and coming to my side, confronted my landlady and asked what she meant by treating me in such a manner.

"'I want my pay,' said she, 'and I'm going to have it too, or my fine lady will be turned into the streets.'

"The young man drew out his purse and paid her the amount of her bill, while I sunk to the floor in an agony of shame.

"'Why, my dear girl,' said he, 'you must let me be your friend. Get your hat now, and come and take a walk with me.'

"Well, sir, that was the beginning. It went on in that way for some time before he spoke of love to me and tried to persuade me to give myself to him. O my God! think of it! He found me starving, cold, desolate and alone. He offered me love, warmth, light, comfort. He swore by all that was holy to be true to me for ever. What could I do? I tried to pray, but I guess God didn't hear my prayers, or he would have saved me.

"You can tell how it ended, sir—by my giving up to him the one dear possession that men take without remorse, when they had better put a knife to the poor girl's throat and drink her life's blood.

"For some time I was feverishly happy. My lover not only surrounded me with every material comfort, but he was so kind and tender as to win my whole heart. He told me it was not wrong in the sight of God for us to live as we did, that it was not necessary for a preacher to pronounce a form of words over us to make us man and wife, that nature and our hearts were our best guides.

"This sort of talk quieted me, and I tried to be happy. My lover thought me pretty, and delighted to buy beautiful articles of dress for me; he always wished to see my face in smiles, and could not conceal his impatience if I ever gave way to grief and tears.

"Things went on in this way for some months, until to my horror I discovered that I bore in my bosom that which would one day be a witness of my sin. No human being will ever know what I suffered when this knowledge came upon me. I had no loving mother to whom I might whisper my secret with grateful pride; no kind husband to share in my sacred joy at the first throb of that little heart. There was I alone, with no one of my own sex near me, my only companion a man who received the news I had to tell him with a muttered curse; and instead of those happy dreams for the future in which expectant young mothers usually indulge, the best I could pray for my child was that it might grow up without the knowledge of the mother whose sin it would blush to know. Many a time have I cast myself on the floor in an agony and striven to utter a prayer for my baby, but in vain. It seemed to me that a black cloud was between me and Heaven, and not a ray of light pierced through the darkness.

"A worse suffering was to come. My lover was bitterly opposed to my having a child, and proposed that I should destroy it. He said that he could bring a doctor to me who made a business of getting rid of such undesired children. I repulsed the thought in indignation, and he then said that in such a case he could have nothing further to do with me.

"'If you have a child,' he said, 'I run too many risks of being compromised.'

"And with that he left me—this man who had taken advantage of my helplessness and done me the most cruel wrong one mortal could do another—he left me because I would not consent to become a murderess to prevent his being compromised.

"This grief was too much for my physical endurance. I sunk under it. My babe was born prematurely, and only lived long enough for me to feel the little aimless hands touch my bosom, the little living lips touch mine. And I vowed in that moment to purify my life for my baby's sake.

"As soon as I was able I resumed my search for employment; but again the conviction that I was one too many in the world was forced upon me. My every effort was frowned down by those to whom I would tell anything of my past life. I struggled along, however, and finally secured a place as seamstress in a wealthy family. Here I began to know a certain peace. I was well treated. I had told nothing of my story, knowing that to do so would secure my being turned out of the house. My employer was named Sedley, and I was engaged to assist in making the wedding-clothes of Miss Grace, the oldest daughter.

"One day this young lady came into the room where I was sewing, dressed for a drive. She was detained longer than she expected, giving me directions, and a young man entered, with the words, 'Come, Grace, we shall be late for our drive.'

"Sir, that man was Edward White, my seducer, the father of my child, now the engaged lover of Grace Sedley. I rose from my seat, and involuntarily spoke his name.

"'What does this mean?' said Mrs. Sedley; 'what does this girl know of you, Edward?'

"He turned to Miss Grace, saying pointedly:

"'Grace, will you leave the room a few moments?'

"She did so, and he turned to Mrs. Sedley:

"'This girl, madam—Jessie she called herself to me; I don't know what name she has given you—is a girl of bad character, a very unfit person to have in your house.'

"'How do you know so much about her?' said Mrs. Sedley, smiling slightly.

"'My dear madam,' he said, 'when you consented to give me your daughter, I told you I had been no saint. My past life, I suppose, has been a little free, like that of most other young men; but rest assured the purity of your daughter is a sufficient guarantee of my future.

As for this person,' and he pointed to me, 'all I have to say is that the sooner she is out of your house the better.'

"Here he left the room, and Mrs. Sedley turned to me with hard, cruel words.

"'Get out of my house, you shameless creature,' she said, 'and don't dare to apply to me for a character, for I shall tell everybody just what you are.'

"I was too broken-spirited to attempt a reply, but from my soul I wondered what was the wide moral gulf between the oppressed, unhappy girl and the depraved man who had endeavored to make her nature as depraved as his own.

"Some weeks after that I saw the bridal party move to the carriages. A velvet carpet was spread for her to walk upon; she was crowned with flowers, and dressed in white. He looked as tender and careful of her as if she were too precious for the winds to blow upon. I watched them—I, the outcast, the degraded, the wretched. O God! was it to my blame and her credit that we both stood where we did? or is there a dreadful wrong somewhere?

"There isn't much more to tell, sir. I had passed through so much that my health was all gone. I think I would have starved but for Annie here. Poor Annie hasn't had much chance in life herself. She is what you'd call a bad girl; but if some of the good ones had been more like her, sir, I wouldn't have been the poor lost creature that I am.

"I'm very glad to die, sir. I don't know what else there is for poor girls like me to do."

Imagine if you can, friends who read this story, the circumstances under which it was told and the powerful effect it had upon me. It was not told connectedly, as I have given it, but brokenly, with gasps between the sentences and long pauses for rest.

Comment upon such a story is almost needless; it speaks so loudly of the wrongs of a woman's life. The very angels might weep to think of poor Jessie in her New Hampshire home, as blithe and beautiful as a bird in the forest, and then look upon her ragged, emaciated and dying a miserable death in a city garret. And perhaps, better than man, the angels will know how to judge of all such cases, and at whose door the sin really lies.

The father teaching that marriage is a girl's only resource, the employer paying starvation wages, the man sacrificing a human soul to his brutal, selfish passion, the fine lady pushing a poor creature back to vice for a support by closing the door of an honest livelihood,—these people all represent classes, and perhaps, in the long run, it will be found that they have more to answer for than the victims of their false and selfish systems.

After my fourth visit to Jessie, I was unexpectedly called from home, and did not return for some days. I hastened to see her as soon as I got back. As I neared the place I saw a wagon driving away from it with a plain deal coffin tumbled carelessly in it. The one mourner was a weeping girl, whom I recognized as Annie. I joined her. She told me of the last hours of her friend.

"Just before she died, sir," sobbed Annie, "she looked up at me with her face all shining and peaceful, and she said: 'Annie, I think my little baby has prayed for me, and maybe, after all, God will forgive me, for it's been very hard.'"

What do you think, my reader?

ANOTHER TRUE STORY.

SEE that farmer's daughter as she comes home with her basket of berries. What elasticity of movement and spirit! We will follow her a few years. Tired of the humdrum of milking, berry-picking, egg-gathering, cooking and washing, she determines upon the glories of dress-making in the grand city. Among the thousands who have come from the country to Boston to seek their fortunes, let us watch this one through the transition. I saw her in her father's house on a hillside in New Hampshire. The farm was poor, there were six girls, not over-dressed, as you may imagine, and Hattie, the second, who had been told she was pretty, and if handsomely dressed would make a real beauty, had made up her mind to go to Boston to seek her fortune. She had her eye upon dress-making in some marble palace, or perhaps a clerkship in a grand store, where, dressed like a fairy queen, she would flit about amid the splendors. I tried to deter her, but she came. She is here now. Exchanging her free life under the sun and sky for a chair in a dingy, close basement, and keeping up her country table habits, she soon fell into dyspepsia. Then came pale face, headache and nervous debility. Before her apprenticeship of six months was over, it became painfully evident that she must make some change. She entered a dry goods store as clerk. I saw her often, and pitied her. The dark store, with its bad air, did her no good. One day my wife and I called to see her, and learned that she had left. Several months after, I met her in the street, and was at first delighted with her improved health.

"But how handsomely you are dressed!" I said.

She made no answer to this, but looked the other way and said, "I must hurry home."

"Have you visited your mother?"

"No."

"When did you hear from her last?"

"I haven't heard lately; but I must go;" and away she went.

She will not go home again except, perchance, when all others forsake her, she may crawl back to the old home to die in her mother's arms.

Some of my Early Playmates.

Mr. S—— had six daughters, and they had the misfortune to be pretty. As they grew up, the clothes question became perplexing. Their father, with great devotion to his tailor's board, could feed his large family, but not much more. Everybody said that if they could be handsomely dressed they would be the most attractive young ladies in the country. "It was a pity they could not be fixed up in style." The girls clamored for "something decent to wear." They were too beautiful to go out to service, too ignorant to teach anything, and too proud to learn trades, as boys would have done. There seemed nothing left but marriage. They displayed their remarkable charms. Their father staggered under the load, and these beautiful young creatures, without trade or profession, were compelled to bring every attraction to the counter.

At length Mary, who was understood to be engaged to a young man of means, suddenly appeared with a silk dress and a gold watch. Her lover invited her to accompany him to New York to see his mother, and stay with her a few months, that the family might become acquainted with her. Later the older sister was invited to visit Mary, who was still staying with her future mother-in-law. Susan went, solemnly charged by her mother to write all about Mary's friends, and to let them know when Mary was coming home to be married. In due time the letter came full of disappointment and dark hints. Susan promised to return home at once. The next letter did not arrive under a fortnight; but when it did come, it was full of delight with the city and all its wonderful sights. A varying correspondence was kept up between the family and their daughters in New York, when at length the girls came home visiting. They were splendidly dressed. The girls told us that Mary's future mother-in-law had a brother who had brought oceans of money from the East Indies, and thought all the world of them, and gave them everything they wanted.

At the end of a week the girls returned to New York. They had hardly reached the city before their father, who had followed them, walked into their city home. He knew but little of the world, but he was not long in finding out the character of the house where his daughters were stopping. In a long and painful interview they confessed all, but refused to return home. In the city they could go to the theatre, and their friends gave them everything that heart could wish. The father pleaded with tears and heart-breaking sobs, but they could not think of going back. The father threatened and started out for an officer. When he returned, the girls were gone, and after staying about for two or three days, he came back home, bringing sorrow and shame to his household.

Libertines soon began to call on the other girls. The parents, after anxious consultation with the minister and other friends, resolved to take their family to Wisconsin. After some weeks of preparation, consisting in part of the sale of household furniture to secure the needed funds, the tickets were purchased, and on a certain Monday we gathered at the dépôt to see them off.

But where was Nelly? She was the fourth daughter, and the most beautiful creature I ever saw. We ran hither and thither, but she was not to be found. While all were wild, a young man came hurrying into the station who had met her driving away as fast as horses could fly with Captain D——, a dissipated man of forty, well known in the neighborhood.

The train came and went, and the crushed parents sat in a corner unable to move or speak. They returned to the house of a friend, where they remained two or three days, hoping to hear from Nelly. A letter came from her, not to her family, but to a girl in the village. She wrote in the happiest temper, said she was to be married to a nice man, very rich, and was then going abroad.

The captain swapped girls with a friend of his within a month, and Nelly soon went to New York. Then we lost sight of the family. About two years afterward, Susan, the second girl, came back to our village, but oh how changed! She was far gone in consumption, and confessed to our village minister that drink and the birth of a baby had killed her. She brought sad news from beautiful Nelly. She had had a terrible disease, and lost her nose. The oldest sister had married a gambler, and had been traded four times for the wives of other gamblers. She was fading, and had contracted a disease which had injured her voice. New York consumes several thousand girls in this way every year.

Why all this? Almost entirely because these girls do not learn remunerative trades. They have the same wants as boys. A young woman of twenty needs four hundred dollars a year, and at the usual occupations for girls she can get but two hundred. A hundred men stand ready to fill her treasury to overflowing if she will only consent. That ten girls do not lapse where one goes astray is a triumphant proof of their innate chastity.

If girls would only enter a hundred trades and occupations to which they are just as well adapted as boys, it would prove the cure of the social evil. A girl who can earn enough to secure a comfortable home and table, with good dress, will not fall. And these are certainly not unreasonable comforts. We can't hope for virtue in women who find it impossible to earn an honest living. Those who would cure the social evil must do it, not by circulating tracts, but by helping girls into a greater number of paying trades.

Occupations for Girls.

In this city of Boston we have taken pains to count, and we find there are a little more than eighteen thousand girls, in large part from homes in the country, who spend their days in close, dark, overheated rooms, engaged mostly in sewing, and in great part suffering the horrors of dyspepsia.

It may not be a proper subject to discuss in a work of this character, but I cannot refrain from uttering my astonishment that these girls should not in great numbers embrace an opportunity which always stands open to them. Thousands of kitchens wait for the skill and cleanliness which they brought from their country homes. Here they are offered a healthy occupation, one involving a large responsibility, and as a consequence surrounded with dignity, comfort and independence. Once settled in this relation to some good family, a girl is fixed, if she so choose, for life. A good and faithful cook never loses her place. The work is not hard, the whole household is dependent upon her; it is a position most desirable; and yet there are thousands of girls in this city struggling on in pain and faintness, in miserable "black holes" under the eyes of overseers, who were thoroughly trained by their Yankee mothers in the country to fill these kitchens with perfect satisfaction to employers, and the greatest comfort and independence to themselves.

What must be thought of the moral sense of these New England girls, when it is truthfully stated that for *one* who leaves the position of sewing-girl for the care of a kitchen, *ten* leave to serve as kept mistresses? I have not known of a single one who, with a true appreciation of the advantages, has chosen the kitchen, while I have known a number who have deliberately chosen to respond to the vile advertisements which appear daily in one of our papers under the head of "Personal."

APPENDIX.

TO THE STUDIOUS AND THOUGHTFUL.

[The following article was prepared by Nicholas E. Boyd by special request of the Moral Education Association of Boston, and that society will print it in pamphlet form to circulate among the students in our colleges and other seminaries. Hearing it read by its author, I begged him to let me give it to the public in this volume before it is otherwise issued.]

THE OBJECT OF THIS PAPER is to give right notions, awaken right feelings and lead to right behavior about the sexual system.

On hardly any other subject are correct ideas and firmly settled principles more important, for there is hardly any other in regard to which misunderstanding and misbehavior are followed by so disastrous consequences. A great proportion of all the weakness and failure, the pain, disease and crime that curse the world, takes its rise in abuses of the generative function; and these abuses, with their miserable fruits, are largely due to ignorance of physiological law. To impart sound knowledge, therefore, in place of such ignorance, would tend to remedy existing ills and to prevent their recurrence in the future.

We know that many estimable people are opposed to plain, frank dealing with these matters, and especially to instructing children and youth about them. They regard the topic as dangerous in itself, and assume that the less it is dwelt upon, or even alluded to, the better, in fact, that one can hardly touch it without being defiled,—as if it were somehow essentially impure.

Such views, however, prove a lurking taint (inherited or self-incurred) in those who hold them. "To the pure all things are pure." *Procreation*—wherein the Supreme Power delegates to man and woman a measure of the creative energy—is indeed *a sacred theme*, and never to be profaned nor lightly treated; but holding it thus sacred is quite a different thing from affecting to ignore the subject and treating it as unclean. So when any one (it matters not whom) thinks or imagines that there is something inherently impure or necessarily contaminating about it, either in the organism, function, appetite, or direct contemplation and discourse of them, he shows a low, unworthy conception of the whole matter. Whatever his attainments in other directions, whatever his general excellence of character, here at least is a region that needs to be enlightened. For we maintain *the essential purity of the sexual nature;* its misuse is dishonorable, but nothing else about it should be so regarded. That is a false modesty, a prudish delicacy, that winces at all reference to generation, and would, if possible, taboo the subject in bringing up the young. There is an innocent and wholesome curiosity respecting the origin of life which ought never to be rebuked or discouraged. Children's queries as to whence and how the baby came are entitled to straightforward, satisfying answers. It is right and proper for them to ask; it is also right and proper for their elders to tell truly, simply, clearly, with tender seriousness and reverence too. Give young people (from the very outset) definite as well as ennobling views of sexual facts and duties.

The subject is sure to be thrust upon their attention sooner or later, to be canvassed either openly or clandestinely, with the upward or with the downward look. Then let their first impressions (which are proverbially the abiding ones) come fresh and sweet from the wise and good, not foul and poisonous from some ignorant, corrupted source.

We hope that the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of the reproductive system (together with the principles of heredity) will be prescribed ere long as a chief study for youth of both sexes, and taught by pure-minded and otherwise competent teachers throughout our common schools.

But it is very needful that you approach the theme in the right temper. Let it be taken up only with reverential hands, with teachable mind and chastened spirit.

"The first question to be proposed by a rational being is not what is [pleasurable], but what is right. . . . If we inquire, first, for our [enjoyments], and then for our duties, we shall certainly err." When, therefore, a medical writer, or anybody else, puts the problem in this way, "How often may one safely expend his force in sensual pleasure?" the answer, prompt and positive, is, "*Never!*" It is debasing to ponder it in any such prurient mood, to consider it for a moment from such a standpoint. We must get upon a higher level to begin with, asking of the Power above us, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" We should seek to discover the intent and laws of this department of our being, and having learned them, to conform ourselves thereto; or if you like that expression better, to ascertain the Divine will, and to do it, that we may gain the mastery over our bodies in purity and honor, not yielding them up to the sway of lustful passion.

Approach the theme in such a spirit, and its consideration, far from being hazardous, harmful or polluting, will prove salutary, helpful and ennobling.

The following propositions are, we believe, true and weighty:

I. The sexual desire, universal and intense, proves beyond a doubt that healthy persons should be parents. Man is created male and female, and endowed with that imperious appetite whose normal satisfaction leads to the conception and birth of offspring, in order that the human race may be maintained and bettered.

II. On the other hand, the frightful maladies which overtake the lewd, the sufferings, bodily, mental and spiritual, which so surely follow every species of incontinence (whether social or solitary), prove quite conclusively that this "overloaded" tendency should be controlled—indeed subjugated—by the higher faculties, and rendered strictly subordinate to its providential end—*i. e.*, the propagation and improvement of mankind. "The pleasure attached to this function is simply to ensure reproduction, nothing more," and should never be sought knowingly, for its own sake, never "indulged in" by any means or under any circumstances whatever.

III. *It is right, then, to exert the sexual function when children are desired, and rightly desired, and only then*—*i. e.*, at times when both man and woman are in good health and spirits, and in thorough, loving harmony; when, moreover, conception will probably ensue and the best qualities of its parents be embodied in the resultant offspring.

Passional enjoyment must be made *wholly incidental*, never pursued as an end. The act whereby an individual soul may be called into existence should be consecrated to the sole purpose of "blending the forces of husband and wife in the creation of a new being, the child of their mutual love." "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder" by trying to obtain sexual gratification apart from parentage—parentage deliberately, cheerfully and religiously intended. "It is cruel to take a step that allies one with the supreme creative force, utterly careless as to whether the being created shall live to bless its parents and thank them for the gift of life, or to be a burden upon them and upon society." It is not enough that no attempts be made to prevent "the natural result" ensuing from physical union; the animal must be subdued and hallowed altogether; concupiscence must be exterminated.

Intercourse not designed to be productive is unholy; and children who, when begotten, are not wished for by both father and mother, are "conceived in sin," whether in or out of wedlock.

IV. Yet, through ignorance and animalism, humanity has fallen into a state of habitual lust, which some physicians and the world in general falsely call "normal appetite" and "natural propensity," whose indulgence causes a terrific but constant increase in the number of diseased and vicious creatures doomed to misery by the sins of their parents before they were born.

V. While any mere sensual indulgence is unworthy and degrading, let it be understood that

Continence is Wholesome and Honorable.

High medical authorities declare that "no condition of life is more thoroughly consistent with perfect physical and mental vigor. . . . The organs are not weakened nor their power lost, nor is there a tendency to . . . any of those ills which certain vicious writers and superficial, careless physicians have attributed to this state."* That any injury is sustained by living a thoroughly continent life is an utterly false and pernicious notion. On the contrary—

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* It is the opinion of some physiologists that sperm-cells, secreted but not emitted, are reabsorbed into the blood, and thus augment the stock of efficient vital power.

VI. *Men need all their vital force not required in fatherhood* for the performance of the labors, material, mental and moral, whereunto they are called as sons of the Most High; and by wasting their strength in enervating debauchery they forfeit health, happiness and the most glorious possibilities of manhood.

VII. To perfect chastity and continence the very thoughts must be disciplined, the desires kept pure. No voluptuous day-dreams, no lewd imagining, no inward uncleanness whatever, may be tolerated in ourselves.

VIII. It follows, of course, from what has been already stated, that

The Law of Continence is Binding in Wedded Life.

That law forbids *all* wantoning, even betwixt husband and wife. It is of too high authority for human usage or enactment to repeal it, and no formula pronounced by magistrate or clergy avails to make uncleanness holy.

IX. *It is for the female to determine when impregnation shall take place.* Observing the lower animals alone would favor this conclusion; and justice and reason dictate that she who feeds the unfolding germ with her very life-blood, endures the pangs of travail and nurses the babe at her own breast, should be left to decide freely, without compulsion or entreaty, when she is ready to undertake the holy office of maternity. And "while the mother's body is the temple of a possible angel, duty to the unborn should take precedence of all other duties." Her person, then, if ever, should be held inviolably sacred. To prostitute her while pregnant to merely sensual uses inflicts atrocious wrongs both on her and on her offspring. (It causes the woman a variety of distressing maladies, and it "nurses libidinous blood" in the progeny, whom it also robs of constitutional stamina and predisposes to epilepsy and idiocy. The same holds true in a measure so long as the infant draws its mother's milk.) While, therefore, it is for woman to determine when (and when only) the closest relations may be assumed—

X. *It is the part of a true man to render instinct and desire wholly subject to reason and conscience.* He will never look on a woman to feed desire, not even if the woman be his wife. The more intense and abounding any power with which we are endowed, the greater is the need of its being mastered and trained. If a mettlesome young blood-horse becomes your property, do you let him tame *you* and drive *you?* or do you break *him* and ride *him?* Why, if you failed to make the noble creature docile and cheerfully obedient, you would be pitiable; such failure would betray weakness and lack of manhood. Just so with regard to the amative propensity; *you* are to *get* the upperhand and *keep it.* Your manliness is shown when you possess yourself and master passion, not when passion overpowers and possesses you.

XI. It is the duty of the highest, noblest men and women to perpetuate themselves in children and improve the human stock. There may be exceptional cases, when a person's life is dedicated to some special, absorbing work that cuts off home-cares—and joys; but as a general rule let the best humanity (meaning by "best" the most gifted and cultured in body, mind and soul), let the best humanity, with a solemn yet happy sense of responsibility, with unreserved self-devotion, and with yearning enthusiasm for glorious offspring, let *them* "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," with an ever-diviner race that shall in the fullness of time "subdue it" into perfect heaven.

We look for the final extinction of "the Social Evil" (and all its kin) only through the triumph of the foregoing principles over habits of selfish sensual indulgence. Cannot the measureless amount of vital force now so pitiably squandered in mere debauchery be funded and turned to good account in blessing and uplifting this world of man?

Young men! young women! who are to be the teachers, preachers and leaders, and to some extent the fathers and mothers, of the coming age, will not you, recognizing the principles herein set forth as sound, work them into the texture of your own lives and characters, and to the best of your ability make them known and honored far and wide?

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